Virtus Rediviva

A

Panegyricke

On our late

King CHARLES the I. &c.

of ever blessed Memory.

ATTENDED,

With severall other Peeces from the same PEN.

Viz.

I. A Theatre of Wits: Being a Collection of *APOTHEGMS.*

II. *Fœnestra Pectore*: or a Century of Familiar *LETTERS.*

III. *Loves Labyrinth*: A Tragi-comedy.

IV. *Fragmenta Poetica*: Or Poeticall Diversions.

Concluding, with

A PANEGYRICKE on His Sacred Majesties most happy Return.

By *T. F.*

Varietas delectat.

LONDON:

Printed by *R.* and *W. Leybourn*, for *William Grantham*, and are to be sold at the Sign of the Black Bear in St. *Pauls* Church-yard neer the little North door; 1661.

BRITISH MUSEUM

VIRTUS REDIVIVA:

OR, A

PANEGYRICK

On the late

K. Charls the I.

Second Monarch

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

By THO. FORDE.

Honoris, Amoris, Doloris erg[o]
Propositum est mihi Principem Laudare non P[r]incipis facta, nam laudabilia multa etiam mali faciunt. Plin. Panegyric, in Trajan.



LONDON,
Printed by *R.* and *W. Leybourn*, for *William Grantham* at the Black Bear in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, neer the little North Door. 1650.

ANTICYTHERA

or, the Inventor

Archimedes

Second Monarch

MUSEUM
NUMISMATICUM
LUGDUNO-BATAVUM

The Preface.

Enophon charactered his *Cyrus*, not as he was but as he ought to have been: making him rather the ſubject of a brave Romance, than a true Hiſtory.

But ſuch is the advantage of our *Charls* his Virtue, that when I have ſaid all I can ſay, it will be infinitely beneath what I ſhould ſay, I ſhall doe truth no injury to confeſſe the weakneſſe of Art to repre-

ſent a perſon ſo admirable, without diminiſhing his glories, whoſe Fame ſurmounts the moſt daring Hyperbolies of Rhetorick; and to praiſe faintly (in *Seneca*'s opinion) is a piece of ſlander.

I muſt be forced to imitate the Coſmographers, who deſcribe a large Kingdome by a little point, and confine the whole world in a ſmall circle: whereto when I have done all, I muſt ſubſcribe this Motto, *Intelligitur, plus quam pingitur.*

Alexander the Great gave ſtraight commands, that no Painter ſhould dare to make his Picture, but *Apelles*: I know no Penſill fit to draw great *Charls*, his Picture, but his own, *Ipſe, ipſe quem loquar, loquatur.* And well it is he hath done it in his divine Portrayture, that *Aureum flumen orationis*: a piece wherein

wherein Learning and Language, Reaſon and Religion, ſpeak him at once a *Solomon* for knowledge, and a *David* for piety and devotion.

Timanthes that rare and ingenious Artiſt (as *Pliny* tells the Story) diviſing in a little Table to repreſent a *Cyclops* ſleeping, becauſe he would ſeem in that little Compaſſe to ſhew his Gyant-like bigneſſe, he painted little Satyres hard by, taking meaſure of one of his thumbs with long perches. Our inſufficiency to repreſent his ſacred Majeſty to the full, may perhaps be none of the leaſt Arguments to evince the greatneſſe of his merit, who (as *Pindar* ſaid Elegantly of *Heiro*) cropt the tops and ſummities of all virtues, which diſperſed among all others, met in Him, as in their proper Center.

The Coloſs at *Rhodes*, one of the wonders of the World, was no leſſe admired being beaten down, than when it ſtood, when as they ſaw that with one of the fingers they might make many great Statues: Nor can Great *Charls* his Fall, leſſen our Admiration of Him, when it ſhall be conſidered that from His incomparable Actions may be drawn perfect Images, and aſſured Examples of the greateſt and moſt noble Virtues.

It is the priviledge of Virtue to give a new Life after Death.

Chi ſemina virtu, racoglie fame,
e vera Fama ſupera la morte,

Sayes the *Italian* Proverb; He that ſows virtuous Deeds, reaps Renown, and true Fame out-lives death.

How

How many have we read of who have been buried with ignominy and obscurity; yet in a short time, the Sun of their virtue hath risen out of the dark grave of prejudice and slander, and shined with more luster than before! *Benedetto Alberti* was banished by the *Florentines*, and yet after his death, they confessed their errour, and fetcht home his bones, burying him with solemn pomp and honour, whom being alive they had persecuted with slanders and reproaches.

It is said of our English *Edward* the 2d, that they who despised him being alive, so much honored him being dead, that they could have found in their hearts to make him a Saint.

The grave which buries a man should also bury all his enemies, it being unnaturall to hate the dead, whom we cannot hurt, for the ut-

most that malice can doe is to kill; and therefore it is noted a prodigious and unexampled hatred between the two brothers of *Thebes*, *Etocles* and *Polinices*, as *Statius* tells us,

Nec furiis post fata modus, flammæq; rebelles
Seditione rogi, &c.

Their furies were not bounded by their fate,
One's Funeral flame the others flame did hate.

Solon made a Law that none should speak evill of the dead, and his reason was, for fear of immortal enemies.

Livor post fata quiescit. Envy sleeps after death; says the Poet, as confidently as if it were not to be questioned. Onely our *Charls* hath found it false, and the men of

our

our Age alone have made an exce-ption to this generall rule of charity. There have been found thoſe who have perſecuted his Ghoſt, and committed Treaſon againſt his Memory; like thoſe chief Prieſts in the Goſpel, who conſulted to put *Lazarus* to death, after his reſurrection. But his Virtue hath ſurvived their malice, and he Lives in ſpight of Fate or envy.

Hæc eſt CAROLI *gloria, ut nullius laudibus creſcat, nullius vituperatione minuatur*; as *Macrobius* ſayes of *Virgil.* This is *CHARLS* his Glory, that as the prayſes of his friends can adde nothing to him, ſo the ſlanders of his enemies can detract nothing from Him. His Virtue needethnot our *Encomiums*, His Memory contemneth their ſcandals, and his Merits Surpaſſe all Diſcourſes.

Vivit poſt funera Virtus.

VIRTUS REDIVIVA:

OR,

A PANEGYRICK

On the late

K. Charls the I.

Second Monarch of Great BRITAIN.

TO praise the *living*, although never so deserving, is not seldome suspected of *flattery*, and *design*: Therefore say the wise *Italians*, *La lode nascer deve quando è morto chi si ha da lodar*; Praises ought not to be *born*, till the party praised be *dead*: when both *envy* in the Reader, and *flattery* in the Writer are useless: when the Writers Pen is neither brib'd by favours to a merci-

mercenary, and ſordid adulation, nor frighted by the frownes of greatneſſe into a Paraletick, and ſhaking cowardice.

I have undertaken a Subject which will ſecure me from the guilt of fawning flattery, as being ſo far above all praiſes that I fear not to be guilty of ſaying *too much*, but *too little* in his commendation. The richeſt colours of Rhetorick are too dark to repreſent a life ſo tranſparent, ſo full of worth, ſo full of wonder. The brighteſt language will prove but a dark ſhadow, to that ſhining merit, which exceeds all *apprehenſion*, much leſs *expreſſion*; well it is if it do not *ſpoil*, what I confeſs I am not able to adorn. *Materies tamen ipſa juvat. Charls the Firſt*, whom but to name is to caſt a cloud upon all former Ages, and to benight Poſterity; In taking of whoſe Picture, I ſhall not need to doe as that Painter did, who drew *Antigonus*, *imagine luſcâ*, halt faced, that ſo he might hide his want of an eye from the view of the beholder. There is nothing in *Charls*, but what is lovely, and admirable, no deformity, or imperfection. I ſhall rather chooſe to imitate the famous *Apelles*, who to expreſs his art to the full in the picture of *Venus* riſing naked out of the Sea, aſſembled together all the moſt beautifull women of the Iſland of *Coos* (his native place) uniting in that piece all their divided perfections. There is nothing eminent, or excellent in all the deſervedly admired antients, that is not only met, but out-done in *Charls*. It is affirmed by the learned *Raleigh*, that if all the pictures and patterns of a mercileſs Prince were loſt in the world, they might all again be painted

to

to the life out of the Story of *Hen.* 8. But I shall with as much *truth*, and perhaps more *Charity*, maintain, that if all the Pictures, and Patterns of a mercifull Prince, of a couragious and constant King, of a vertuous, and brave Man, were lost, they might be repaired, if not infinitely excell'd in the Story of *Charls the First*, whose life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it self cannot mention without commendation. I find not any man in all the Records of the antients, or the Writings of the more modern authors, over whom he hath not some advantage; nor any ones life, taken altogether, so admirable as His: nor any thing admirable in any, that was not in Him; *Qua simul omnia uno isto nomine continentur.* In Him alone are to be found all the vertuous qualities of the best Princes in the world, without the vices of any of them: for he only hath made it appear, that *great vertues* may be without the attendance of *great vices.*

It was said of our *Hen. the* 5th. that he had something in him of *Cæsar*, which *Alexander the Great* had not, that he would not be *drunk*, and something of *Alexander* the Great, which *Cæsar* had not, that he would not be *flattered.* But *Charls* had the *vertues* of all; without the *vices* of any, *tam extra vicia, quam cum summis virtutibus.* He as much exceeded all other Kings, as other Kings doe all other men. In a word, he was what ever a good Prince ought to be, and what others should be, yet was this *Lilly* born in the land of *thorns* and *briers*, this *Rose* sprang up amidst a field of *thistles*; I presume the description hath prevented me saying it was *Scotland.*

A Land that calls in queſtion, and ſuſpence
Gods Omni-preſence, but that Charls *came thence.*

In quo, nihil præter unum Carolum *eſt, quod commendemus.* A Nation *famous* for the birth of *Charls*, but *infamous* for their treachery and diſloyalty to ſo brave a Prince. But the happineſs of a brave and incomparable Father, did ſufficiently recompence for the place of his birth: So that I may ſay of him what is ſaid of *Lewis the* 8th *of France*, father to St. *Lewis*, that he was *Son* to an excellent *Father*, and *Father* to an excellent *Son*; a *Son* only worthy of ſuch a *Father*, a *Father* only worthy of ſuch a *Son*. A Father ſo admirable that Sir *W. Raleigh* hath left it upon Record to all Poſterity, that if all the malice of the world were infuſed into one eye, yet could it not diſcern in his life, any one of thoſe foul ſpots, by which the conſciences of all forreign Princes (in effect) have been defiled; nor any drop of that innocent bloud on the Sword of his juſtice, with which the moſt that fore-went him have ſtained both their hands and fame. This Encomium of the *Father*, may juſtly *deſcend* to the *Son* as Heir apparant to his *virtues*, as well as his *Crowns*.

In his Childhood, the weakneſſe of his lower parts which made him unapt for exerciſes and feats of activity, rendred him more retired, and ſtudious, and more intent upon his Book then perhaps he had been otherwiſe. So great a Student was he in his younger dayes, that his Father would ſay, he muſt make him a *Biſhop*: Providence

dence then ſeeming to deſign him, rather to the *Croſier* then the *Crown*. By his great ſtudy he became a great Hiſtorian, an excellent *Poet*, a great lover and Maſter of *Muſick*, and indeed a generall Scholar. This rare *Cien* was not grafted upon a wilding or crab-ſtock, but an innocent and ſtudious youth, was the prologue to a more active and vigorous manhood. For being grown in years, and ſtate, he ſhook off his former retiredneſs, and betook himſelf to all manner of man-like exerciſes, as vaulting, riding the great Horſe, running at the Ring, ſhooting in Croſs-bowes, Muskets, and great Ordinance, in which he became ſo expert, that he was ſaid to be the beſt Marks-man, and the moſt comely Manager of a great Horſe, of any one in his three Kingdoms. Nor were theſe excellencies *ill-houſed* but his fair Soul was tenant to a lovely and well proportioned body. His ſtature of a juſt proportion, his body erect and active, of a delicate conſtitution, yet ſo ſtrong withall, as if nature had deſign'd him to be the ſtrife of *Mars*, and *Venus*. His countenance amiable and beautiful, wherein the *White Roſe* of *York*, and the *Red* of *Lancaſter* were *united*: his hair inclining to a brown, till cares and grief changed them into a *white*, at once the Embleme of his innocence, and his fortune; clear and ſhining eyes, a brow proclaiming fidelity, his whole frame of face and favour, a moſt perfect mixture and compoſition of Majeſty, and Sweetneſs.

Thus long have we beheld him as a *Man*: Let us now view him as a *Husband*, as a *Father*, as a King; and we ſhall find him alike admirable in all relations. As

As an *Husband*, he is a rare Example of love and chastity; at his first receiving of his *Queen*, he professed, that he would be no longer *Master* of himself, then whilst he was a *Servant* to her; and so well did he make his words good, that on the day before his death he commanded his Daughter, the excellent Princess *Elizabeth*, to tell her Mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. And indeed no man *more loved or less doated* upon a wife.

As a *Father*, how tender was he of his children, without a too remiss indulgence! how carefull of their education in the true *Protestant Religion*, which he always *professed*, and learnedly *defended*, advising the *Lady Elizabeth* (and in her the rest) to read *Bishop Andrews Sermons*, *Hookers Ecclesiasticall Politie*, and *Bishop Laud's book against Fisher*, to ground them against *Popery*.

Let us now view him as a *King*, and we shall see him as the *Soul* of the Common-wealth, acting vigourously, and regularly every particular member in its several place and office. Behold him in his royall Throne, and thence dispencing his sacred Oracles of *Law* and *Justice*, to the admiration of all that had the happiness to see and hear him. Witness Mr. *Speakers* Speech to his *Majesty* on the 5th of *Novem.* 1640. I see before my eyes with admiration (sayes that then eloquent Orator, as the mouth of all the Commons of *England*) the *Majesty* of *Great Britain*, the glory of times, the history of honour, *Charls the First*, in his forefront placed by descent of antiquity, *King*, setled by a long succession, and

conti-

ued unto us by a pious & peaceful government;
ncluding with this ſerious and loyal promiſe;
nd all our Votes ſhall paſs, that your ſacred
ajeſty may *Long*, *Long*, *Long* reign over us. To
hich, no doubt, all that heard him ſaid, *Amen.*
ch was his pious and paternall care over his
ople, that the moſt ſullen ingratitude could
t but acknowledge him the *Father of his Coun-*
: teaching his people obedience to his Laws,
t ſo much by *Proclamation*, as *Example* ; as he
s *Imperio Maximus*, ſo he was *Exemplo Ma-*
, as *Paterculus* ſayes of *Tyberius*: or as it is
d of *Lycurgus*, that famous Law-giver, he ne-
r ordained any thing to *others*, which he did
t firſt exactly obſerve *himſelf.*

So *chaſt* was he in his embraces, ſo *pious* in
s devotions, ſo *juſt* in all his actions, that the
aw-maxime of *Rex non peccat*, was never more
ue of any King, than of Him. Behold him at
e *Councill Table*, and there we ſhall find him
by the teſtimony of one of his greateſt ene-
ies) *principall* in all tranſactions of State, and
e wiſeſt about him but *Acceſſaries*: for he ne-
r acted by any *implicit faith* in State matters;
e had more learning and dexterity in State af-
irs, undoubtedly (ſayes that *Cook ruffian*) than
l the *Kings* in Chriſtendom. And herein, if
ver, the good words of an enemy are true.

It is reported of our *Henry* 4th. that he ſtood
ore upon his *own legs* than any of his Predeceſ-
rs had done, in caſes of difficulty ; not *refuſing*,
t not *needing* the advice of others, which
ight *confirm*, but not *better* his own judgement.
ut this is far greater and truer commendation

in *Charls*, who ſucceeded ſo wiſe a Prince as *James the firſt*, the greateſt Maſter of *King-craft* (as he uſed to call it) that ever ſwayd the *Engliſh* Scepter.

Bnt as our *Charls* his wiſdome was great, in that he was *able to adviſe*, yet was it greater in that he was *willing to be adviſed*: being never ſo *wedded* to his own opinions but that on good grounds he might be *divorced* from them; for though ſome of his *enemies* have reported him *wilfull*, and too tenacious to his own reſolves one who knew him bettet then all of them (though perhaps their malice was greater than their ignorance) affirms, and that without ſuſpition of falſhood, that though in his childhood he was noted to be very wilfull, which might proceed from that retiredneſs, which the imperfection of his Speech, not fitting him for publick diſcourſe, and the weakneſs of his limbs and joints (as unfit for action) made him moſt delight in; yet afterwards, as he ſhaked off his retiredneſs, ſo he corrected in himſelf the pedancy of that humour, which had grown up with it, there being no man to be found (ſaye my Author, and it is *verbum Sacerdotis*) of an evener temper, more pliant to good counſel, or *leſs wedded* than he was to his *own opinion*. Indeed as he was long and ſerious in deliberating, ſo was he juſt and true to his reſolves, and reſolute in the execution of them.

Let us attend him to the *Chappell*, and there we ſhall ſee him, ſo *pious and devout* in *prayer*, ſo reverend and *attentive* in *hearing*, that we may juſtly conclude his *piety* to be as a rich *Diamond*

in

the *Ring* of his royall virtues. *Conſtantine* wayes heard Sermons *ſtanding*, acknowledging ereby what reverence is due to the Word of od, the irreverence that hath ſince crept into ur *Churches*, may well make us bewail the loſs that laudable Example of our *Engliſh Conſtan-e*, who alwayes bare a great regard to the *hurch* and *Church men*; whom he reverenced r their *function*, and loved for their *fidelity*; ſo uch a friend was he to all Church men, that d any thing in them beſeeming that ſacred unction, that he hazarded (as he ſays himſelf) s own intereſt, chiefly upon conſcience & con-ancy to maintain their rights, whom the more e looked upon as *Orphans*, & under the ſacrile-ious eyes of many cruel & rapacious reformers, he thought it his duty the more to appear s a father, and patron for them and the Church. He was at once a dutifull *Son*, and an indul-ent *father* of the *Church*, eſteeming it (with at good *Emperor*) a greater honour to be a *ember* of the *Church*, than *Head* of an *Empire*. lor was he onely a gracious *Patron* of the *hurch*, but alſo a reſolute *Champion* in behalf of e *Hierarchy*, as well remembring that Prophe-ck *Apothegm* of the King his *father*, *No Biſhop, no ing*; his own experience being too great a omment upon that truth to be by him *neg-ted*, or by us *forgotten*.

Baſſianus the *Emperor* refuſing the name of *Pius*, ould be called *Fœlix*: on the contrary our *harls* choſe rat her to be informiatly *Prous*, than religiouſly *proſperous*, well knowing that *piety* all not want its reward in a better place. A

King ſo religious, ſo devout, that if all his ſub
jects had been like the King, we might then i
deed have had a Kingdom of *Saints.*

If we enter his *Courts of Judicature*, there ſha
we behold *Juſtice* with her ſword and ballanc
equally *dividing*, and impartially *weighing* out t
rewards of virtue, and *puniſhments* of vice: p
verty never excluding the *Innocent*, nor pow
abſolving the *nocent*; and though the *Aſylum*
his mercy was never ſhut to the meaneſt ſuppl
cant, whom the rigour of the *Law* had caſt, y
was he alwayes inexorable to the ſupplicatio
of the greateſt offender, if found guilty of *wi
full murther. Ageſilaus* wrote to a Judge in beh
of his Favourite, *Si cauſa bona, pro juſtitia*, *
mala pro amicitia abſolve. But hath not our *Cha*
delivered up the greateſt of his favourites to t
ſentence of the Law? did his power ever ſhie
the moſt powerfull offenders from the ſtroke
juſtice, though himſelf were wounded throng
their ſides? As his juſtice was *blind* to all re
tions, his hands were continually *open* to recei
the Petitions of his meaneſt ſubject: not li
Demetrius who threw the Petitions of his peop
into the water; He was always ready and e
pectant to receive them, and never better pl
ſed than when he took them from the hands
the pooreſt Petitioner; juſtly meriting the ſty
of *James the fifth of Scotland*, who was called, *T
poor mans King.*

Worthy was the Speech of that *Goth*, a Ki
of *Italy*, who ſpeaking of his Subjects, ſaid, *Me
noſtra, cunctorum quies*: Our harveſt is their re
Such was the vigilancy of *Charls*, whoſe waki
e

es ſecured all his flock from being a prey to
y ſubtle *Mercury*: No forreign invaſion da-
g to *land* upon our coaſts; no home-bred
oyles frighting the Husbandman from his
ugh, or the Tradeſman from his Shop: but
ace and plenty crowned all their endeavours,
y being married in our *Kingdome*, as nearly as
the *French* Proverb. Every man ſate under
own Vine and Fig-tree, eating the fruit of
own labours. No loading taxes made their
de move ſlowly, or clogged the wheels of
ir honeſt induſtry. No polings, no plun-
ngs, no ſpies to catch at every whiſper, and
ake a man an offendour for a word; but *Law*
s duly adminiſtred, *Religion* mainteined,
arning encouraged, the *arts* liberally *profeſſed*
d *rewarded*. Our *Merchants* traffickt with
ety and honour whereſoever the neceſſity of
ir employments lead them; and no corner
the world ſo barbarous, but the name of an
gliſhman was welcome and pleaſant.

It is reported that *Henry* the 8th confeſſed on
s death-bed, that he had never ſpared *man* in
wrath, nor *woman* in his *luſt*: But of *Charles*
me ask, whoſe *houſe* did he *plunder*? whoſe
fe did he *abuſe*? whoſe *right* did he *wrong*?
ay it not be more truly affirmed of him, what
Hiſtorian flatteringly ſpake of *Livia*, the
fe of *Auguſtus*, *Ejus potentiam nemo ſenſit, niſi*
levatione periculi, aut acceſſione dignitatis? No
an felt his hand, unleſs in *raiſing* the oppreſſed
om the *pit* of miſery, or *advancing* the deſer-
ng to the *hill* of honour. To ſuch a pitch of
icity were we then arrived, by the virtues and

indulgence of a gracious Soveraign, that nothing could render us more happy, but a *continuance* of our happineſſe. Never was *Prince* more *beloved*, or better *obeyed* by loyall Subjects. Nothing but the *want* of him could render him more glorious, or deſired.

But the greateſt felicities are ſhorteſt lived, and the moſt glorious *ſummer* is followed by the ſharpeſt *winter*; the *cleareſt skie* is not without its *clouds*, the longeſt day muſt have a *night*. The *ſunne* of our glory was arrived to the *Meridian* and *Verticall point*, it muſt now *decline*, labour under a ſad and almoſt total *Eccliſpe*; and at laſt *ſet* in a cloud of bloud, darkneſs, and confuſion. *O nulla longi temporis fœlicitas!*

But as the *ſun* is no leſs glorious in *it ſelf*, when labouring under the darkeſt *Eccliſpe*, nor leaves his wonted courſe, for all the clouds and vapours that flie in his face: So neither was our *Charls* leſs great and admirable under the moſt fatall Eccliſpes of his glory, nor leſs *conſtant*, and unwearied in all the royall Offices of a *King*, when the clouds and vapours of calumny and ſedition endeavored moſt to obſcure and darken his brightneſſe.

As he was a lover of *Peace*, he was no leſſe valiant in *War*, if we confeſſe at leaſt valour conſiſts not onely in *doing*, but alſo in *ſuffering*. As he was *moderate* in *proſperity*, ſo was he *courageous* and *patient* in *adverſity*: his virtue, courage and Chriſtian patience having carried him with an unwearied courſe through *both* the *Hemiſpheres* of *proſperity* and *adverſity*, compaſſing (as I may ſay) the whole *globe* of both

for-

fortunes, and rendring him an unparalleld pattern of ſuch vertues, as were formerly undiſcovered to the world, and had ſtill remained as a *Terra incognita* to all other Princes, had not his admirable example taught them, and all others, that no *Croſs* is too heavy for a Chriſtian reſolution, nor any difficulty too hard for vertue to conquer.

On the Sepulcher of *Poſſenius Niger* was placed this Epitaph, Here lieth *Poſſ. Niger*, an antient Roman, who in merit was equal with the *virtuous*, but in misfortune exceeded the moſt *unfortunate*. We may affix the ſame with very little alteration to the Statue of *Charles the firſt, ſecond Monarch of Great Britain*, That he was equal in merit with the moſt *virtuous*, but in *misfortunes* exceeding the moſt *unfortunate*: yet did the brightneſs of his virtue ſhine through, and his piety gild and enamel the darkeſt clouds of his afflictions, baffling all the daring miſts of malice and envy, and converting them into well-placed *ſhadows*, which rendred his Picture more lively and admirable.

Naturaliſts write of a precious ſtone called *Caraunias*, that it is found onely in a day of thunder, gliſtering when the Sky is overcaſt with darkneſs: ſuch are the virtues of *faith, hope, charity, patience*, and *magnanimity* of *Charles*, which perhaps had never ſo glorioufly appeared, had not the *darkneſs* of his fortune brought them to *light*: and being like *winter* flowers produced between ſtorms and tempeſts, and grown up like the noble *Palm* under the preſſures of weights and burthens.

Prolixum eſt enumerare omnes, cognoſcite aliquas, as St, *Ambroſe* ſaid of *Judiths* virtues; I ſhall only cull out ſome few of thoſe many rich *jewells*, to adorn his *Panegyrick*, and leave the reſt to be collected by his *Hiſtorians*, and thredded by their more diligent hands upon the ſtring of their more laſting ſtories.

The eye of mine obſervation fixeth firſt upon the orient gem of his *Patience* in affliction, which made him ſo *ductile* and plyant to the will of Heaven, that he willingly exchanged his *Crown* for the *Croſſe*, and made his *Scepter* ſtoop to the *Rod* of affliction.

In his March after *Eſſex* to the *Weſt*, it hapned that one of the carriages brake in a long narrow Lane, which they were to paſs, and gave his *Majeſty* a ſtop, at a time of an intolerable ſhowre of rain which fell upon him, ſome of his Courtiers and others which were near about him, offered to hew him out a way through the hedges with their *Swords*, that he might get ſhelter in ſome of the villages adjoyning; but he reſolved not to forſake his Canon upon any occaſion: At which when ſome about him ſeemed to admire and marvail at the patience which he ſhewed in that extremity; his *Majeſty* lifting up his Hat, made anſwer, That *as God had given him afflictions to exerciſe his patience, ſo he had given him patience to bear his afflictions.* A Speech ſo heavenly and divine (ſays my Author) that it is hardly to be parallel'd by any of the men of God in all the Scripture. We may obſerve him in his divine *Meditations*, like the induſtrious *Bee*, ſucking the *Hony* of comfort and conſolation, out of the *bitter* flowers of his unequall fortune.

An

An Ancient ſaid, he that can bear an *injury*, is worthy an *Empire*; But if we conſider with how even and equall a temper, with how conſtant and Chriſtian a fortitude his *Majeſty* bore all the injurious inſolencies, and inſolent injuries which the tongues and pens of his malitious adverſaries continually loaded him withall, we muſt be forced to confeſſe, that if *merit* herein might have *won*, or *juſtice* have been *Elector*, he hadnot been *King* of an inconſiderable *Iſland*, but *Emperor* of the *whole* world. So far was He from repining at his afflictions, or being angry at the injuries of his ignorant and inſolent enemies, that he never eſteemed himſelf more glorious, than when dreſſed up in the robe of their ſcorn and mockery: alwayes fencing himſelf with that royall Maxime as with a ſhield, *Bona agere, & mala pati regium eſt.* Nor could the injuries and affronts of ſome, force him to a *retaliation*, being often *angry* at, but never *pleaſed* with thoſe *ſatyricall* invectives againſt his enemies which a juſt indignation ſometimes forced from the ſharper Pens of ſome of his friends.

As his loſſes could not make him *deſpond*, his victories never made him *inſolent*; though the one rendred him more *humble*, the other could not make him *proud*; He was rather like *Fenugreek*, which (ſayes *Pliny*) the *worſe* it is handled the *better* it proves.

It is ſaid of that mother in the *Maccabees*, who ſaw her *ſeven* children ſlain before her eyes, and laſt of all was her ſelf ſlain; *Octies paſſus eſt Martyries*, that ſhe ſuffered *Eight* times over:

and

and can we think that ſo indulgent a Father of his people, did not ſuffer as many ſeveral martyrdomes, as his ſubjects ſufferd miſeries and deſtructions.

Non placet vindicta, ſed victoria, was the applauded ſpeech of the conquering *Cæſar*; but we may hear our victorious *Charls* profeſſe, He never had any *victory* which was without his *ſorrow*, becauſe it was on his *own* ſubjects, who like *Abſalom*, died many of them in their ſin: and yet (ſayes he) I never ſufferd any defeat which made me deſpair of Gods mercy and defence. And that he might convince the world that he *loved not war*, nor *delighted* in the *ruine* of his *ſubjects*, he ever ſought for *peace*, after his greateſt *victories*; The higheſt tide of ſucceſſe (as he ſaith himſelf, who could beſt tell) ſet him not above a Treaty, nor did any ſucceſſe he had, ever enhance with him the price of peace, though *he* was like to pay dearer for it than any man.

It is Recorded to the honour of the Roman *Scipio Africanus*, and will be to the glory of our *Engliſh Charls*, that he had rather *ſave* one *friend*, than *kill* a thouſand *enemies*. But to ſuch a height were *our ſins*, and the guilty *malice* of ſome particular men amounted, that rendred all his Royal endeavours and tenders of Peace unfortunate and fruitleſſe; So true is that obſervation of the grave *Tacitus*, *Inviſo ſemel principe, ſeu malè, ſeu benè facta præmiunt*: A Prince once diſtaſted is ever ſuſpected, and his actions miſconſtrued; it then appearing plainly, that whatever *pretentions* palliated the deſigns

ſigns of ſome, yet their *intentions* terminated in a *Nolumus hunc regnare*; nor was it hard to prophecie that ſuch *Recuſants* then would in time appear *Ravilliac's*: and ſome there were, who though they could not but admire *Charles*, yet they hated the *King*.

Others there were who too well knew the Maxime of their Countryman *Machiavel*, that a *ſucceſſion of two or three virtuous Princes worketh ſtrange effects*, and therefore feared to be at the coſt of the experimeut, leſt it might have proved to have been at no cheaper rate than the ruine of their deſign, the erecting of their *Babel* of confuſion, thereby to make way for their *Catholick Monarch*. But to their wonder and their envy, when all his forces were defeated, and his ſword faln out of his hands, *Charles* alone maintains the Combat, and ſingly *duels* (like another *Athanaſius*) the whole world, in defence of his *Conſcience* and *Religion*, which were all the wealth his ſhipwrackt fortune had left him, and which, maugre the malice of his fate, he carried ſafe to ſhore.

The victories he then gained will remain as Eternal Trophies of his honour, and undeniable arguments of his vaſt abilities in matters of *Controverſie*: Let his *Conference* with the *Marqueſs of Worceſter*, the papers which paſſed betwixt *his S. Majeſty* and Mr. *Henderſon*, and thoſe other with the *Miniſters* in the *Iſle of Wight*, teſtifie how great a Maſter he was of reaſon, how well read in the *Fathers*, the *Councils*, *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*, and the cuſtoms of the Church in all Ages. By all which it will plainly

ly appear that he was as well the *ſcholar*, as the *Son* of *K. James*, by whom he was ſo well inſtructed in the controverſies of Religion, that when he was in *Spain*, D. *Maw*, and D. *Wren*, two of his *Chaplains* being appointed to follow after, came to *K. James* to know his pleaſure and commands: the King adviſed them not to put themſelves upon any unneceſſary Diſputations, but to be onely on the *defenſive* part, if they ſhould be challenged; and when it was anſwered that there could be no reaſon to engage in ſuch diſputations, where there could be no *Moderator*, the King replied, that *Charles* ſhould *moderate* between them and the oppoſite party. At which, when one of them ſeemed to ſmile on the other, the King proceeded, and told them, that *Charls* ſhould manage a point in Controverſie with the beſt Studied Divine of them all. He was without queſtion Maſter of an *Imperial pen*; His *Eagles* feathers (upon all occaſions) devoured his adverſaries *gooſe-quils*, and infinitely recompenced the impediment of his ſpeech, with the advantage of an inimitable ſtyle.

Spartianus reports of *Trajan*, that after his death he triumphed openly in the City of *Rome*, *In imagine*, in a lively Statue, or Repreſentation, invented by *Adrian* for that purpoſe. But *Charles* triumphs more nobly in his Royal *Portraicture*, drawn by himſelf, with ſuch curious lines, and lively colours, as no hand but his *own* could draw. There is he ſeated more glorioufly than ever he was on his Royal Throne, or in his Royal Robes; there ſhall he live and

reign,

reign, and be as *immortal* as his enemies malice. Never was devotion clad in a more rich, or more modeſt dreſs. There doth he make it appear that his ſoul was free and unconfin'd, though his body were a priſoner, and that he could exerciſe the office of a *Prieſt*, when he was deprived of that of a *King*. Such was the power of his noble and commanding Soul, even then, that he made his *Conquerors* his *captives*, and ſubdued the hearts of thoſe to love him, who had deprived him of all other weapons.

Such was the Princely carriage of *Francis* the Firſt, King of *France*, that he thereby ſo won upon the hearts of *Burbon*, and the reſt of his enemies, to whom he was a priſoner, that they honoured him with no leſſe obſervancy, than if he had been on the top of his proſperity: and *Homer* much commends his *Ulyſſes*, that when by ſhipwrack he was caſt on ſhore, he had nothing to commend him but his carriage. Had *Homer* had *Charls* for his *ſubject*, or *Charls Homer* for his *Hiſtorian*, what an admirable ſtrife would there have been betwixt the workman and the matter, and yet the matter would have exceeded the workmans art.

Paterculus ſaith of *Tyberius*, *Quod viſus pratulerit principem*, his Countenance proclamed him King: So Majeſtick was the Countenance, and ſo winning the carriage of *Charls*, that his enemies became his converts, and his very Gaolers his Confeſſors: ſome of them having ever ſince exchanged their former Maſters and Eſtates, for a priſon, and baniſhment, to expiate

their former injuries to ſo good a King.

And now we have brought him to the laſt, and moſt glorious act of his life, wherein we ſhall ſee him out-do himſelf, as he had done all others in his former actions; God fitting him with a Couragious and Chriſtian patience, as much above all other men, as his caſe and condition was tranſcending all former examples.

Trees that grow on the tops of rocks (they ſay) have ſtronger roots than other trees, becauſe they are more expoſed to the boiſterouſneſs of the winds and weather. His Sacred *Majeſty* was now to act a part beyond all *preſident*, and God fitted him with a virtue and conſtancy beyond all *parallel*.

En horret animus, & pavor membra excutit.
——refugit loqui
mens ægra, tantis atq; inhorreſcit malis.

My thoughts are diſtracted, and my pen falls out of my hand with amazement, I muſt therefore draw a veil of ſilence over, and Comment upon this Tragical Scene with *tears* inſtead of *words*. I will onely adventure to draw the curtain ſo far, as may let in the Readers eye to diſcover the *King* ſingly maintaining his own Innocence, his Succeſſors Rights, and his peoples Liberty, againſt a *Legion* of his adverſaries, who were at once his Judges and Accuſers. *Scipio* being one day accuſed before the *Roman* people of a capital offence, inſtead of excuſing himſelf, or flattering the Judges, turning to them, he ſaid, *It will well beſeem you to judge*

judge of his head by whose means you have authority to judge of all the world. Private persons have many Judges, Kings none but God, said *M. Antonius.* But our King had to do with people of another principle, who too well knew that politick maxime of *Monsieur de Foy, That a man must not trust a reconciled enemy, especially his King, against whom, when he draws his sword, he must throw the scabbard into the river.*

It was not enough that he had granted whatever they desired, which his conscience and the safety of his subjects would permit, or that his Royal Concessions went beyond the foremost of their hopes and wishes, or that his reasons were unanswerable, and that they had no greater plea against him, but that of the rapacious wolf to the innocent lamb, *Thou hast the better cause, but I have the better teeth.* Though *Charls* was innocent, it was crime enough that he was *King*, and stood in the place that ambition aimed at.

Semiramis (as *Ælian* tells the Story) was an humble Petitioner to the King of the *Assyrians*, whose Concubine she was, that she might take upon her the government of *Asia*, and command the Kings servants, but for the transitory space of five dayes; it was granted, she came forth with a Princely robe, and her first words were (ingrateful wretch!) *Go take the King, and kill him:* and so by one venturous step climbed up to a setled state of Imperial Government. I leave the *parallel* to the readers thoughts, and go on to observe what is truly observable, that notwithstanding the natural impediment of the

Kings

Kings Speech, God at this time of his extremity ſo looſed his tongue, that he delivered his thoughts without the leaſt ſtammering or hæſitation; enough to have convinced any but a *Pilat*, and a *Jurie* of *Jewes*, that by that miracle God ſeemed to ſay to them, in the language of that dumb man, *Rex eſt, ne occide.* But it was argument enough to them to cut off that head, that it wore three Ctowns. A thing ſo ſtrange and unheard of before our times, that though they made a *Preſident*, they could never find an *Example* for it in all the *Hiſtories* of the world. So ſacred and inviolable was the Perſon of the *Prince* amongſt the *Romans*, that when *Nero* (made valiant by his own fear) ran himſelf through, *Epaphroditus* his Secretary, at his requeſt, helping to diſpatch him the ſooner, for that ſervice was afterwards put to death by *Domitian*, who thought it not meet to ſuffer any man to live, who had in any ſort lent his hand to the death of a Prince.

The Kings of *Peru* were ſo reverenced by their ſubjects, and ſo faithfully ſerved, that never any of their ſubjects were found guilty of Treaſon. Indeed the people of *Nicaragua* in *America*, had no law for the killer of a *King*, but it was for the ſame reaſon that *Solon* appointed none for a mans killing of his Father; both of them conceiting that men were not ſo unnatural, as to commit ſuch crimes. But ſuch is the miſerable condition of Princes, as the Emperor *Domitian* complained, *that they cannot be credited touching a Conſpiracy, plainly detected, until they be firſt ſlain.* More ſtrange and ſad it is,

that

that men ſhould commit *murther* with the ſword of *Juſtice*, and *treaſon* execute *juſtice* as a malefactor. Such actions ſeldome want their reward, and many times receive it from the Actors *own* hands.

It is the obſervation of *Cauſabon* in his *Annotations* upon *Sueronius*, that all they who conſpired againſt *Ceſar*, ſlew themſelves with the *ſame* poniards wherewith they had ſtabbed the *Emperor*. Such a death (ſaith he) may all have who ſo wickedly and diſloyally enterprize upon the lives of Princes. For a man to attempt upon the life of a *forreign* or *neighbour* Prince, may perhaps paſſe with the guilt of *ſimple murther*; but for a ſubject to aſſaſſinate his *own native* King, is no leſs than *Paracide* in the ſuperlative degree.

At the Solemn Coronation of the Prince, every *Peer* of the Realm hath his ſtation about the Throne, and with the touch of his hand upon the Royal Crown, declareth the perſonal duty of that honour which he is called unto, namely, to hold on the Crown on the Head of his Soveraign, to make it the main end of his greatneſſe, to endeavour the eſtabliſhment of his Princes Throne. Juſtly may thoſe *branches* wither, that contrive the ruine of the *Stock* that feeds them: and well may they prove *falling ſtars*, who endeavour the ecclipſing of that *Sun* from whom they have received their light and luſtre.

Rodolphus D. *of Suevia*, having uſurped the Empire of the *Romans*, in a Conflict with *Henry* the right Emperor, his *right* hand was ſtruck

off in battel, which being brought to him lying upon his death-bed, in the horrour of his guilt he cryed out, *This is the hand wherewith I confirmed my promised loyalty to the Emperor.* Such as repay *hatred* where they owe *love*, and return *disloyalty* where they owe *allegiance*, may expect a payment in their *own* coin from the hand of Divine Justice.

But to disguise *Majesty* into an habit of *treason*, and to dress up *treason* in a robe of *justice*; to place guilt on the *bench*, and set innocence at the *bar*, and by a mockery of *Law* to condemn the *Fountain* of Law, is like the *Italian* Physician, who boasted he had kill'd a man with the fairest method in the world, *è morto* (said he) *canonicamente, è con tutti gli ordini*; He is dead (says he) regularly, and with all the rules of art.

To dwell no longer on this unpleasant subject *we* had *sinned*, and *Charls* must *suffer*. *Dilirant Archivi, plectuntur Reges.* He who had worn a Crown of *Gold*, must now admit a crown of *thornes*, that might fit him for the Crown of *Glory*.

They had promised to make him a glorious King, and now was the time come; *Sit divus, modo non sit vivus*, say they. His Kingdom was not to be any longer of this world, and therefore he prepares himself with *humility*, *piety*, *charity*, and *magnanimity*, to bear this *earthly cross*; that he might attein his *heavenly crown*: His enemies *curse* him, he *prays* for them; they *slander* him, he *forgives* them; they *load* him with affronts, he *carries* them with patience. And now his pious soul is on the wing, and makes

many

many a ſally to the place where ſhe longed to be at reſt: and in the fire of an ardent devotion, he offers up himſelf an *Holocauſt*, being kindled with the *flames* of Divine Love, and is fill'd with a large meaſure of celeſtial *joy*, and holy confidence; witneſſe that admirable *Anagram* made by himſelf on the day before his death,

Carolus Rex: Cras ero Lux.

Hermigildus Son of *Levigildus* King of the *Viſogoths*, forſaking the *Arrian* Hereſie, which his Father maintain'd, and embracing the *Catholick truth*, was threatned by his Father with death, unleſs he returned to his former errors: To whom the pious Son, *Poteris* (ſaith he) *in me ſtatuere pater quod lubet; regno privas? ſed peritura tantum: immortale illud eripere non potes. In vincula me rapis? ad cœlum certè patet via; ibimus, illuc ibimus. Vitam eripitis? reſtat melior & æterna.* Such were the pious reſolves of the moſt Chriſtian *Charls*: You may doe with me what you will, ye may deprive me of my *Kingdomes*, alas! theſe are periſhing things; but mine *immortal* Crown ye cannot reach. If ye confine me to the narrow walls of a *priſon*, my ſoul vvill mount to *Heaven*; thither, thither vvill vve goe. If ye take avvay this life, I ſhall but exchange it for a *better* and *eternal one*.

Thus prepared, he vvith all humility and Chriſtan reſignation, offers up himſelf the *peoples Martyr*; to the *grief* of his *friends*, the *ſhame* of his *enemies*, and the *amazement* of all the world.

Quis talia fando temperet à lachrymis!

Many wiped up his blood with their handkercheifs, which experience proved afterwards an admirable *Collirium* to restore the sight even to those (I could name some of the recovered patients; from whom I received the relation) who were almost blind: this wants not *truth* so much as a *Roman* pen, to make it a *miracle*. Sure I am his death opened thousands of eyes, which passion and prejudice had blinded: and those who whilst he *lived*, wish'd him *dead*, now he was *dead* wish'd him *alive* again.

That so great a Prince (who yet chose rather to be *good* than *great*, to be *holy* rather than *happy*) might not die unattended, many loyal subjects left this life with the very news of His death: as it is reported of *Hugh Scrimiger*, servant to *S. W. Spotswood*, beheaded by the *Covenanters* of *Scotland*, passing by the Scaffold before it was taken down, fell into a swound, and being carried home, died at his own door. The truth of this Relation I leave to the credit of the *Historian*; the former I attest upon mine own knowledge, my self being assistant at the Funeral of a *Kinsman*, who (with divers others) died of no other disease than the newes of the Kings death; on whom, as I then bestowed, I here deposite this *Epitaph*.

Here lies a loyal member dead,
Who scorned to survive his Head.

Thus

Thus died *Charls*, *Aliorum majori damno, quam ſuo*: It being hard to determine, whether the Church and State were more *happy* to have *had*, or more *miſerable* to *loſe* ſo incomparable a King; who wanted nothing but to have lived in an Age when it was in faſhion to *Deifie* their Worthies, or in a Country where it is a trade to be *Sainted*. But alas! He lived in an Age when *vices* were in *faſhion*, and *virtues* accounted *vices*. Of whom, his worſt enemies (ſayes one who was none of his beſt friends) cannot but give this *civil*, yet *true Character*, That he was a Prince of moſt excellent natural parts, an univerſal Gentleman, very few men of any rank or quality exceeding him in his natural endowments, and the moſt accompliſhed *King* this Nation had ever ſince the Conqueſt.

FINIS

Doloris nullus.

Oweni *Epigr. in* Regicidas.

Si manus offendat te dextra, abſcindito dextram,
Offendat ſi pes, abjice, Chriſtus ait.
Corpus in errorem dexter ſi ducat ocellus,
Ipſe oculus peccans, effodiendus erit.
Quælibet abſcindi pars corporis ægra jubetur,
Excipiunt medici, Theologiq; Caput.

An Elegie on *Charls* the First, &c.

COme ſaddeſt Muſe, tragick Melpomine,
Help me to weep, or ſigh an Elegie;
And from dumb grief recover ſo much breath,
As may ſerve to expreſs my Sovereigns death.
But that's not all; had Natures oil been ſpent,
And all the treaſury of life ſhe lent
Exhauſted: had his lateſt ſand been run,
And the three fatal Siſters thred been ſpun;
Or laden with yeares, and mellow had he dropt
Into our mothers boſome; not thus lopt,
We could have born it. But thus hew'd from life
B'an Axe, more haſty than the cruel knife
Of griſly Atropos; *thus to be torn*
From us, whom loyal death would have forborn,
This ſtrikes us dead. Hence Nero *ſhall be kind*
Accounted, he but wiſhed, and that wiſh confin'd
Within the walls of Rome; *but here we ſee*
Three Kingdoms at one blow beheaded be:
And inſtead of the one head of a King,
Hundreds of Hydra-*headed Monſters ſpring.*
Scarce can I think of this, and not engage
My Muſe to muſter her Poetick rage,
To ſcourge thoſe Gyants, whoſe bold hands ha ***ven:***
This glorious Sun from out our Firmament,
Put out the light of Iſrael, that they might
Act their black deeds ſecurely in the night:
When none but new and fooliſh lights appear,
Not to direct, but cheat the traveller.

But biting births are monstrous, Ours must be
(My Midwife Muse) a weeping Elegie.
Well may we, like some of whom Stories write,
From this Sun-set in mourning spend our night:
Until we see a second Sun arise,
That may exhale those Vapours from our eyes.
Since the breath of our nostrils we have lost,
We are but moaning statues at the most,
Our wisedome, reason, justice, all are dead,
As parts that liv'd, and died with our Head.
How can we speak him praise, or our loss, when
Our tongue of language silenc'd is with him.
Or can our fainter pensils hope to paint
Those rayes of Majesty, which spake him Saint?
In mortal weeds, not man; As great a King
Of Vertues, as of men; A sacred thing,
To such an heighth of eminency rais'd,
Easier by far to be admir'd than prais'd.
'Twould puzzle the sage Plutarch *now to tell,*
Or finde on earth our Charls's *parallel.*
Let Rome *and* Greece *of* Heroes *boast no more,*
To make our One, would beggar all their store.
Weep ye three Orphan Kingdoms, weep, for He
To you was truly Pater Patriæ.
Mourn too Religion, Liberty, and Lawes,
He was your Martyr, and died in your cause.
Levy a tax of grief, for who'll deny,
For this so general loss. a general cry.
Though to bear arms be, yet I know no reason
That loyal tears should be accounted treason.

Let

Let not thy grief be ſmall, I thee intreat,
Britain, *for him who only made thee Great.*

An Anniverſary on Charls *the Firſt, &c.* 1657.

PArdon, great Soul, the ſlowneſs of my verſe,
Who after eight years ſing thine Anniverſe:
Since he who well would write thine Elegie,
Muſt take an Ages time to ſtudy thee.
Nay muſt be you, for none but you can tell,
Or meaſure the juſt height from whence you fell.
We know not how to eſtimate thy loſs,
Nor can we feel the weight of thy ſad croſs.
If we ſhould rack our fancies, to invent
Miſchiefs, & plots far worſe than hell e're meant
To beſt of men (when men with hell combine)
They all would prove faint Metaphors of thine.
He who once ſold his Kingdom for a draught
Of running water, and then periſh't ſtrait,
Had much the better bargain; thou didſt loſe
All men could wiſh, for miſeries and woes.
Saints (like their Saviour) when for drink they call,
The world preſents them vinegar & gall.
What monſtrous ſins of ours made Heaven to frown,
When Virtue met an Axe, and Vice a Crown!
Thrones, Scepters, Crowns, and all the gaudy things,
That uſe to deck and load the heads of Kings;
Who now will value you, ſince you have bin

Re-

Rewards of vice, and recompence of ſin!
Thou better knew'ſt (bleſt Martyr!) to ſlight
And leave them as revenges to thy foes. (thoſe
Theſe, like the Prophets mantle fell from thee,
When thou, like him, didſt climb t'Eternity.
Poor Princes thus to others leave their own
Small ſtates, when called to a richer Crown.
As when a jewel's taken out the caſe,
Attoms and air uſurp'd the jewels place;
Or as the Sun leaving one Hemiſphere,
Darkneſs and night preſume to revel there.
So is thy place ſupply'd, the Sphere which thou
Wert wont to fill, we ſee invaded now
By a wild Comet, whoſe blaze doth portend,
If not a ſudden, yet a certain end. (gain,
Though dead, thou ſtill upon our hearts doſt
And ſo more nobly and more truly reign. (ſeſt,
Thoſe bleſſings which we prize not, whilſt poſ-
Their worth our want of them diſcovers beſt.
Night makes the day, & darkneſs gilds the Sun,
Thus things grow greater by compariſon.
We envy not thy glory, nor bemoan
With tears thy ſad misfortunes, but our own.
Whilſt thou with an immortal Crown doſt
The woe is ours, the happineſs is thine. (ſhine,
Thou haſt attaind'd the Haven, we are toſt
Upon a ſea of woes; our Pilot loſt;
Driven by th'winds and waves, diſtreſt, forlorn,
Our lading ſhipwrackt, and our tackling torn.
Cloath'd with a long white robe of innocence,
Thou walk'ſt; in blackeſt mourning ever ſince
Our hearts are clad. To rid us of our pain,
Wee'l die, ſo be thy ſubjects once again.

Second

Second Anniverſary on Charls *the* Firſt, 1658.

THe year's return'd, and with the year my task,
Which to perform no other aid I ask,
No Muſe invoke, but what my grief affords,
Grief that would fill a dumb mans mouth with words.
A King's my ſubject, and a King whoſe name
Alone, ſpeaks more than all the tongues of fame.
Charls, good as great, whoſe virtues were his crimes,
The beſt of men duell'd the worſt of times.
But by his ſad example we may know,
Exceſs of goodneſs is not ſafe below.
T'was too much worth juſt *Ariſtides* ſent,
(By a wild oſtraciſm) to's baniſhment.
Oh! hadſt thou liv'd when virtue was in faſhion,
And men were rul'd by reaſon, not by paſſion,
How had'ſt thou been ador'd! Thy actions had
Been the juſt Standard of what's good or bad.
Thy life had paſs'd for law, and the whole Na-
Might have been virtuous by imitation. (tion
To have been good, and in the beſt degree,
Had been no more but to be like to thee.
Thou art all wonder, and thy brighter Story,
Caſts an Eccliſe upon the blazing glory
Of former ages; all their Worthies, now
(By thee out-done) do bluſh, and wonder how
They loſt the day, beclouded with a night
Of ſilence, riſing from thy greater light.

Their

Their moral deeds are of too faint a dye,
If once compared with thy piety.
Be dumb ye lying Legends, here's a Reign,
Full of more miracles than ye can feign.
Here is a a ſaint, more great, more true than e're
Came from the triple crown, or holy chair.
We need no farther for Example look,
Than unto thee, thou art the onely book;
Thou art the beſt of Texts, hereafter we
Expect no more, but Comments upon thee:
Thou art the great Original, and he
Who will be famous now, muſt tranſcribe thee;
Spight of the Sword and Axe, you found a way
To win the field, although you loſt the day.
In thy rare Portraicture thou liveſt ſtill, (quill;
And triumphſt more by thine all-conquering
There ſhalt thou reign, and as immortal be,
As was the malice of thine enemie.
Thou haſt out-witted all thy foes, and by
Thy Book thou gain'ſt the greateſt victory.
That hath enlarg'd thine Empire, and all men
Stoop to the Scepter of thy Royal Pen.
Thy Virtues crowd ſo faſt, I cannot tell
How to ſpeak all, or which doth moſt excell.
All I can ſay is but Epitomie,
A life's too little for thy Hiſtory.
I can but write thee in Stenographie,
The whole of others is but part of thee.
But thou haſt ſpoke thy ſelf in ſuch a ſtrain,
Our wits are uſeleſs, and endeavours vain.
Silence and admiration fit me beſt,
Let others try to write, I'll weep the reſt.

FINIS.

T. F.

A THEATRE OF WITS, Ancient and Modern.

Repreſented in a Collection of

Apothegmes.

Pleaſant and Profitable.

By THO. FORDE.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci.
Habent enim Apothegmata peculiarem quandam rationem, & indolem ſuam, ut breviter, argutè, ſalsè, & urbanè cujuſq; ingenium exprimant. Eraſmus

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LONDON,
Printed by *R.* and *W. Leybourn*, for *William Grantham* at the Black Bear in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, neer the little North Door. 1660.



To the Reader.

Reader,

I Here preſent thee with a diſh of *Apothegmes*, pull'd from the *leaves* of many Authours; if they pleaſe thee in the *taſting*, but as much as they did me in the *gathering*, I ſhall not doubt their entertainment. Amongſt thoſe ſwarms of books which our age is daily glutted with, there is not one Author hath travelled in this road, nor any one book of this nature (that I know) in our Language

guage, except a *Manual* of that great Advancer of Learning, Sir *Francis Bacon*, which hath long ſince been out of print. I had therefore ſome temptation to have added mine as a Supplement to his; but upon ſecond thoughts, conſidering none ever attempted to add a line to that peece *Apelles* left imperfect, I have choſen rather to erect a new frame by his model, than to build upon anothers foundation.

That the Volume is *ſmall*, my diligence hath been the *greater*, for I have laboured to *ſubſtract*, rather than *multiply* them; not putting in every one I met with, but what was *beſt*, at leaſt in my opinion. Theſe are but the *firſt fruits*, your acceptance may ripen them into a larger *harveſt*, if God ſhall lend me time and opportunity.

I havewaved any particular *Dedication*,

dication, as not willing to entitle any man to the *Patronage* of my weakneſſes; nor am I of that vain humour of *Appian* the Grammarian, who promiſed immortality to thoſe to whom he dedicated any of his Works.

And they who write to Lords rewards to get.
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?

Donnes Sat.

There is a *Vine in Aſia*, that brings forth *Burnt-wine*, ſo excellent (ſaith mine Author) that none exceeds it. Such is the nature of theſe *ſhort ſentences*, they are ready dreſs'd and diſh'd out to thy hand; like ſome *Diamonds*, which grow ſmoothand poliſhed, and need no farther labour to fit them for *uſe*, but *uſing*. As it is ſaid of *Iſidore* the Philoſopher, that he ſpake not *words*, but the very *ſubſtance and eſſence* of *things*. They

Johnſton Hiſt. Nat.

contain *magnum in parvo*, much matter in a *few* words. *Significant potius quam exprimunt.* You have here much *gold* in a little *ore*, easie for *carriage*, ready for *use*. We have many things to learn, and but little time to live; I know not therefore any kind of Learning more *pleasant*, or more *profitable* than this, which teacheth us many *lessons* in a few *lines*. But I will not waste thy time (Reader) whilst I study to improve it, and to approve my self

Thy servant,

T. F.

Apothegmes.

AN old Mass-Priest in the dayes of *Hen.* 8. reading in English after the Translation of the Bible, the mircale of the five loaves and two fishes, when he came to the verse that reckoneth the number of the guests, he paused a little, and at last said, they were about 500; the Clerk whispered into the Priests eares, that it was 5000; but the Priest turned back, and replied with indignation, *Hold your peace, sirrah, we shall never make them believe they were* 500.

Aristides said, concerning the Elegance of the City of *Smyrna*, that *no man, except he which shall see it, will be drawn to believe it.*

The *Savages*, an English Family, held *Ardes* (in *Ireland*) long in possession, amongst whom there goeth a great name of Him, who said no less stoutly than pleasantly, when he was moved to *o* build a Castle for his defence, that *he would not trust to a castle of stones, but rather to a*

caſtle of bones. Meaning his own body.

Columbane, a Monk of *Ireland*, when *Sigebert* King of the *Frankners*, dealt very earnſtly with him, and that by way of many fair and large promiſes, that he ſhould not depart out of his Kingdom: Anſwered him, *That it became not them to embrace other mens riches, who for Chriſts ſake had forſaken their own.*

Porpherie, in regard of the many tyrants riſing up in his dayes in *Britain*, cried out in theſe terms, *Britain a fooliſh Province of tyrants.*

St. *Ambroſe* in his Funeral Sermon of *Theodoſius*, cryeth out in theſe terms: that *Eugenius* and *Maximus* (who had five years uſurped the Empire) *by their woful example, doe teſtifie in hell what a heavy thing it is to bear arms againſt their Natural Prince.*

Of this *Maximus* it is ſaid, that *he was a valiant man, victorious, and worthy the title of* Auguſtus, *but that againſt his allegiance he had by way of tyranny and uſurpation attained the place.*

Homer ſaith of one that had a misfortune, *It was becauſe he did not honour his Parents.*

Upon a triumph, all the Emperor *Severus*'s Souldiers, for the greater pomp, were to put on Crowns of Sayes; but one Chriſtian there was amongſt them which wore it on his arm; and being demanded the reaſon, boldly anſwered: *It becomes not a Chriſtian to be crowned in this life.*

Arnobius was wont to ſay, that *perſecution brings death in one hand, and life in the other; for while it kills the body, it crowns the ſoul.*

The Empreſs *Eudoxia*, ſending a threatning meſſage

message to *Chrysostom*, (for boldly reproving her) He answered, *Go tell her I fear nothing but sin.*

Justus Jonas said of *Luther*, that *he could have of God what he pleased.*

Epaminondas being asked what was the greatest joy he ever had in the world, He said *Leutrica Victoria*, the Battel of *Leutrick*.

Rocardus, King of *Frisland*, being by *Wolfranius* perswaded to be Baptized, having one foot in the Font, the other out, asked *Wolfranius* where went the most part of his Predecessors that were not Baptized? To hell, said *Wolfranius*; then *Rocardus* drew his foot out of the Font, saying, *It was best following of the greatest company.*

The Devil meeting with a devout Hermit, asked him three questions: First, what should be the strangest thing that God made in a little frame? He answered, *a mans face.* The second, Where was the Earth higher than all the Heavens? *Where Christs body, born of the Virgin* Mary, *was adored of Angels and Archangels.* The third, What space was between Heaven and Earth? *Thou knowest best* (said the Hermit) *which wast from Heaven thrown down to the Earth.*

L. Silla finding his souldiers timerous, and fearful to fight with *Archelaus*, *Mithridates* General, drew out his sword, and said, *You souldiers that mean to fly to* Rome, *tell them at* Rome, *that you left* Silla *your General, fighting in the midst of the Battel, with the enemies in* Boetia.

Philipides the Poet, refused to be of King *Lysimachus* Counsel, that when the King said to

him, What wilt thou that I give unto thee? *Nothing* (ſaid the poor Poet) *but onely this, that I may not be of thy Council.*

In a publick meeting with all the Princes of *Germany*, at *Wormatia*; where the Duke of *Saxon* firſt preferring his mettals, and rich veins of earth: the Duke of *Bavaria* much commending his ſtrong and brave Cities and Towns: and the Duke *Palatine* of his wines, and fertility of his lands: the Duke of *Wittenbergh* ſaid, I can lay my head, and ſleep upon the lap of any of my ſubjects I have abroad in the field, every where. *Huic facile concedite palmam* (ſaid *Maximilian* the Emperor) *Give him the palm.*

Themiſtocles being asked whoſe Oration he would hear? *Even him* (ſaid *Themiſtocles*) *that can beſt ſet forth my praiſe, and advance my fame.*

Iſocrates repeating an Oration of *Demoſthenes* his adverſary, at *Rhodes*, they of *Rhodes* much delighting therein, and much commending the Oration that *Iſocrates* made, though he was enemy to *Demoſthenes*, was forced againſt his will to ſay to the people, *What if you had heard the beaſt himſelf pronouncing his own Oration?*

Julius Caſar ſeeing certain men of *Apulia*, in *Rome*, carrying Apes upon their arms, playing, asked the men, *If they had no women in* Apulia *to get children to play withal.*

Diogenes, when he ſaw mice creeping for ſome crums to his table, would ſay, *Behold*, Diogenes *alſo hath his paraſites.*

Lewis the 10th. was wont to brag of his own Kingdom of *France*, that it far exceeded all o-

ther

ther Kingdoms, wanting but one thing; and being requeſted to know what that was, he anſwered, *Truth.*

The great *Antiochus* brought *Hannibal* to his treaſures, and ſhewed him his gold, his ſilver, his wealth and treaſures, and asked him if all that would not pleaſe the *Romans?* *Yea*, ſaid *Hannibal*, *it would pleaſe the* Romans, *but not ſatisfie the* Romans.

A Councellor of State, ſaid to his Maſter the King of *Spain*, that now is, upon occaſion: *Sir, I will tell your Majeſty thus much for your comfort, your Majeſty hath but two enemies; whereof the one is all the World, and the other is your own Miniſters.*

Domitian perceiving many of his Predeceſſors in the Empire to be hated, asked one, how he might ſo rule, as not to be hated? the party anſwered, *Tu fac contra: By not doing what they did.*

When *M. Cicero* ſtood for the Conſulſhip of *Rome*, *Q. Cicero* wiſhed him to meditate on this, *Novus ſum, Conſulatam peto, Roma eſt.*

Alexander having a ſouldier of his name, that was a coward, *He bad him either leave off the name of* Alexander, *or be a ſouldier.*

A brave *Roman* Captain told his ſouldiers, *That if they could not conquer* Britain, *yet they would get poſſeſſion of it, by laying their bones in it.*

It was a ſmart anſwer which Mr. *Durant*, a witty and learned Miniſter of the Reformed Church of *Paris*, gave a Lady of ſuſpected chaſtity, (and ſince revolted) when ſhe pretended the hadneſs of the Scripture: *Why*, ſaid

laid he, Madam, *What can be more plain, then, Thou ſhalt not commit adultery.*

It was the ſaying of the dying Emperor *Julian, He that would not die when he muſt, and he that would die when he muſt not, are both of them cowards alike.*

Ariſtippus told the Sailers, that wondred why he was not, as well as they, afraid in the ſtorms, that the odds was much; *For they feared the torments due to a wicked life, and he expected the rewards of a good one.*

It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gave a lewd liver, that baniſhed, complained he ſhould die in a forreign ſoil. *Be of good cheer man, whereſoever thou art, the way to hell is the ſame.*

It was the admonition of dying *Otho* to *Cocceius, Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that* Cæſar *was his Uncle.*

Iſocrates, of a Scholar full of words, asked a double Fee, *One*, he ſaid, *to learn him to ſpeak well, another to teach him to hold his peace.*

Euripides, when he brings in any woman in his tragedies, makes them alwayes bad: *Sophocles* in his tragedies maketh them alwayes good: whereof when *Sophocles* was asked the reaſon; he made this anſwer, *Euripides*, ſaith he, *repreſents women as they be, I repreſent them as they ought to be.*

Sir *Henry Wotton* was wont to ſay of Sir *Philip Sydneys* Wit, *that it was the very meaſure of congruity.*

Having in *Italy* acquaintance with a pleaſant Prieſt, who invited him one evening to hear their *Veſper* muſick at Church; the Prieſt ſeeing Sir *Henry* ſtanding obſcurely in a corner, ſends

ſends to him by a boy this queſtion writ in a ſmall piece of paper: Where was your Religion to be found before *Luther*? To which Sir *Henry Wotton* preſently under-writ, *My Religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God.*

To another that asked him whether a Papiſt may be ſaved? He replied, *You may be ſaved without knowing that; look to your ſelf.*

To another that was ſtill railing againſt the Papiſts, he gave this advice, *Pray Sir forbear, till you have ſtudied the points better: for the wiſe Italians have this Proverb, He that underſtands amiſs, concludes worſe.*

To one being deſigned for the office of an Embaſſador, requeſting from him ſome experimental rules for his prudent and ſafe carriage in his Negotiation, Sir *Henry Wotton* gave this for an infallible Aphoriſme; *That to be in ſafety himſelf, and ſerviceable to his Country, he ſhould alwayes, and upon all occaſions ſpeak the truth; for, ſaid he, you ſhall never be believed, and by this meanes your truth will ſecure your ſelf, if you ſhall ever be called to any account, and it will alſo put your adverſaries (who will ſtill hunt counter) to a loſs, in all their diſquiſitions and undertakings.*

He directed this ſentence onely to be inſcribed on his Tomb-ſtone; *Hic jacet hujus ſententiæ Author. Diſputandi pruritus ſit Eccleſiarum ſcabies.*

Boliſlaus the 4th. King of *Poland*, who bearing the picture of his Father, hanged about his neck in a plate of gold, when he was to ſpeak, or doe any thing of importance, he took his

picture,

picture, and kiſſing it, ſaid, *Dear Father, I wiſh I may not doe any thing remiſsly, unworthy of thy name.*

A gentile ſpirit ſaid to an old man, who cauſed his griſly hairs to be painted with the luſtre of green youth: *Poor fool, although thou couldſt deceive the whole world with thy hair, yet death well knoweth they are grey. Sit te Proſerpina canem.*

It is ſaid, a French King enquiring one day of a Wiſe-man, after divers inſtructions to govern himſelf, and guide his Kingdome, this Wiſe-man took a fair large ſheet of paper, and for an infinite number of precepts, which others uſe to produce upon this ſubject, he onely wrote this word: *Modus, meaſure, or mean.*

One who having lived free from the bonds of mariage, cauſed to be ſet on his Tomb, *Vixit ſine impedimento, He lived without hinderance.*

A mother grieving for the death of her ſon, ſaid, *That all her evil came from loving too much what ſhe might loſe. Amabam miſera periturum*, &c.

An old humouriſt vapouring once that women had no ſouls, was anſwered by a modeſt Lady: *Sure, Sir, you are deceived, for I can produce a good text to the contrary, My ſoul doth magnifie the Lord: and it was a woman that ſpoke it.*

Iſocrates had an excellent wit, notwithſtanding finding himſelf deſtitute of countenance, geſture, and confidence, he never durſt to ſpeak in publique, contenting himſelf to teach, even to his decrepit dayes, and commonly ſaying, *He taught Rhetorick for a* 1000 *Rials, but would give more than* 10000 *to him who would teach him confidence.*

It

It was the saying of *Lewis* the French King, to *Henry* the third of *England*, who asking him (in those times of implicit faith) whether he would goe sooner, to the Eucharist, or to a Sermon? He answered, *I had rather see my friend, than hear him onely spoken of.*

One said that *Aristotles* School was a great Scold.

It was not said improperly of him, who having passed his grand Climacterique, *That he was got loose from his unruly passions, as from so many lyons and wolves.*

A French Baron, not long since, meeting two Capuchins going bare-foot in cold frosty weather, with their scrips upon their backs a begging, and knowing them to be Gentlemen of a good Family, he said, *How grossly are these men cozen'd if there be no heaven.*

An Italian Prince being upon his death-bed, and comforted by his friends, touching the joys of the other world, wherennto he was going, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, *Oh! I know what's past, but I know not what's to come.*

There is a saying fathered upon *Paul* 3d. when he lay upon his death-bed, that shortly he should be resolved of two things, *Whether there be a God and Devil, or whether there be a heaven and hell?*

When a rare Italian Statuary offered *Rh.* 2d. of *Spain*, that without expence to the King, he would set up his Majesties arms and portraicture over the gates of every City in *Lombardy*, the King commending the mans good will, answered, *He had rather have a workman, that with*

any

any expence whatsoever, could set up his image in Heaven.

When the souldiers demanded a donative of *Galba*, he answered, *That he used to choose, not to buy soldiers.*

Vespasian was not moved with the scoffs of *Demetrius Cynicus*, but slighted them, saying, *I use not to kill barking dogs.*

Domitian punished Informers, saying, *That not to punish such, was to encourage them.*

Trajan delivered his sword to the Captain of the Guard, willing him to use it for him, if he did well, but against him, if otherwise.

Antonius Pius, Emperor, comming to see *Omulus* his house, he enquired whence he had his marble pillars? *Omulus* answered, *that in another mans house he should be both deaf and dumb.*

When *Julia*, Mother-in-law to *Caracalla* (whom he married) told him he was too prodigal, he laid his hand on his sword, saying, *I shall never lack money, so long as this is with me.*

Julian robbed the Church of her Revenues, telling the Clergy that they should be the fitter for Heaven, because it is written, *Blessed be the poor.*

Tyberius Constantinus, Co-Emperor with *Justin*, when *Sophia* the Empress reproved him, as being too prodigal in his bounty to the poor: He answered, *that he should never want wealth on earth, as long as he had laid up treasures on earth, by relieving the poor.*

Maximilian the Emperor, was wont to say, *to compel the conscience, is to force heaven.*

It

It was not ill anſwered of *Merope*, to King *Polyphontes*, who therefore kill'd his brother, becauſe he had entertained a purpoſe to have killed him: *You ſhould only have done the ſame injury to him, which he did to you; you ſhould ſtill have had a purpoſe to kill him.*

Aquinas was once asked, with what *compendium* a man might beſt become learned? He anſwered, *By reading one Book.*

A great Italian General, ſeeing the ſudden death of *Alphonſus* Duke of *Ferrara*, kneeled down inſtantly, ſaying, *And ſhall not this ſight make me religious?*

When the Duke of *Candia* had voluntarily entred into the incommodities of a Religious life, and poverty, he was one day ſpied, and pitied by a Lord of *Italy*, who, out of tenderneſs, wiſh'd him to be more careful, and nutritive of his perſon. The good Duke anſwered, *Sir, be not troubled, and think not that I am ill provided of conveniencies; for I ſend a harbinger before, who makes my lodgings ready, and takes care that I be royally entertained:* The Lord asked him, who was his harbinger? He anſwered, *the knowledge of my ſelf, and the conſideration of what I deſerve for my ſins, which is eternal torments; and when with this knowledge I arrive at my lodging, how unprovided ſoever I find it, me thinks it is ever better than I deſerve.*

'Twas a reaſonable anſwer of *Pericles* to one that asked him, Why he being a ſeverē and Philoſophical perſon, came to a Wedding trimmed and adorned like a Paranymph?

I come adorned to an adorned perſon, trim'd to a Bridegroom.

The Emperor *Ferdinand* the 2d. had wont to ſay to thoſe that brought him any ill newes, *'tis good, 'tis Gods pleaſure, I am contented.*

Sir *Thomas Moore*, ſomewhat before he was made Lord Chancellor, built a Chappel in his Pariſh at *Chelſey*, where the Pariſh had all ornaments belonging thereunto abundantly ſupplied at his charge; and he beſtowed thereon much plate, often uſing theſe words, *Good men give it, and bad men take it away.*

The King of *Sweden*, to the Dutch Embaſſador, perſwading him to a care of his perſon, anſwered, *that his hour was written in heaven, and could not be altered on earth.*

Sir *Jervis Ellwis*, when executed on Tower-hill for *Overburies* death, left theſe two *Items* to Poſterity: 1. *Not to vow any thing, but to perform it.* 2. *Not to take a pride in any parts, though never ſo excellent.*

A Lord Mayor of *London* (in K. *James* his time) ſtopping the Kings carriages as they were going through the ſtreets with a great noiſe in time of Divine Service, and the King being told of it, he, in a rage, ſwore he thought there had been no more Kings in *England* but himſelf, & ſent a warrant to the Lord Mayor to let them paſs, wnich he then obeyed with this anſwer, *While it was in my power, I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey.*

Demodocus ſaid of the *Mileſians*, *they were no fools, but they did the ſame things that fools did.*

Vin-

Vincentius Lyrenenſis ſaith of St. *Cyprian*, who had before the Council of *Carthage* defended re-baptizing, *the Author of this errour* (ſaith he) *is, no doubt, in heaven, the followers and practiſers of it now goe to hell.*

A Gentleman having by fatherly indulgence tolerated the humour of gaming and wenching in his ſon, diſ-inherited him for drinking, ſaying of the firſt, *If he had wit, he would not loſe much by it*; and of the ſecond, *that in time for his own eaſe he would leave it*; but of the third, he ſaid, *he would prove, the elder, the viler, and hardly ever amend it.*

A certain man comming to *Athens*, meeting one of his friends in the ſtreet, deſired him to ſhew him the rarities of the City: His friend carried him to *Solon*; but the man having viewed him ſome time, would have gone farther: no, ſaid his friend, *You have ſeen all. Vidiſti* Solon, *vidiſti omnia.*

It is ſaid of the *Germans*, *that they underſtand more than they can utter, and drink more than they can carry.*

A certain old man, being asked why he wore his beard ſo large and long? that *beholding thoſe grey hairs* (ſaid he) *I may doe nothing unbeſeeming them.*

Cyrus was wont to ſay, *that a good Prince was like a good Shepherd, who can by no other means grow rich, than by making his flock to thrive under him.*

A maid (in *Plutarch*) being to be ſold in the Market, when a Chapman asked her, Wilt thou be faithful if I buy thee? *Yes* (ſaid ſhe) *etiamſi non emeris, whether you buy me or no.*

De-

Demoſthenes ſaid to him that objected that his Speech ſmelt of the candle; *I know my candle ſtands in your light:* The man being ſuſpected for a thief.

Melanthon was uſed to ſay, *He that dealeth with ſome men, had need to bring a Divine, a Lawyer, and a Souldier with him to get his right.*

St. *Bernard* comming to the great Church of *Spire* in *Germany*, he was no ſooner come into the Church, but the Image of the Virgin ſaluted him, and bad him, Good morrow *Bernard*: whereat, he well knowing the jugling of the Friers, made anſwer again out of St. *Paul*, Oh (ſaid he) *your Ladiſhip hath forgot your ſelf, it is not lawful for women to ſpeak in the Church.*

John King of *England*, being wiſhed by a Courtier to untomb the bones of one, who whilſt he was living, had been his great enemy: *Oh no* (ſaid the King) *would all mine enemies were as honourably buried.*

The Egyptian Calyph, offering an Engliſh Embaſſador his hand in his glove, the Embaſſador anſwered, *Sir, we come not to treat with your glove, but your ſelf.*

When a Pyrate ſaid to one of his fellows, Woe to us if we be known: an honeſt man in the ſame ſhip replyed: *And woe to me if I be not known.*

Luther was wont to ſay, *He would be unwilling to be a ſouldier in that army where Prieſts were Captains, becauſe the Church, not the Camp, was their proper place.*

Plato being demanded how he knew a wiſe man, anſwered, *When being rebuked he would not*

be

be angry, and being praiſed, he would not be proud.

Marqueſs *Pawlet*, there being divers factions at Court in his time, yet was he beloved of all parties; and being asked, how he ſtood ſo right in the judgment of all? He anſwered, *By being a willow, and not an oak.*

Diogenes was wont to ſay, when the people mock't him, *They deride me, yet I am not derided: I am not the man they take me for.*

Rather than want exerciſe of his patience, he would crave alms of dead mens Statues; and being demanded why he did ſo? He anſwered, *That I may learn to take denial from others the more patiently.*

Marius was never offended with any report went of him, becauſe he ſaid, *If it were true, it would ſound to his praiſe; if falſe, his life and manners ſhould prove it contrary.*

A Steward once replyed to his paſſionate Lord, when he called him knave, *&c. Your Honour may ſpeak as you pleaſe, but I believe not a word that you ſay, for I know my ſelf an honeſt man.*

Philip of *Macedon* profeſſed himſelf much beholden to his enemies (the *Athenians*) for ſpeaking evil of him; *For* (ſaid he) *they made me an honeſt man, to prove them lyars.*

When *Diogenes* was told by a baſe fellow, that he once had been a Coiner of money, He anſwered, *'Tis true, ſuch as thou art now, I once was, but ſuch as I am now, thou wilt never be.*

Socrates, when one asked him why he took ſuch a ones bitter railing ſo patiently? Anſwered, *It is enough for one to be angry at a time.*

Dion of *Syracuſe*, being baniſhed, came to *Theodorus*

odorus Court ſuppliant, where not preſently admitted, he turned to his companion, with theſe words, *I remember I did the like, when* I *was in like dignity.*

Socrates, being perſwaded to revenge himſelf of a fellow that kick'd him, anſwered, *If an aſs had kick'd me, ſhould* I *have ſet my wit to his, and kick'd him again?*

Another time, being told that one ſpake evil of him, He replyed, *Alas! the man hath not as yet learned to ſpeak well, but* I *have learned to contemn what he ſpeaks.*

Diogenes, being told that many deſpiſed him, anſwered, *It is the wiſe mans portion to ſuffer of fools.*

When *Dionyſius* the Tyrant had plotted the death of his Maſter *Plato*, and was defeated by *Plato*'s eſcape out of his Dominions; when the Tyrant deſired him in writing not to ſpeak evil of him, the Philoſopher replyed, *That he had not ſo much idle time as once to think of him, knowing there was a juſt God would one day call him to a reckoning.*

When once an hot-ſpur was perſwaded to be patient as *Job* was, He replyed, *What do ye tell me of* Job? Job *never had any ſuits in the Chancery.*

Mr. *Bradford* was wont to ſay, *that in Chriſts cauſe to ſuffer death, was the way to heaven on horſback.*

Jugo, an ancient King, ſet all his Nobles, being Pagans, in his Hall below, and certain poor Chriſtians in his Preſence-chamber with himſelf; at which all wondring, he told them,

this

this he did, not as King of the Drones, but as King of another world, wherein theſe were his fellow Princes.

It was the ſaying of a merry fellow, *That in Chriſtendom there were neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jewes enough: becauſe if there were Scholars enough, ſo many would not be double and treble beneficed; if Gentlemen enough, ſo many peaſants would not be ranked among the Gentry; and if Jewes enough, ſo many Chriſtians would not profeſs uſury.*

Socrates was wont to ſay to *Alcibiades*, when he met him among gallants like himſelf, I *fear not thee, but thy company.*

Alexander, when a Commander of his in the Wars, ſpake loudly, but did little, told him, I *entertained you into my ſervice, not to rail, but to fight.*

Illyricus, when one asked him why the old Tranſlations (of the Bible) had no vowels? I *think* (ſaith he) *that they had no conſonants, for they could not agree among themſelves.*

Doctor *Reynolds* his Lecture in *Oxford* ceaſing, by reaſon of his ſickneſs, ſome deſired him to read before he was well recovered: The Doctor ſaid, *He deſired ſo to ſerve God, that he might ſerve him long.*

Eraſmus was wont to ſay in his time, *That to Preach, with many Miniſters, was but* Perfricare frontem, & linguam voluere.

Epiphanius, having ſtayd long at *Conſtantinople*, and being to take ſhip to return home again, ſaid, *He was leaving three great things, a great City, a great Palace, and great Hypocriſie.*

Charls the Great, when he was ſhewed by a Duke a Royal Palace, and all the rings, and pretious ornaments and jewels, ſaid, *Hæc ſunt qui nos invitos faciunt mori.* Theſe are the things that make us unwilling to die.

Eraſmus was uſed to ſay, *That the dunſery and idleneſs of the Monks of his time, made him a Student.*

The Athenian Commander, being asked what God was, ſaid, *He was neither bow-man, nor pike-man, nor horſ-man, nor footman, but one that did know,* iſtis omnibus imperare.

A noble Commander, in the Wars having taken great ſpoils, ſaid to a ſouldier behind him, *Tolle iſtos, Ego Chriſtianus.*

When *Cajetan* told *Luther* he ſhonld be baniſhed, *Luther* anſwered, *Si non capiat terra, capiat cœlum,*

A great man comming to *Aquinas*, and offering him a Biſhoprick, he leaning on his elbow in his Study, replyed, *Mallem Chryſoſtomum in Matthæum.*

The ſame *Aquinas*, when he was entreated to take a Cardinals place, anſwered, *Sepulchrum cogito, non gradum ſublimiorem.*

Luther and his Wife, with four children, were in a boat, and being in a great ſtorm, were like to be caſt away, *Luther* laughing aloud, ſaid, *Oh how the Devil would rejoyce, if we were all drowned.*

Plato, diſcourſing unto one of the contempt of death, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it, was anſwered, That he ſpake more couragiouſly than he lived: To whom *Plato* replyed, *that he*

he ſpake not as he lived; but as he ſhould live.

Caſar Borgia, being ſick to death, ſaid, *When I lived, I provided for every thing but death; now I muſt die, I am unprovided to die.*

Gerſon brings in an Engliſhman, asking a Frenchman, *Quot annos habes?* His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo, I am of no years at all, but death hath forborn me this 50 years.*

A man (ſaid *Luther*) *lives forty years before he knows himſelf to be a fool; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed.*

Anaxamander ſaid of the Athenians, *That they had good Laws, but uſed ill.*

Auguſtus lamented for *Varus* death; being asked why? He ſaid, *Now I have none in my Country to tell me truth.*

A certain King of Tartaria writ to the Polonians, then wanting a King, that if they would chooſe him their King, he would accept of it upon theſe terms, *Veſter Pontifex, meus Pontifex eſto, veſter Lutherus meus Lutherus eſto.* But the Polonians rejected him with this wiſe anſwer, *Ecce hominem paratum omni à ſacra, & deos deſerere regnandi cauſa.*

Marius, being accuſed by the Senate of treaſon, tears open his garments, and in the ſight of them all ſhews them his wounds received in the ſervice and defence of his Country, ſaying, *Quid opus eſt verbis, ubi vulnera clamant?*

Sir *William Stanly*, railing againſt his native Country, a Spaniſh *Verdugo* gave him this anſwer, *Though you have offended your Country, your Country never offended you.*

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ing the invaſion of a potent enemy, ſought relief of a neighbouring Prince, charging their Embaſſadors to relate unto him what forces they were able to levy of their own: The Prince replying to the Meſſage, demanded of them what coverture they had to defend their heads from the wrath of heaven? telling them withal, *That unleſs they could award Gods anger, he durſt not joyn with them, God being againſt them.*

The Mother of *Peter Lombard*, when having tranſgreſſed her vow of Continency, ſhe told her Confeſſor plainly, that when ſhe ſaw what a Son ſhe had brought forth, ſhe could not repent that ſhe had ſinned in having him: But her Confeſſor ſadly anſwered her, *Dole ſaltem, quod dolere non poſſis.*

Caracalla ſaid to them that deſired that ſome honours might be ſpent upon his brother *Geta*, now dead out of his way; *Sit divus* (ſaith he) *modo non ſit vivus.*

Edward the Third of *England*, having ſent to *France*, to demand the Crown by Maternal Right, the Council there ſent him word, That the Crown of *France* was not tied to a diſtaff: which ſcoffing anſwer he replyed, *That then he would tie it to his ſword.*

Scaliger ſaid, *He had rather have been the Author and Compoſer of one Ode in* Horace, *than King of all* Arragon.

Cato would ſay, *He wondred how one of their aruſpices could forbear to laugh, when he met with any of his fellows, to ſee how they deceived men, and made a great number of ſimple ones in the City.*

King *Lewis* the 11th. looking upon a Tapiſtry

ſtry, wherein a certain Nobleman (who from a mean Clerk of the Exchequer, was advanced to be Lord Treaſurer of *France*) had pourtray'd the ſteps and degrees whereby he had aſcended, himſelf repreſented ſitting on the top of Fortunes wheel: Whereupon King *Lewis* told him, *He might do well to faſten it with a good ſtrong nail, for fear leſt turning about, it brought him to his former eſtate again.* Which proved a true Prophecie of him.

One who before he was Pope, was the moſt crouching ſubmiſs Cardinal that ever was: His manner was to eat upon a net, as it were in a way of devout humility; but after he had obtein'd the Popedom, he commanded them to take away the net, ſaying, *He had caught that which he fiſh'd for.*

When a French King, ſeeing the Perſian pomp of the Popes Court, and pride of the Cardinals, asked a Cardinal of *Avinion*, Whether the Apoſtles ever went with ſuch a Train after them? He anſwered, *No verily: but you muſt conſider, Sir, that they were Apoſtles the ſame time that Kings were ſhepherds.*

It was the ſaying of Rabbi *Gamaliel*, *He that multiplies ſervants, multiplies thieves.*

Melanchthon ſaid, when he furthered the Edition of the Alchoran, that he would have it printed, *Ut videamus quale poema ſit:* That the World might ſee what a piece of poetry the Alchoran was.

Artabazus, a Courtier, received from King *Cyrus* a cup of gold: At the ſame time *Chryſantas*, the beloved Favourite, received a kiſs

from him; which the other obſerving, ſaid, *The cup which you gave me, was not ſo good gold as the kiſs you gave* Chryſantes.

It was the Speech of an ancient Rabbi; *I learned much of my Rabbies, or Maſters, more of my companions, moſt of my Scholars.*

The Emperor *Sigiſmond*, demanding of *Theodoricus*, Arch-Biſhop of *Collen*, the directeſt courſe to happineſs: *Perform* (ſaith he) *when thou art well, what thou promiſedſt when thou wert ſick.*

A certain King of the *Lacedemonians* being one day private in his garden, was teaching one of his children, of five years old, to ride on a ſtick; and unawares a great Embaſſador came to ſpeak with him in that manner, at which, both the King, and the Embaſſador in the Kings behalf, began to bluſh at firſt; but ſoon after, the King putting away the bluſh and the hobby-horſe together, and with a pretty ſmile, asked the Embaſſador, if he had any children of his own? He anſwered, No. Then (ſaid he) *I pray you tell not what you found me doing, till you have ſome little ones of your own, and then tell it, and ſpare not.*

The Scouts of *Antigonus*, relating unto him the multitude of his enemies, and adviſing by way of information the danger of a Conflict that ſhould be undertaken with ſo great an inequality, He replyed, *And at how many do ye value me?*

A Weſt-Indian King, having been well wrought upon towards his converſion to the Chriſtian Religion; and having digeſted the

for-

former Articles, when he came to that, He was crucified, dead, and buried, had no longer patience, but ſaid, *If your God be dead and buried, leave me to my old god the Sun, for the Sun will not die.*

Pythagoras ſaid, *He that knoweth not what he ought to know, is a brute beaſt among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beaſts; he that knoweth all that is to be known, is a god among men.*

The Lord Treaſurer *Burleigh* was wont to ſay, *That he uſed to overcome envy and ill will more by patience than pertinacy.*

The Embaſſadors of the Council of *Conſtance*, being ſent to Pope *Benedict* the 11th. when he, laying his hand upon his heart, ſaid, *Hic eſt arca Noæ*, they tartly and truly replyed, In *Noahs* ark were few men, but many beaſts.

When one ſeemed to pity an one-ey'd man, *He told him he had loſt one of his enemies, a very thief, that would have ſtolen away his heart.*

The King of *Navarre* told *Beza*, *He would launch no farther into the Sea, than he might be ſure to return ſafe to the Haven.*

A clown ſaid to the Biſhop of *Collen*, praying in the Church like a Biſhop, but as he was Duke, going guarded like a Tyrant, *Whither thinkeſt thou the Biſhop ſhall go, when the Duke ſhall be damned?*

King *Edward* the 3d. having the King of *France* priſoner here in *England*, and feaſting him one time moſt ſumptuouſly, preſſed him to be merry. The French King anſwered, *How can we ſing ſongs in a ſtrange Land?*

Calvin

Calvin anſwered his friends with ſome indignation, when they admoniſhed him, for his healths ſake, to forbear ſtudying ſo hard. *What?* ſaid he, *would you that my Maſter, when he comes, ſhould find me idle?*

Spiridion, a godly Biſhop in *Cyprus*, having not what elſe to ſet before a gueſt that came to him in Lent, ſet him a piece of pork to feed on; and when the ſtranger made a ſcruple of eating fleſh in Lent, ſaying, I am a Chriſtian, and may not do it: *Nay, therefore thou mayſt do it*, ſaid he, *becauſe to the pure all things are pure.*

Dr. *Preſton* on his death-bed, ſaid, *He ſhould change his place, not his company.*

A certain ſtranger comming on Embaſſage to *Rome*, and colouring his hair and pale cheeks with vermilion hue, a grave Senator eſpying the deceit, ſtood up, and ſaid, *What ſincerity are we to expect at this mans hands, whoſe locks, and looks, and lips do lye.*

Sir *Horatio Vere*, when in the Palatinate a Council of War was called, and debated whether they ſhould fight or not? Some Dutch Lords ſaid, That the enemy had many peeces of Ordnance in ſuch a place, and therefore it was dangerous to fight: That Nobleman replyed, *My Lords, if you fear the mouth of the Cannon, you muſt never come into the field.*

Sir *John Burroughs*, receiving a mortal wound in the Iſland of *Rhees*, and being adviſed not to fear death, but to provide for another world. He anſwered, *I thank God I fear not death, and theſe thirty years together, I never aroſe in the morning, that ever I made account to live while night.*

A learned Frier, at a Council, complaining of the abuſe of the Clergy, Preaching before the Emperor, wiſhed him to begin a reformation of the Clergy *à minoribus*: The Emperor thanked him for his Sermon, and ſaid, *He had rather begin* à majoribus, *from the better ſort of the Clergy.*

Ariſtippus being told that *Lais* loved him not; *No more* (ſaith he) *doth wine, nor fiſh, yet I cannot be without them.*

The Lord *Burleigh* being at Cambridge with Queen *Elizabeth*, viewing the ſeveral Schools, ſaid, *Here I find one School wanting, and that is the School of Diſcretion.*

Henry the 4th. told the Prince his Son, *Getting is a chance, but keeping is a wit.*

A Philoſopher, that hearing his creditor was dead, kept the money which he had borrowed without witneſſes, a night or two; but after ſome ſtrugling with his conſcience, he carried it to his Executor, ſaying, *Mihi vivit, qui aliis mortuus eſt*; though he be ded to others, he's ſtill alive to me.

Severus the Emperor, having paſſed through many adventures, at laſt died in our land, overladen with troubles: weighing with himſelf what his life had been, he brake forth into theſe ſpeeches, *I have been all that might be, and now am nothing the better.*

Scipio viewing his army, ſaid, *There was not one who would not throw himſelf from the top of a tower, for love of him.*

Hildebert, Biſhop of *Mentz*, ſaid of the Roman Courtiers, *Employ them not, and they hinder*

der you: Employ them in your causes, and they delay them; if you sollicite them, they scorn you; if you enrich them, they forget you.

When *Antonius* had made away his brother *Geta*, after the first year of their joynt Empire, he entreated *Papinianus* (a famous Lawyer) to plead his excuses: Who answered, *It is easier* Paricidium facere, quam excusare; *thou mayst* (said he) *command my neck to the block, but not my tongue to the bar; I prize not my life, to the pleading of an evil cause.*

Simonides, being asked what did sooneſt grow old among men? Made answer, *A benefit.*

Apollonius Thianæus, having travelled over all *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*, said, *There were two things whereat he marvelled most in all the world: the first was, that he always saw the proud man command the humble, the quarrellous the quiet, the tyrant the just, the cruel the pitiful, the coward the hardy, the ignorant the skilful, and the greatest thieves hang the innocent.*

A Philosopher being asked, how he could endure so ill a Wife as he had? The answer which he gave, was, *I have hereby a School of Philosophy in my house, and learning daily to suffer patiently, I am made the more milder with others.*

Alexander seeing *Diogenes* tumbling among dead bones, he asked him what he sought? To whom the other answered, *That which I cannot find, the difference between the rich and the poor.*

Demonax asked one a question, who answered him in old obsolete affected words. Prethee fellow, said he, where are thy wits? I ask thee a question now, and thou answerest 400 years ago. *Al-*

Albertus Duke of *Saxony*, was wont to ſay, that he had three wonders in one City, *viz.* three Monaſteries: *For the Fries of the firſt had children, and yet no wives; the Friers of the ſecond had a great deal of corn, and yet no land; the Friers of the third abounded with moneys, and yet had no rents.*

A Captain ſent from *Caſar* unto the Senators of *Rome*, to ſue for the prolonging of his government abroad, underſtanding (as he ſtood at the Council-chamber-door) that they would not condiſcend to his deſire, clapping his hand upon the pummel of his ſword: *Well*, ſaid he, *ſeeing you will not grant it him, this ſhall give it him.*

When *Anne Bolen*, that vertuous Lady, had received a meſſage from *Henry* the 8th. that ſhe muſt inſtantly prepare her ſelf for death, anſwered, *That ſhe gave him humble thanks for all his favours beſtowed upon her; as for making her of a mean woman a Marchioneſs, of a Marchioneſs a Queen, but eſpecially, ſeeing he could not on earth advance her to any greater dignity, that he would now ſend her to reſt, and reign upon Gods high and holy throne.*

When *Tully* was asked, which Oration of *Demoſthenes* he liked beſt? He anſwered, *The longeſt.*

Diogenes ſaid of one, *That he caſt his houſe ſo long out at the window, that at laſt his houſe caſt him out of the door, having left nothing rich, except a noſe.*

There are two ſaying fathered on two great Coun-

Counſellors, Secretary *Walſingham*, and Secretary *Cecil*, one uſed to ſay at the Council-Table, *My Lords, ſtay a little, and we ſhall make an end the ſooner.* The other would oft-times ſpeak of himſelf, *It ſhall never be ſaid of me, that I will defer till to morrow, what I can do to day.*

Adrian the Sixt ſaid, *A Phyſician is very neceſſary to a populous Country; for were it not for the Phyſician, men would live ſo long, and grow ſo thick, that one could not live for the other.*

It was a bold anſwer Captain *Talbot* returned *Henry* the 8th. from *Calais*, who having received ſpecial command from the King to erect a new work at the Water-gate, and to ſee the Town well fortified, ſent him word, *That he could neither fortifie, nor fiftifie without money.*

An Italian Vineyard-man, after a long drougth, and an extream hot Summer, which had parch't up all his grapes, complained, *For want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had had water, I would drink wine.*

Andrea Doria, being asked by *Philip* the 2d which were his beſt harbours? He anſwered *June, July, and Carthagena*; meaning, that any Port is good in thoſe two moneths, but *Carthagena* was good any time of the year.

A Gallego in Spain, in the Civil Wars of Arragon, being in the Field, he was ſhot in the forehead, and being carried away to a Tent, the Surgeon ſearch'd his wound, and found it mortal; ſo he adviſed him to ſend for his Confeſſor, for he was no man for this world, in regard the brain was touched; the Souldiers wiſhed him to ſearch it again, which he did, and told

told him, that he found he was hurt in the brain, and could not poſſibly eſcape; whereupon the Gallego fell into a chafe, and ſaid, he lyed, for he had no brain at all: *If I had had any brain, I would never have come to this war.*

A Spaniard having got a fall by a ſtumble, and broke his noſe, riſe up, and in a diſdainful manner, ſaid, *This 'tis to walk upon earth.*

Alexander quintus, Pope of *Rome*, ſaid of himſelf, *That when he was a Biſhop, he was rich; when he was a Cardinal, he was poor; and when he was a Pope, he was a beggar.*

King *Darius*, by chance opening a great pomegranate, and being demanded, of what he would wiſh to have as many as there were grains in that pomegranate? anſwered in one word, *Of Zopiruſes.*

It was the anſwer of an undaunted captive, who ſlighting the inſulting braves of him who took him: *Thou holdeſt thy conqueſt great in overcoming me, but mine is far greater in overcoming my ſelf.*

It was the ſaying of a judicious Stateſ-man, *he that knoweth to ſpeak well, knoweth alſo where he muſt hold his peace*: Wiſely concluding, *think an hour before you ſpeak, and a day before you promiſe.*

It was an excellent ſpeech of a famous Hiſtorian, who being demanded by one who had reduced his Empire to a meer Tyranny, why he remembred not him in his Writings? *Becauſe* (ſaid he) *I read nothing in you worth remembring.* Why doſt thou not then (reply'd he) record my vices? *Leſt others* (ſaid he) *ſhould erre by your example, and ſo imitate you.*

It

It was the saying of a famous Orator, *I never knew any Poet* (yet was I well acquainted with many) *who did not think his own doings better than all others.*

Zeno's servant *Bruson*, being taken in theft, and alledging for himself, that it was his destiny to steal. His Master answered, *and thy destiny to be beaten.*

Antigonus observing a sickly souldier to be very valiant, procured his Physician to heal him, who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing as formerly; which *Antigonus* noting, demanded the reason: The souldier answered, O Antigonus, *thou art the reason; before I ventured nothing but a diseased corps, and then I chose rather to die quickly, than to live sickly: I invited death to do me a courtesie, now it is otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose.*

The *Lydian Crœsus*, enthroned in his Chair of State, asked a wise Sage, if ever he beheld a more beautiful, or graceful Spectacle? *Yes*, said he, *dunghil-cocks, pheasants, and peacocks; for those are cloathed with native beauty, but yours is but borrowed glory.*

Carsitides being asked his opinion, what he thought of the Sea, and Sea-men? Answered, *That there was nothing more treacherous than the first, and that the others were it's comrades.*

It was a wise answer, that is reported of the best and last Cardinal of this Island, who, when a skilful Astrologer, upon the Calculation of his Nativity, had told him some specialties concerning his future estate, answered, *Such*

per-

erhaps I was born; but ſince that time I have been born gain, and my ſecond Nativity hath croſs'd my firſt.

Valentinian, when his ſouldiers had choſen him to be Emperor, they were conſulting to have another joyned with him: *No* (ſaid he) *It was in your power to give me the Empire while I had it not; but now when I have it, it is not in your power to give me a partner.*

Epaminondas, the Theban Ruler, when the people made merry with banquets and dances on a Solemn Feaſt-day, went up and down the City in his worſt array, and ſadly (as it were) mourning: And being demanded why he did ſo? His anſwer was, *That therefore was he ſad, becauſe they ſhould with more ſecurity be merry.*

The grave *Cato*, when one asked counſel of him in ſober earneſt, what harm he thought aboded him, becauſe rats had gnawn his hoſe? He merrily anſwered, *That it was a ſtrange thing to ſee that, but it had been much more ſtrange if his hoſe had devoured the rats.*

Tully likewiſe, when one to enforce the verity of Divination, ſaid, that a Victory which fell to the Thebans, was fore-ſhewed by an extraordinary crowing of cocks: He replyed, *That it was no miracle cocks ſhould crow; but if fiſhes had ſo done, that had been wonderful indeed.*

Apollonius being very early at *Veſpaſian's* gate, and finding him ſtirring, from thence he conjectured that he was worthy to govern an Empire; and ſaid to his companion, *this man ſurely will be Emperor, he is ſo early.*

One being demanded what *Cæſar* whiſpered in his ear? Made anſwer, *That* Cæſar *told*

him he would invent a very ſtrange puniſhment for ſuch as pried into his words and actions.

Ferdinand the Emperor, making a Speech in a publique Aſſembly, by chance gave *Priſcian* a fillip or two, which a Biſhop hearing, ſtarted up, and ſaid, *Caſar*, You have forgotten your Grammar: To whom *Caſar, and you have forgotten your Ethicks, Biſhop.*

Alexander, being deſired to ſee *Darius* daughters, who were fair and young, made anſwer, *I will have a care not to be vanquiſhed by women, ſeeing I have vanquiſhed men.*

Some entreated *Cyrus* to ſee *Panthea*, which he refuſed to do; and being told that ſhe was very fair, *It is for that reaſon* (ſaid he) *I may not ſee her; for if I do viſit her now that I have leiſure, ſhe will bind me another time, when I ſhall be full of affairs.*

Priſcus Helvidius was adviſed not to come unto the Senate: He anſwered, *It is in the Emperors power not to make me of the Senate, but while I am a Senator, he ſhall not let me from going to the palace.* You ſhall be ſuffer'd to go, ſaid the other, ſo you ſpeak not: *Helvidius* anſwers, *I will not ſpeak a word, if they demand nothing of me; but if they ask me, I will anſwer what I think fit.* If you ſpeak, ſaid the other, they will put you to death. He replies, *And when did I brag that I was immortal? You ſhall do your duty, and I mine; it is in you to kill me, and in me to die without fear; it is in you to baniſh me, and in me to go to it cheerfully.*

When *Athanaſius* was baniſhed by the Emperor *Julian*, he ſaid unto his friends that came

to

to ſorrow with him in his diſgrace: *Courage my children, this is but a little cloud, which will vaniſh preſently.*

Fabius Maximus having ſpoiled *Tarentum*, and made it deſolate, with all kinds of cruelties; when his Secretary came to ask him, What ſhall we do with the enemies gods? He anſwered, *Let us leave the angry gods unto the* Tarentines.

Scanderbeg had it in particular in all his encounters and military actions, always to begin his firſt Stratagems of Victory with the death of the head, ſaying, *That the head ſhould be firſt cut off, and the reſt of the body will fall alone; and that he knew no kind of living creature that could ſurvive, the head being taken off.*

It was a witty ſpeech of him that ſaid, *That mens actions were like notes of muſick, ſometimes in ſpaces, and ſometimes in lines, ſometimes above, and ſometimes beneath, and never or ſeldom ſtraight for any long continuance.*

Rubrius Flavius, being condemned by *Nero* to loſe his head; when as the Executioner ſaid unto him, that he ſhould ſtretch forth his neck boldly, he anſwered, *Thou ſhalt not ſtrike more boldly, than I will preſent my head.*

Cræſus, King of *Lydia*, ſeeing *Cyrus*'s ſouldiers running up and down the Town of *Sardis*, he demanded whither they did run? They go to the ſpoil of the Town, anſwered *Cyrus. They take nothing from me* (replyed *Cræſus, all they carry away is thine, and not mine.* Signifying, that the ſpoils of ſouldiers are the loſſes of the Conqueror, rather than the conquered.

One demanded of *Symonides*, why he was ſo

ſparing in the extremity of his age? *For that*, ſaid he, *I had rather leave my goods after my death to my enemies, than in my life-time to have need of my friends.*

When *Antiſthenes* the Philoſopher was in extream pain, he cryed out, *Who ſhall deliver me from theſe miſeries? Diogenes* preſenting a knife unto him, ſaid, This, if thou wilt, and that ſoon. *I do not ſay of my life* (replyed the Philoſopher) *but of my pain.*

One demanded of *Cercidas* the Megalapolitane, if he died willingly? *Why not* (ſaid he) *for after my death I ſhall ſee thoſe great men*, Pythagoras *among the Philoſophers*, Hecateus *among the Hiſtorians*, Homer *among the Poets, and* Olympus *among the Muſicians.*

A Babler demanding of *Ariſtole*, if his diſcourſe were not ſtrange? *No*, anſwered he, *but yet a man having feet, ſhould not give himſelf ſo long patience to hear thee.*

The Embaſſadors of *Lacedemon* being come to the King *Lygdomnus*, he making difficulty to hear them, and feigning himſelf ſick, the Embaſſadors ſaid, *We are not come to wreſtle with him, but to ſpeak with him.*

Lewis the 11th. of *France*, one day went into the kitchin, whereas he found a young lad turning the ſpit, he demanded his name, of whence he was, and what he did earn? This turn-ſpit, who knew him not, told his name, and that though he were in the Kings ſervice, yet he got as much as the King: *For the King* (ſaid he) *hath but his life, and ſo have I; God feeds the King, and the King feeds me.*

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The Emperor *Maximilian* answered a Merchant, who besought him to make him a Gentleman: *I can make thee much richer than thou art, but it is not in my power to make thee a Gentleman.*

Pope *Julius* the 2d. having had a long feud with the Emperor *Frederick* (against whom he had fought 12 Battels) being one day gently admonished by the Arch-Bishop of *Ostia*, how St. *Peter* his Predecessor was commanded to put up his sword.' *Tis true*, said *Julius*, *our Saviour gave the prime Apostle such a comand, but 'twas after he had given the blow, and cut off* Malchus *ear.*

Diogenes said, *That* Troy *was lost by horses, and the Common-wealth of* Athens *by asses.*

Alvaro de Luna, whom *John* King of *Castile* advanced, and loved above all men of his Realm, said to them that admired his fortunes: *Judge not of the building before it be finished.* He died by the hands of Justice.

Lewis the 13th. King of *France*, being but a child when crowned, tired with being so long (eight hours) in the Church, and bearing the Crown on his head, with divers other heavy vests upon his body, was asked, what he would take to take the like pains again? He answered, *For another Crown I would take double the pains.*

Those of the Religion, petitioning *Lewis* 13. for a continuance of holding their cautionary Townes, as *Hen.* 3. and *Hen.* the great had done: He told them, *What grace the first did shew you, was out of fear; what my Father did, was out of love; but I would have you know that I neither fear you nor love you.*

The Marshal *de Saint Geran*, comming to

Sir *Edward Herbert* (then Embaſſador from the King of England for the *Rochellers*) after a counter-buff with *Luynes* the Conſtable, and told him in a friendly manner, you have offended the Conſtable, and you are not in a place of ſecurity here: Whereunto he anſwered, *That he held himſelf to be in a place of ſecurity whereſoever he had his ſword by him.*

The Duke of Suilli was a Favourite to *Henry* the 4th. whom he had reduced from a Roman, to be a Reformiſt, when he was King of Navar onely; and perſwading him to become Roman again, the Duke bluntly anſwered, *Sir, you have given me one turn already, you have good luck if you give me any more.*

Lewis the 13th. when but a youth, he went to the Coutry of Bearn, at his entrance to *Pau*, the Inhabitants bringing a Canopy to carry over his Head, He asked, whether there was ever a Church in the Town? And being anſwered, No: *He ſaid, he would receive no honour in that place, where God himſelf had no houſe to be honoured in.*

William, Prince of Orange, to content thoſe that reproved his too much humanity, ſaid, *That man is well bought, who coſts but a ſalutation.*

A Preſident of a Parliament in France, whoſe friends came to ſee him at his new houſe, began exceedingly to commend it for the rareneſs of the Workmanſhip, and the goodneſs of the ſtone, timber, marble, and ſuch like: *You miſtake* (ſaid he) *the ſtuff whereof it is made; the houſe is onely built* de teſtes les fols, *of fools-heads.*

Bias, one of the ſeven wiſe men of Greece, ſailing in a ſhip where ſome fellows were that had given themſelves over to lewdneſs, and yet in a ſtorm were calling unto their gods for help, He ſaid unto them, *Hold your peace, for fear leſt the gods ſhould know you be here.*

Alexander Severus was wont to ſay, *That a Souldier is never afraid, but when he ſeeth himſelf well apparelled, and his Belt furniſhed with money.*

Dionyſius the Tyrant, ſaid, *We ſhould deceive children with dice and cock-alls, and men with Oaths.*

Alexander the Great, when one wondred, why he not onely not kill'd his enemies, but took them to be his friends: *It ſeems* (ſays he) *to thee profitable to kill an enemy, and I kill an enemy while I ſpare him, and make him my friend while I advance him.*

The Philoſopher *Anacharſis*, ſaid of *Solons* Common-wealth, *That in the Conſultations and Deliberations of the Greeks, Wiſe-men propounded the matters, and fools decided them.*

Darius was wont to ſay of himſelf, *In a pinch and extremity of peril he was always wiſeſt.*

Favorinus told *Adrian* the Emperor, who had cenſured him in his own profeſſion of Grammar, *That he durſt not be learneder than he, who commanded* 30. *Legions.*

Thou art an Heretick, ſaid *Woodrofe* the Sheriff to Mr. *Rogers* the Proto-Martyr in Queen *Maries* dayes: *That ſhall be known* (quoth he) *at the day of Judgment.*

General *Vere* told the King of *Denmark*, *that Kings cared not for ſouldiers, until ſuch time as*

their Crowns hung on one ſide of their heads.

Tamberlain having overthrown *Bajazet*, asked him, Whether ever he had given God thanks for making him ſo great an Emperor; who confeſſing he never thought of it; *Tamberlain* replyed, *that it was no wonder ſo ingrateful a man ſhould be made a ſpectacle of miſery: For you* (ſaith he) *being blind of one eye, and I lame of one leg, was there any worth in us, why God ſhould ſet us over two ſuch great Empires?*

Luther was wont to ſay, *that three things make a Preacher, reading, prayer, and temptation; reading a full man, prayer an holy man, temptation an experienced man.*

One having made a long, tedious, and idle diſcouſe before *Ariſtotle*, concluded it thus, Sir, I doubt, I have been too tedious to you with my many words: *In good ſooth*, ſaid *Ariſtotle*, *you have not been tedious to me, for I gave no heed to any thing you ſaid.*

Aigoland King of Arragon, comming to the French Court to be Baptized, and asking who thoſe lazers and poor people were, that waited for alms from the Emperor *Charlemain*'s table? When one anſwered him, that they were the ſervants of God: *I will never ſerve that God* ſaid he, *that keeps his ſervants no better.*

One being ready to die, clapt a 20 s. peece into his mouth, and ſaid, *Some wiſer than ſome, if I muſt leave all the reſt, yet this I'll take with me.*

Sabina, a Roman Martyr, crying out in her travail, and being asked by her Keeper, how ſhe would endure the fire the next day? *Oh*

well

well enough, ſaid ſhe; *for now I ſuffer in child-birth for my ſin; but then Chriſt ſhall ſuffer in me, and ſupport me.*

Cardinal *Columnus*, when the Pope threatned to take away his Cardinals Hat, *That then he would put on an Helmet to pull him out of his throne.*

King *James*, after he had moderated as Dr. of the Chair at *Oxford* in all Faculties; when in the publique Library there, he beheld the little chaines wherewith the ſeveral Books were faſtned to their places: *I could wiſh* (ſaith he) (if ever it be my lot to be carried captive) *to be ſhut up in this priſon, to be bound with theſe chains, and to ſpend my life with theſe fellow-captives that ſtand here chained.*

Æſop being ſet to ſale with two other ſlaves, a Chapman enquired of the firſt, what he could do? He, to endear himſelf, anſwered, mountaines, and wonders, and what not? For he knew, and could do all things. The ſecond anſwered even ſo for himſelf, and more too. But when he came to *Æſop*, and demanded of him what he could do? *Nothing*, ſaid he, *for theſe two have fore-ſtalled all, and have left nothing for me.*

The Philoſopher *Byon*, when a certain King for grief tore his hair: *Doth this man* (ſaid he) *think that baldneſs will aſſwage his grief?*

One being demanded what his ſtudies would ſtead him in his decrepit age? anſwered, *That he might the better, and with more eaſe leave the world.*

The Embaſſadors of Samos, being come to King *Cleomenes* of Sparta, prepared with a long prolix

prolix Oration, to ſtir him up to war againſt the tyrant *Polycrates*, after he had liſtned a good while unto them, his Anſwer was: *Touching your* Exordium, *I have forgotten it, the middle I remember not, and for the concluſion, I will do nothing in it.*

Scipio being one day accuſed before the Roman people of an urgent and capital offence, inſtead of excuſing himſelf, or flattering the Judges, turning to them, he ſaid, *It will well beſeem you to judge of his head, by whoſe means you have authority to judge of all the world.*

Atiſthenes was wont to ſay to his diſciples; *Come on my Maſters, let you and me go to hear* Socrates, *there ſhall I be fellow-diſciple with you.*

Julius Druſius, to thoſe Workmen which for 3000 crowns offered ſo to reform his houſe, that his neighbours ſhould no more over-look into it: *I will give you* 6000 (ſaid he) *and contrive it ſo, that on all ſides every man may look into it.*

The *Stanhop* ſaid merrily, *That not he, but his ſtately houſe was guilty of high treaſon.*

Eleazer, a Jew, being demanded when it would be time to repent & amend? Anſwered, *One day before death.* And when the other replyed, that no man knew the day of his death: He ſaid, *Begin then even to day, for fear of failing.*

Apollidorus was wont to ſay of *Chryſippus* his Books, *That if other mens ſentences were left out, the pages would be void.*

Cato ſaid, *He had rather men ſhould ask why he had no Statues erected for him, than why he had.*

A certain Souldan, who died at the Siege of Zigetum, being perſwaded by the Muphti not

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to ſuffer ſo many Religions as were in his Dominions: He anſwered, *That a noſegay of many flowers ſmelled far more ſweet than one flower onely.*

Pope *Sixtus* ſaid, *That a Pope could never want money, while he held a pen in his hand.*

One ſaid of *Eraſmus* his *Enchyridion*, *That there was more devotion in the Book, than in the Writer.*

A Frenchman being asked by one of his Neighbours, if the Sermon were done? *No*, ſaith he, *it is ſaid, but it is not done, neither will be, I fear, in haſte.*

When one asked the Duke of Alva, whether he had not obſerved the great Eccliplſe of the Sun? *No truly*, ſaid he, *I have ſo much buſineſs on earth, that I have no time to look up to heaven.*

A Phyſician was wont to ſay pleaſantly to delicate Dames, when they complained they were they could not tell how, but yet they could not endure to take any Phyſick: *Your onely way is to be ſick indeed, and then you will be glad to take any medicine.*

Diogenes being asked what time is beſt for meals? He anſwered, *For the rich man when he had a ſtomack, and for a poor man when he could get meat.*

Jovinian ſaid to the Orthodox and *Arrian* Biſhops, contending about Faith: *Of your learning I cannot ſo well judge, nor of your ſubtle diſputations; but I can obſerve which of you have the better behaviour.*

An *Arrian* Biſhop entreating the Emperor *Conſtantine* to give them a Church: He anſwered, *If your cauſe be good, one is too few; but if bad, one is too many.*

The

The Philoſopher *Theodorus* was wont to ſay, *That he gave his ſcholars inſtructions and leſſons with the right hand, but that they received them with the left.*

Luther would often ſay, *That if he thought the reading of his Books would hinder the reading of the Scriptures, he would burn them all before he died.*

When one accuſed a Comical Poet, that he brought a lewd debauched Ruffian on the Stage, and ſo gave bad example to young men. *True*, ſaid he, *I brought ſuch a man on, but I hanged him before he went off, and ſo I gave them a good example.*

One being asked what exploits he had done in the Low-countries? Anſwered, *That he had cut off a Spaniards legs:* Reply being made, that it had been ſomething if he had cut off his head: *Oh*, ſaid he, *you muſt conſider his head was off before.*

A gallant ſometime ſaid to a reverend Prelate, *If there be no judgment to come, are not you a very fool to bar your ſelf from the pleaſures of this life?* To whom the Prelate: *And what if there be a judgment to come, are not you then a very fool, for the ſhort pleaſures of this preſent life, to bar your ſelf from thoſe eternal joyes of your life to come?*

Charls the 5th. Emperor was wont to ſay, *That the King of Spain ruled over aſſes, doing nothing without violence or blows; the King of France over men; and the Emperor over Kings.* And when one of the ſtanders by ſaid, that the Polonians alſo had their King: *I grant*, ſaid he, *that he is*

their

their King. Meaning, that his power was limited by them.

When Marſhal *Biron* bid Sir *Roger Williams* bring up his Companies faſter, taxing the ſlow march of the Engliſh. *Sir*, ſaith he, *with this march our Fore-fathers conquered your Countrey of France, and* I *mean not to alter it.*

The ſame Sir *Roger Williams*, to an idle Spaniard, boaſting of his Country-citrons, Oranges, Olives, and ſuch like: *Why*, ſaith he, *we, in England, have good Surloyns of Beef, fat Muttons, and dainty Capons, to eat your ſawce withal.*

One demanding of an Italian, why their Muttons and Cattel were ſo ſmall and lean? *Becauſe* (quoth he) *we* Italians *eat the graſs in ſallets, and by robbing the paſtures, deceive the cattel.*

A Portugal Captain once told King *Sebaſtian*, providing for his journey into Barbary, *That wars ſhould be accompanied with three ſtreams, the firſt, of men; the ſecond, of victuals; the third, of ſilver.*

Another being demanded how many things were neceſſary hereunto, anſwered, *Money, money, money.*

Sigiſmond, the firſt King of Poland, moved by *Leo* the 10th. to war againſt the Turk, anſwered, *Few words ſhall ſerve, firſt, make firm peace among the Chriſtian Princes, then will* I *be not behind the forwardeſt.*

When *Ferdinando Cortez* had conquered *Mexico*, the King of *Mexico* drawing his dagger, gave it to him, ſaying, *Hitherto* I *have done the beſt*

for

for the defence of my people; now I am no farther bound, but to give thee this dagger to kill me with.

Hannibal having ſent his Brother *Mago* to diſcover the Romans Camp, and returning, he asked him, What newes, and what work they were like to have with the enemies? Work enough (anſwered *Mago*) for they are an horrible many. *As horrible a many as they are* (replyed *Hannibal*) *I tell thee brother, that among them all, ſearch them never ſo diligently, thou ſhalt not finde one man whoſe name is* Mago.

Captain *Gam*, before the Battel of Agincourt, being ſent to make the like Diſcovery, told King *Henry* the 5th. *That of the Frenchmen, there were enough to be kill'd, enough to be taken priſoners, and enough to run away.*

At a Solemn Convention of many Philoſophers, before the Embaſſadors of a Forreign Prince, and that every one, according to his ſeveral abilities, made demonſtration of their wiſedom, that ſo the Embaſſador might have matter to report of the admired wiſedom of the Grecians: Amongſt thoſe, one there was that ſtood ſtill, and uttered nothing in the Aſſembly, inſomuch that the Embaſſador turning to him, ſaid, And what is your gift, that I may report it? To whom the Philoſopher, *Report unto your King, that you found one amongſt the Grecians, that knew how to hold his peace.*

A Barber going to the Court, and being at his return asked what he ſaw? He anſwered, *the King was neatly trimm'd.*

Themiſtocles, being invited to touch a Lute, ſaid

ſaid arrogantly, *He could not fiddle, but he knew how to make a ſmall town a great City.*

Plutarch tells of two men that were hired at *Athens* for ſome publick work, whereof the one was full of tongue, but ſlow at hand, but the other, blunt in ſpeech, yet an excellent Workman: Being called upon by the Magiſtrates to expreſs themſelves, and to declare at large how they would proceed; when the firſt had made a long harrange, and deſcribed it from point to point, the other ſeconded him with this ſhort ſpeech: *Ye men of* Athens, *what this man hath ſaid in words, that will I make good true performance.*

King *Porus*, when *Alexander* ask'd him how he would be uſed? anſwered in one word, Βασιλικῶς, *Like a King.* *Alexander* replying, do you deſire nothing elſe? *No*, ſaid he, *all things are in* Βασιλικῶς.

Solon being demanded how a Common-wealth might beſt be preſerved in peace? Anſwered, *that the Common-wealth is in good eſtate, where the people obey the Magiſtrates, and the Magiſtrates obey the Law.*

Pelican, a German Divine, ſaid, concerning his Learning, *When I appear before God, I ſhall not appear as a Doctor, but as an ordinary Chriſtian.*

When *Plato* ſaw one indulgent to his fleſh in high diet, he asked him, *What do ye mean to make your priſon ſo ſtrong?*

Auguſtus ſaid, *that Petitions ſhould not be given to Princes, as meat to an Elephant, that one is afraid of.*

Veſ-

Veſpaſian asked *Apollonius*, what was *Nero's* overthrow? He anſwered, *Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in Government, he uſed ſometimes to winde the pins too high, and ſometimes to let them down too low.*

A fat man in Rome, riding always upon a very lean horſe, being asked the reaſon thereof? Anſwered, *That he fed himſelf, but truſted others to feed his horſe.*

Philip of Macedon was wont to ſay, *That an aſs laden with gold would enter the gates of any City.*

At the Treaty between the Engliſh, and the King of Spain, the Commiſſioners being met in a French Town, the firſt queſtion was, what Tongue they ſhould Treat in? One of the Spaniards, thinking to give our Engliſh a ſore gird, ſaid, *In French, and theſe Gentlemen cannot be ignorant of the language of their fellow-ſubjects:* No, faith my Maſters (ſaid Doctor *Dale*, Maſter of the Requeſts) French is too common, eſpecially in a French Town, *We'l treat in the Mother-tongue, Hebrew, the language of* Hieruſalem, *of which your Miſter is King.*

One being exiled his native Country, and one day asked why he looked ſo heavily? replyed, *I bear the Embleme of this place in my front.*

When *Ennius* ſought his friend at his houſe, and asked his ſervant where his Maſter was? Who hearing, ſaid to his ſervant, Tell him I am not at home; which *Ennius* over-heard, but took the anſwer from the ſervant. The next day the ſame man, comming to *Ennius* his houſe,

houſe, and demanded of his ſervant where his Maſter was? *Ennius* ſpake aloud, Tell him I am not at home. What, ſaid he, will you deny your ſelf with your own tongue? *Why*, ſaid *Ennius*, *I believed when but your man told me you were at home, and will you not believe me which ſay ſo my ſelf?*

Eraſmus being asked by *Frederick* Duke of Saxony, what he thought of *Luther*, ſo much earneſtly ſeeking Reformation? *Eraſmus* anſwered, *Luther had committed two great errours: One was, that he touch'd too near the Crown of the Pope; another, too much the bellies of the Monks.*

A certain bold-fac'd fellow, came one day to an Emperor, and deſired his Majeſty to beſtow ſome reward upon a poor kinſman of his: I am your kinſman, quoth he, both by father and mother, for we come all of *Adam* and *Eve*. *Indeed, thou ſayeſt true* (quoth the Emperor) *and gave him a penny.* A penny (quoth the other) ſhall I have no more but a penny? A ſimple reward for an Emperor. *Hold thy ſelf content*, ſaid the Emperor, *If I ſhould give to every one of my kinſmen a penny, I ſhould ſoon become a poor Emperor.*

Alphonſus King of Arragon, anſwered an Orator, who had cited a long Panegerycal Oration of his praiſes: *If that thou haſt ſaid, conſenteth with truth, I thank God for it; if not, I pray God grant me grace, that I may do it.*

A Painter being blamed by a Cardinal for colouring the viſages of *Peter* and *Paul* too red, tartly replyed, *That he painted them ſo, as bluſhing at the lives of thoſe men who ſtyle themſelves their ſucceſſors.*

When *Alexander* received any Letters from any of his Commanders in Greece, of ſome ſmall Skirmiſh, or taking ſome Fort (He being uſed to great Victories) was wont to ſay, *They ſeemed to him but as the battels of frogs and mice in* Homer.

Some ſaying it was a ſtrange reſolution in *L. Scilla* to reſigne his Dictatorſhip. *Caſar* ſcoffing at him, ſaid, *That* Silla *could not skill of Letters, and therefore knew not how to Dictate.*

Ariſtippus, having a Petition to *Dionyſius*, and no ear given him, he fell down at his feet, in manner of a worſhipper: Whereupon *Dionyſius* ſtay'd, and gave him the hearing, and granted it. And being reproved, that he would offer that indignity to Philoſophy, as for a private ſuit to fall at a Tyrants feet; He replyed, *That it was not his fault, but it was the fault of* Dionyſius, *who had his ears in his feet.*

It is a notable ſpeech reported of one *Nemnon*, that was General of *Darius* his Army, when he was fighting againſt *Alexander*, one of his Souldiers reproached *Alexander*: The General came to him, and ſmote him, ſaying, *I did not hire you to reproach* Alexander, *but to fight againſt him.*

A great man, who himſelf was very plain in apparel, checkt a Gentleman for being over-fine: Who modeſtly anſwered, *Your Lordſhip hath better cloaths at home, and I have worſe.*

Themiſtocles, when an Embaſſador in a ſet Speech boaſted great matters of a ſmall Village, took him up thus; *Friend, your words require a City.*

It

It was the saying of a noble Venetian Duke *That it is sufficient for a discreet Prince to have power to revenge, that his enemies may have cause to fear him.*

An Embassador of Athens, answered King *Philip* of Macedon, threatning that he would cause his head to be cut off: *If thou take this head from me, my Country will give me another that shall be immortal.* Statuam pro capite, pro morte immortalitatem.

Diogenes seeing a certain man dressing and decking himself for a festival day, said unto him thus: *Why dost thou take such pains to trim thy self to day, seeing that every day is a festival day to a virtuous man?*

There was a certain rich wretch, who had in his house great store of wine, but was so niggardly, that he sold the best, and kept the worst for his own use. A servant of his, observing the pinching and preposterous niggardliness of his Master, fled away from him; and being asked afterwards why he had left his Lord? answered thus: *Because I could not endure to stay with a man, who having that which was good, made choise of that which was evil.*

The Philosopher *Aristippus*, having lost one of his three Farms, said thus unto his freinds; *That it was babishness to be sorry for one Farm lost, and not to be merry for the other two that did rest in his hands, seeing that all of them had lien open to the same adventure.*

Secundus the Philosopher being demanded, What is a wife? Replyed, *She is contrary to an husband.*

Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, when the people would have made him King, refuſed it, ſaying; *That he had rather make Kings, than be one.*

Pompey, when his ſouldiers, would needs leave the Camp, threw himſelf down at a narrow paſſage, and bid them go, *But they ſhould firſt trample on their General.*

Diogenes ſaid to one that had perfumed his locks: *Be careful your odoriferous head procure you not a ſtinking life.*

Themiſtocles to *Symmachus*, to whom, being deſirous to teach him the art of memory; He anſwered, *He had rather learn the art of forgetfulneſs.*

Veſpaſian ſeeing at once two fatal preſages of his end, a blazing Comet, and a gaping Sepulcher, turned them both from himſelf, with this pleaſant ſcoff; ſaying, *The Sepulcher gaped for the old Empreſs* Julia; *and the blazing Star portended the death of the King of* Perſia, *who at that time wore long hair.*

When Mr. *Sam. Hieron* lay on his death-bed (rich onely in goodneſs and children) his wife made much womaniſh lamentation, what ſhould become of her little ones. *Peace Sweetheart* (ſaid he) *that God who feedeth the Ravens, will not ſtarve the Herns.*

Mr. *Fox* (the Author of the Martyrology) being once asked at a friends table, what diſh he deſired to be ſet up to him to begin his meal with? He anſwered, *The laſt.* Which word was pleaſantly taken, as if he had meant

a choiſer diſh, ſuch as uſually are brought at the ſecond Courſe; whereas he rather ſignified the deſire he had to ſee dinner ended, that he might depart home.

Going abroad (by chance) he met a woman that he knew, who pulling a book from under her arm, and ſaying, *See you not that I am going to a Sermon?* Mr. *Fox* replyed, *But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather; for to day you will do little good at Church.* And when ſhe asked, at what time therefore he would counſel her to go? *Then* (anſwered he) *when you tell no body before-hand.*

When a young man, a little too forward, had, in preſence of many, ſaid, that he could not conceive any reaſon in the reading of old Authors, why men ſhould ſo greatly admire them. *No marvel, indeed,* (quoth Mr. *Fox*) *for if you could conceive the reaſon, you would then admire them your ſelf.*

One told a Grecian Statiſt, who had excellently deſerved of the City he lived in, that the City had choſen 24 Officers, and yet left him out. *I am glad,* ſaith he, *the City affords 24 abler than my ſelf.*

When one of *Antipaters* friends (who was an imperious and tyrannous Governor) commended him to *Alexander* for his moderation, that he did not degenerate into the Perſian pride in the uſe of Purple, but kept the ancient habit of Macedon, of black. *True,* (ſaith *Alexander*) *but* Antipater *is all purple within.*

Alexander, when he gave large gifts to his

friends and ſervants, and one asked him what he did reſerve for himſelf? He anſwered, *Hope.*

One asked a grave Gentlewoman how her maids came by ſo good husbands, and yet ſeldome went abroad? *Oh* (ſaid ſhe) *good husbands come home to them.*

One having a ſhrewd wife, yet loth to uſe her hardly, awed her by telling her, *That he would beat her when he was dead.* Meaning, that he would leave her no maintenance.

One complaining that never had father ſo undutiful a child as he had. *Yes*, ſaid his ſon, (with leſs grace than truth) *my Grand-father had.*

A Farmer rented a grange, generally reported to be haunted with Fairies, and paid a ſhrewd rent for the ſame at each half-years end. Now a Gentleman asked him how he durſt be ſo hardy as to live in the houſe? and whether no Spirits did trouble him? *Truth* (ſaid the farmer) *there be two Saints in heaven, vex me more than all the Devils in hell; namely, the Virgin* Mary, *and* Michael *the Arch-angel; on which days he paid his rent.*

When a Profeſſor preſſed an Anſwerer (a better Chriſtian than a Clerk) with an hard argument: *Reverende Profeſſor*, ſaid he, *ingenuè confiteor, me non poſſe reſpondere huic argumento.* To whom the Profeſſor, *Rectè reſpondes.*

When one told *Latimer* that the Cutler had cozend him, in making him pay two pence for a knife not (in thoſe dayes) worth a penny: *No*, quoth *Latimer*, *he cozened not me, but his own Conſcience.*

When

When *Buchanan* lay on his death-bed, King *James* ſent to know how he did? He returned this anſwer, *That he was going whither few Kings came.*

Q. Metellus Pius, to one wondring at what he intended to do, and demanding of him what he meant? *Let alone*, ſaith he, *farther to enquire; for if my ſhirt knew what I meant to doe, I would burn it.*

Pericles being requeſted by his ſouldiers to fight, and that with vile reproachful terms, replyed thus: *That if he could repair loſſes, and recover life, he would as gladly adventure as they. But you ſee* (ſaid he) *trees being cut, they grow again; but men once ſlain, revive no more.*

Henry the 4th. King of *France*, ſeeing the Chappel which the family of *Baſſom Pierre* had builded, and reading this verſe of the Pſalm, which was ſet down for an Embleme: *Quid retribuam Domino, pro omnibus qua retribuit mihi?* He ſaid, *Baſſom Pierre as a German ſhould have added*, Calicem accipiam.

To one, telling him that there is nothing doth ſooner make thoſe who are out of their wits to become temperate, than the puniſhment which is inflicted upon them, the King interrupted his ſpeech, and told him, *Mercy pardoneth thoſe who have not deſerved it; and the juſter that wrath is, the more commendable is mercy.*

When men ſpake of the inſolencies and ryots of the City, during the troubles, &c. He ſaid, *The people of Paris are good, it goeth as it is led; miſchief commeth from thoſe which go before, and not from their ſimplicity which follow after, and grow bad by infection.*

Con-

Conſidering on a time that Taxes were exceſſive in ſundry places of the Kingdome: He ſaid, *My people are made to pay a double tax, one to me, and another to my Officers. The ſecond makes the firſt inſupportable; for the expence of the Officers amount to more than the tax: It is a hard matter to keep my ſelf unrob'd, and almoſt impoſſible but that my people ſhould be ſo.*

He was wont to ſay, *That he would not ſee them ſuffer harm, which were not in caſe to doe any.*

Some one beſought him to give him leave to carry the Cannon againſt ſome that held his houſe: The King demanded of him what he would do when he had forced them? His choller made him anſwer, That he would hang them all: Whereupon the King ſent him away with this mild reply, *I have no Cannon to that uſe.*

A maker of Anagrams, preſenting ſomething unto him upon his name, and telling him that he was very poor: *I believe it*, ſaid the King, *for they that uſe this trade, cannot grow very rich.*

He was wont to ſay, *That it was an offence to God, to give credit to thoſe Prognoſticks: and that, having God for his guard, He feared no man.*

The ſame *Henry*, being at the Siege of Amiens, amongſt others of the Nobles which he ſummoned for that ſervice, he ſe nt alſo to the Count *Soiſſons*, a Prince of the Blood

to

to whom the King gives 5000 crowns pension. The Count, at that time discontented, returned the King answer, That he was a poor Gentleman, and wanted meanes to come to that service, as became one of his birth and place, being a Prince of the Blood, and Peer of France: He therefore most humbly craved pardon, and that he would most humbly pray for his Majesties prosperous successe, which was all he could do. *Well* (saith the King) *seeing prayer is not acceptable without fasting, my Cousin shall hereafter fast from his pension of* 5000 *crowns.*

He used much this noble Speech, *When I was born, there were a thousand other souls more born; what have I done unto God, to be more than they? It is his meer grace and mercy which doth often bind me more unto his justice; for the faults of great men are never small.*

When certain Romans practised by secret counsel to kill the Emperor *Domitian*, and gave part thereof to *Trajane*: He did answer; *I do well see that* Domitian *deserved not to be elected Emperor, and much less to be susteined in the same; yet never the more shall I consent unto his death, for that I will rather endure a tyrant, than procure the renown of a traytor.*

The Emperor *Adrian* said, *That he remembred not since the age of ten yeares, whether he stood still, or walked by the way, that he had not either a book to read in, or some weapon to fight with.*

Be-

Being demanded why he was ſo bountiful unto his Miniſters of Juſtice? He anſwered, *I make the Miniſters of Juſtice rich, becauſe by robbery of Juſtice they ſhall not make other men poor.*

When *Favorinus*, having an old houſe, at the entry thereof he had raiſed a ſtately porch, painted with white: The Emperor ſaid unto him, *This houſe of thine ſeemeth a gilded pill, which outwardly giveth pleaſure, but within is full of bitterneſs.*

Another friend of *Adrians*, named *Silvius*, very black of face, and of evil ſhape of body, comming one day unto the Palace, all clad in white, *Adrian* ſaid unto thoſe that were preſent, *That black face, with that white garment, ſeemeth no other, but a flie drowned in a ſpoonfull of milk.*

There was in Rome a certain man named *Enatius*, ſomewhat entred in age, and of natural condition mutinous, ambitious, importune, intermedling, quarrellous, and full of garboyl. The Emperor *Adrian* being advertiſed that *Enatius* was dead, He fell into a great laughter, and ſware, *That he could not a little marvel how he could intend to die, conſidering his great buſineſs both night and day.*

There was a Senator named *Fabius Cato*, a man of a ſmall ſtature, which would ſoon be offended, and as ſoon be pleaſed; unto whom *Adrian* ſaid, *Since your chimney is ſo ſmall, you muſt beware to lay much wood upon the fire, for otherwiſe it will be always ſmokie.*

When a certain cunning man made offer to the

Emperour *Antonius Pius*, to place him teeth wherewith to eat or ſpeak; *Antonius* made anſwer: *Since never from my heart proceeded feigned or double words, there ſhall never enter into my mouth feigned teeth.*

Antonius alwayes, for the moſt part, went bare-headed; and one adviſing him the air of Rome to be very hurtful, and therefore neceſſary to have his head covered, anſwered, *aſſure me from troubles of men on earth, and I am aſſured that nothing ſhall trouble me which the gods ſhall ſend me from heaven.*

He ſent *Fulvius Tuſculanus* as Prætor into the Province of Mauritania, whom within half a year he deprived of his Office, for that he was both impatient and covetous; who complaining of the injury, ſaid, *that in times paſt he had been a friend unto* Antonius, *but now it was forgotten:* Whereunto *Antonius* anſwered, *Thou haſt no reaſon thus unjuſtly to blame me, becauſe the office was given thee by the Emperor, and not by* Antonius; *and ſince, thou didſt not offend as* Fulvius, *but as Prætor; ſo I diſcharge thee of thy Office, not as* Antonius *thy old friend, but as Emperor of the Roman Empire.*

Some ſpeaking in his preſence of Wars and Battels, that *Julius Cæſar, Scipio* & *Hannibal* had fought and overcame in the field: *Antonius Pius* anſwered, *Let every man hold opinion what he thinketh good, and praiſe what it pleaſeth him; but for my own part, I do more glory in conſerving peace many yeares, than with wars to conquer many battels.*

Before he gave any government unto Prætors,

tors, Censors, or Questors, he caused them to give an Inventory of their own proper goods, that when their charges were finished, the increase of their wealth might be considered: Saying unto them, *That he sent them to administer Justice, and not by fraud to rob Countries.*

The Emperour *Pertinax* used to say, *That, of Princes charging their Kingdomes with unjust tribute, there succeedeth a wilful denial of due and most just payments.*

He had a Son whom the Romans would have Created *Augustus*; which he would never like of, or consent unto; saying, *The gods never grant that with the hopes of the Empire, my son should be nourished unto vice and idleness.*

The Emperor *Bassianus* would often say, *I know not what man, having bread to eat, or garments to wear, and cover himself on land, would (to become an Emperor) go to Sea.*

The Emperor *Alexander Severus* was wont to say, *Princes are not to be known by their vassals by their rich robes, but by their good works performed in their Common-wealths.*

Lewis the 12th. King of France, when he heard that the Pope had extreamly cursed him; He said, *That this was a Pope made to curse, but not to pray.*

He had in King *Charls* his time been evilly used by divers, of whom he was advised to take revenge at his comming to the Crown: Whereunto he answered, *That it became not a King of France to revenge the injuries done to a Duke of Orleans.*

Look-

Looking upon the Roll of King *Charls* his ſervants, he found two that had been his dead enemies, upon each of whoſe names he made a croſs; wherewith they being in great perplexity, ſuppoſed the gallows to be prepared for them: Which their fear being diſcovered to the King, He ſent them word, *To be of good cheer, for he had croſſed all their evil deeds out of his remembrance.*

When a certain Courtier complained grievouſly of his wives unchaſtneſs, *The King bad him be of good cheer, for he that reſpected his wives incontinencie, or the Popes curſe, ſhould never ſleep quiet night.*

Charls of Bourbon had often in his mouth the Apothegme of a *Gaſcoigne* Gentleman, who being demanded by *Charls* the 7th. what reward might win him to break his faith with him, whereof he had made trial in ſo many important affairs? I *could not be drawn thereunto* (anſwered he) *though I might have your Kingdom given me, or the Empire of the Earth, and all the treaſures of the world; but I might be moved to doe it by an outrage that might be offered me, and for ſome injury that might touch mine Honour.*

Plancus being told that *Aſinius Pollio* had written certain Invective Orations againſt him, which ſhould not be publiſhed till after *Plancus* his death, to the end they might not be anſwered by him. *There is none* (ſaith he) *but Ghoſts and Goblins that fight with the dead.*

Peter Earl of Savoy, who to do his Liege-homage

homage to the Emperor *Otho* the 4th. came before him in a two-fold attire; for he had on the one half of his body, on the right ſide, from the top downward, ſet out with cloth of gold; and the other half on the left ſide, covered with ſhining armour. The Emperor asking him what ſuch a divers furniture meant? *Sir*, anſwered he, *the attire of the right ſide is to honour your Imperial Majeſty; this of the left, ſheweth me ready to fight until the laſt gaſp, againſt thoſe that wiſh you ill, and ſpeak ill of you.*

Pope *John* the third, being asked what thing was fartheſt from the truth? *The opinion of the common people* (anſwered he) *for all that they praiſe deſerve blame; all that they think is nothing but vanity; all that they ſay is nothing but lying; they condemn the good, they approve the evil, they magnifie nothing but infamy.*

Lewis the 11th. uſed this Apothegme, *Where pride and preſumption goe before, ſhame and loſs follow after.*

Dionyſius having taken the City *Reggio*, and in it the Captain *Phyton*, he told him, how the day before he had cauſed his ſon and his kinſfolks to be drowned: To whom *Phyton* anſwered nothing, *But that they were more happy than himſelf by the ſpace of one day.*

Thales being asked how a man might be cheerful, and bear up in afflictions: Anſwered, *If he can ſee his enemies in worſe caſe than himſelf.*

A ſouldier being demanded by *Nero*, why he hated him: Anſwered him thus: *I loved thee whilſt thou wert worthy of love; but ſince thou*

thou becameſt a paracide, a jugler, a player, and a coach-man, I hate thee as thou deſerveſt.

Another being asked why he ſought to kill him? anſwered, *Becauſe I find no other courſe to hinder thy unceſſant outrages, and impious deeds.*

Francis Duke of Britanny, Son to *John* the 5th, when he was ſpoken unto for a marriage between him and *Iſabel* a Daughter of Scotland, and ſome told him ſhe was but meanly brought up, and without any inſtruction of learning, anſwered, *He loved her the better for it; and that a woman was wiſe enough, if ſhe could but make difference between the ſhirt and doublet of her husband.*

Demoſthenes companions in their Embaſſage to *Philip*, praiſed their Prince to be fair, eloquent, and a good quaffer: *Demoſthenes* ſaid, *They were commendations rather fitting a woman, an advocate, and a ſpunge, than a King.*

Theodorus anſwered *Lyſimachus*, who threatned to kill him: *Thou ſhalt do a great exploit to come to the ſtrength of a cantharides.*

Ariſtotle being upbraided by ſome of his friends, that he had been over-merciful to a wicked man: *I have indeed* (quoth he) *been merciful towards the man, but not towards his wickedneſs.*

When an Epigramatiſt read his Epigrams in an Auditory, one of the hearers ſtopt him, and ſaid, *Did not I hear an Epigram to this purpoſe from you laſt year?* Yes, ſays he, it's like you did: *But is not that vice ſtill in you this year, which laſt years Epigram reprehended?*

Some came and told *Philopœmen*, the enemies

are

are with us: To whom he answered, *and why say you not that we are with them?*

When *Sicily* did curse *Dionysius*, by reason of his cruelty, there was onely one old woman that pray'd God to lengthen his life: Whereat *Dionysius* wondering, asked her for what good turn she should do that? She Answered, *That it was not love, but fear; for* (said she) *I knew your Grandfather a great tyrant, and the people desired his death; then succeeded your Father, more cruel than he, and now your self worse far than them both; so that I think if you die, the Devil must come next.*

Pompey being in Sicily, pressing the Mammertines to acknowledge his authority, they sought to avoid it, pretending that they had Priviledges and ancient Decrees of the people of Rome. To whom *Pompey* answered in choler, *Will you plead Law unto us, who have our swords by our sides?*

When *Lewis* the 11th. demanded of *Brezay Seneschall* of *Normandy*, the reason why he said that his horse was great and strong, being but little, and of a weak stature: *For that*, answered *Brezay, he carries you and all your counsel.*

He said, *That if he had entred his Reign otherwise than with fear and severity, he had serv'd for an example in the last Chapter of* Boccace *his book of unfortunate Noblemen.*

Considering that Secrecy was the Soul and Spirit of all Designes: He said sometimes, *I would burn my Hat, if it knew what was in my Head.*

He remembring to have heard King *Charls*

his

his Father ſay, that Truth was ſick: He added, *I believe that ſince ſhe is dead, and hath not found any Confeſſor.*

Mocking at one that had many Books, and little learning: He ſaid, *That he was like unto a crook-back't man, who carries a great bunch at his back, and never ſees it.*

Seeing a Gentleman which carried a goodly chain of gold, He ſaid unto him that did accompany him; *You muſt not touch it, for it is Holy:* Shewing that it came from the ſpoil of Churches.

On a time ſeeing the Biſhop of *Chartre* mounted on a Mule, with a golden bridle, He ſaid unto him, that in times paſt Biſhops were contented with an Aſs, and a plain halter: The Biſhop anſwered him, *That it was at ſuch times as Kings were ſhepherds, and did keep ſheep.*

Abdolominus, a poor man, rich in plenty except plenty of riches; to whom *Alexander* of *Macedon* proffering the Kingdom of *Sydon*, who before was but a gardiner, was by him refuſed, ſaying, *That he would take no care to loſe that which he cared not to enjoy.*

When one told a Reverend Biſhop of a young man that Preached twice every Lords day, beſides ſome Exerciſing in the week-days: *It may be* (ſaid he) *he doth talk ſo often, but I doubt he doth not Preach.*

To the like effect Queen *Elizabeth* ſaid to the ſame Biſhop, when She had on the Friday heard one of thoſe talking Preachers, much commended by ſome-body; and the Sunday after heard a well-labour'd Sermon, that ſmelt

of the candle: *I pray* (ſaid ſhe) *let me have your boſome-Sermons, rather than your lip-Sermons; for when the Preacher takes paines, the auditory takes profit.*

When Dr. *Day* was Dean of *Windſor*, there was a Singing-man in the Quire, one *Wolner*, a pleaſant fellow, famous for his eating, rather than his ſinging: Mr. Dean ſent a man to him to reprove him, for not ſinging with his fellows; the meſſenger (that thought all worſhipful that wore white Surplices) told him Mr. Dean would pray his worſhip to ſing: *Thank Mr. Dean* (quoth *Wolner*) *and tell him, I am as merry as they that ſing.*

A Husbandman dwelling near a Judge that was a great builder, and comming one day among divers of other neighbours, ſome of ſtone, ſome of tinn, the Steward, as the manner of the Country was, provided two tables for their dinners; for thoſe that came upon requeſt, powder'd beef, and perhaps veniſon; for thoſe that came for hire, poor-John and apple-pyes: And having invited them in his Lordſhips name to ſit down, telling them one board was for them that came in love, the other was for thoſe that came for money; this husbandman and his hind ſate down at neither, the which the Steward imputing to ſimplicity, repeated his former words again, praying them to ſit down accordingly: But he anſwered, *He ſaw no table for him, for he came neither for love nor money, but for very fear.*

Scipio being made General of the Roman Army, was to name his Quæſtor, or Treaſurer for

for the Wars, whom he thought fit, being a place in thoſe dayes (as is now) of great importance. One that took himſelf to have a ſpecial intereſt in *Scipio*'s favour, was an earneſt ſuitor for it; but by the delay, miſtruſting he ſhould have a denial, he importuned him one day for an anſwer. *Think not unkindneſs in me,* (ſaid *Scipio*) *that I delay you thus; for I have been as earneſt with a friend of mine to take it, and yet cannot prevail with him.*

A pleaſant Courtier and Servitor of King *Henry* the 8ths. to whom the King had promiſed ſome good turn, came, and pray'd the King to beſtow a living on him, that he had found out, worth 100 l. by the year, more than enough: *Why*, ſaid the King, *we have no ſuch in* England. *Yes Sir* (ſaid he) *the Provoſtſhip of* Eaton; *for*, ſaid he, *he is allowed his diet, his lodging, his horſ-meat, his ſervants wages, his riding-charge, and* 100 l. per annum *beſides.*

Ellmar Biſhop of *London* dealing with one *Maddox*, about ſome matters concerning Puritaniſme, and he had anſwered the Biſhop ſomewhat untowardly and thwartly, the Biſhop ſaid to him, *Thy very name expreſſeth thy nature; for* Maddox *is thy name, and thou art as mad a beaſt as ever I talked with.* The other not long to ſeek of an anſwer: *By your favour, Sir,* ſaid he, *your deeds anſwer your name righter than mine; for your name is* Elmar, *and you have marred all the Elms in* Fulham, *by lopping them.*

In the dayes of *Edward* the 6th. the Lord Protector march't with a powerful Army into Scotland to demand their young Queen *Mary*

in marriage to our King, according to their promiſes. The Scots refuſing to do it, were beaten by the Engliſh in *Muſſeborough*-fight. One demanding of a Scotch Lord, taken priſoner, Now Sir, how do you like our Kings mariage with your Queen? *I alwayes* (quoth he) *did like the marriage, but I do not like the wooing, that you ſhould fetch a Bride with fire and ſword.*

Theocritus, to an ill Poet, repeating many of his verſes, and asking which he liked beſt? Anſwered, *Thoſe which he had omitted.*

Caſtruccio of *Luca*, ſaying to one that profeſt himſelf a Philoſopher, *You are of the condition of dogs, that alwayes goe about thoſe who can beſt give them meat. No* (ſayes the party) *we are like Phyſicians, who viſit their houſes that have moſt need of them.*

Caſtruccio going from *Piſa* to *Ligorn* by water, and a dangerous ſtorm there ariſing, and thereupon being much perplex'd, was reprehended by one of his followers as puſillanimous, ſaying himſelf was not afraid of any thing: To whom *Caſtruccio* reply'd, *That he nothing marvel'd thereat; for every one valu'd his life according to it's worth.*

Being asked by one, what he ſhould doe to gain a good eſteem? He anſwered him: *See when thou goeſt to a Feaſt, that a block ſit not upon a block.*

When one boaſted that he had read many things: Said *Caſtruccio*, *It were better thou couldſt brag thou haſt remembred much.*

Another bragging, Though he had tippled much,

much, he was not drunk: Reply'd, *An Oxe doe the ſame.*

Caſtruccio kept a young Laſs, which he lay with ordinarily; and thereupon being reprov'd by a friend, telling him that it was a great wrong to him, that he had ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſo taken by a wench: *Thou art miſtaken*, ſaid he, *I took her, not ſhe me.*

Being one night in a houſe of one of his Gentlemen, where there were divers Ladies invited to a Feaſt; and he dancing and ſporting with them, more than befitted his condition, was reproved by a friend: Anſwered, *He that is held a wiſe man in the day-time, will never be thought a fool in the night.*

When one ask'd him a favour with many and ſuperfluous words; *Caſtruccio* ſaid to him, *Hereafter, when thou wouldſt any thing with me, ſend another.*

Having caus'd a Citizen of *Luca* to die, who had help'd him in his riſing to his greatneſſe; when it was ſaid to him, he had ill done to put to death one of his old friends: He reply'd, *You are deceiv'd, I have put to death a new enemy.*

He ſaid, *He wondred much at men, that when they bought any veſſel of earth or glaſs, they ſound it firſt whether it be good; but in taking a wife, they are content onely to ſee her.*

Seeing that one had written upon his houſe in latine, God keep the wicked hence; Said, *The Maſter then muſt not enter here.*

Treating with an Embaſſador of the King

of Naples, touching ſome goods of the Borderers, whereat he was ſomewhat angry, when then the Embaſſador ſaid, *Fear you not the King then? Caſtruccio* ſaid, *Is this your King good or bad?* And he anſwering, That he was good, *Caſtruccio* replyed, *Wherefore then ſhould I be afraid of thoſe that are good?*

The Lord *Tinteville* ſaid to a great Perſonage of *France*, that none could write the life of his deceaſed Maſter (*Lewis* the 11th.) ſo well as he. To whom he anſwered wiſely: *I am too much bound to him to ſpeak the truth.*

King *James*, being invited in a hunting journey, to dine with Sir *Tho. J.* of Barkſhire; turning ſhort at the corner of a Common, hapned near to a Country man, ſitting by the heels in the ſtocks, who cryed *Hoſanna* unto his Majeſty, which invited him to ask the reaſon of his reſtraint? Sir *Tho.* ſaid, It was for ſtealing a gooſe from the Common. The fellow reply'd, I beſeech your Majeſty be Judge who is the greater thief, I for ſtealing geeſe from the Common, or his Worſhip for robbing the Common from the geeſe? *By my ſale, Sir* (ſaid the King to Sir *Tho.*) *Iſe not dine to day on your diſhes, till you reſtore the Common for the poor to feed their flocks.* Which was forthwith granted to them, and the witty fellow ſet free.

Prince *Henry* was never heard to ſwear an oath: And it was remembred at his Funeral-Sermon by the Arch-Biſhop; That he being commended by one, for not replying with paſſion in play, or ſwearing to the truth: He ſhould anſwer, *That he knew no game or value*

to be won or loſt, could be worth an Oath.

There was a Duel between two eminent Perſons of the Turks, and one ſlain: The Council of Baſhaws reprehended the other thus: *How durſt you undertake to fight one with the other? Are there not Chriſtians enough to kill? Did you not know, that whether of you were ſlain, the loſs would be the Great Seigniors.*

King *James* having made a large and learned Speech to the Parliament, the Lord Keeper, as Speaker to the Peers, whoſe place there uſually adds to the Kings mind and meaning, thus excuſes himſelf: *After the Kings Eloquence to be ſilent; not to enamel a gold ring with ſtuds of iron.* As one ſayes of *Nerva, That having adopted* Trajane, *he was immediately taken away:* Ne poſt divinum & immortale factum, aliquid mortale faceret; *So he durſt not after his Majeſties* divinum & immortale dictum, mortale aliquid addere.

Alphonſus King of Arragon, ſeeing a young Lady dance with a Gentleman who made love to her, ſaid to him, *Comfort your ſelf, this Sybil will quickly render the Oracle you ask:* Becauſe the Sybils gave no anſwers but in motion.

The Monk, who ambitious of martyrdom, told the Souldan, That he was was come into his Court, to die for Preaching of the Truth; was anſwered, *He needed not to have rambled ſo far for death, for he might eaſily find it among his Princes at home.*

Antigonus being asked by his own ſon, what time he would remove his Camp? He ſaid, *The ſound of the trumpet ſhould give them notice.*

The

The Conſpirator had learn'd the leſſon of ſilence well; who being asked his knowledge, anſwered, *If I had known it, you had never known it.*

Pyrrhus King of the *Epirotes*, having in two ſet Battels, with great loſs of men, put the Romans to the worſt, and hearing by a Favourite of his, this his ſo great good fortune ſmoothingly congratulated: He ſaid unto him, *That two Victories indeed he had gotten of them, but them ſo dear, that ſhould he at the ſame rate buy a third, the purchaſe would no leſs than undo him.*

A ſouldier of *Auguſtus*, when his enemies throat was in his power, hearing the Retreat ſounded, gave over his violence, with theſe words; *Malo obedire Duci, quàm occidere hoſtem.*

The Janizaries are very true to a man that truſts himſelf with them, and patient in bearing abuſes. One of them being ſtrucken by an Engliſhman, as they travelled through *Morea*, did not onely not revenge it, nor abandon him to the pillage and outrage of others, but conducted him unto *Zant* in ſafety: Saying, *God forbid, that the villany of another ſhould make him betray the charge that was committed to his truſt.*

A great Courtier of the great *Moguls*, noted to be a great neglecter of God, a ſouldier of approved valour; but being in dalliance with one of his women, ſhe pluckt an hair from his breſt, which grew about his nipple, which preſently began to feſter, and in ſhort time after became a canker incurable: Seeing he muſt die, he uttered theſe words: *Who would have thought but*

that

that I, who have been ſo long bred a Souldier, ſhould have died in the face of my enemy, by ſome inſtrument of war, &c? But now (though too late) I am forced to confeſs, that there is a great God above, whoſe Majeſty I have ever deſpiſed, that needs no bigger lance than an hair to kill an Atheiſt, or a deſpiſer of his Majeſty.

King *Henry* the 7th. having preſſed Doctor *Fiſher* to the Biſhoprick of *Rocheſter*, all men thinking it to proceed from the requeſt of the Lady *Margaret*, the Kings Mother, and his Miſtris: The King ſaid; *Indeed the modeſty of the man, together with my Mothers ſilence, ſpake in his behalf.*

He refuſed the Biſhopricks of *Lincoln* and *Ely*, proffered him by *Henry* the 8th. contenting himſelf with his former, though leſs: Saying, *Others have larger paſtures, but I have leſſer charge of ſouls; ſo that when I ſhall be called to an account for both, I ſhall be the better able to give an account of either.*

Biſhop *Fiſher*, having all his plate ſtolne in one night, his ſervant purſuing the thieves, found ſome pieces that they had let fall by the way; the Biſhop obſerving the next day the ſad countenances of his ſervants, when knowing the cauſe, ſaid: *If this be all, we have more cauſe to rejoyce, that God hath reſtor'd us to ſome, than to be diſcontented that wicked men have taken away any; for the leaſt favour of God Almighty, is more to be eſteemed, than all the evil (which the Devil and all his wicked inſtruments can do unto us) therefore let us ſit down and be merry, thank God it is no worſe, and look ye better to the reſt.*

Sir

Sir *Thomas Moore*, meeting the Biſhop going before the Kings Commiſſioners at *Lambeth*, ſaluted him in theſe terms: *Well met my Lord, I hope we ſhall meet in heaven.* To which the Biſhop reply'd: *This ſhould be the way, Sir* Thomas, *for it is a very ſtreight gate we are in.* They both ſuffer'd for refuſing the Oath of Supremacy.

The Biſhop would alwayes ſay, *That the remembrance of death came never out of ſeaſon.*

The Biſhops man being clapt up a cloſe priſoner, and threatned to be hanged (for carrying letters from his Maſter to Sir *Thomas Moore*) they then being both priſoners in the Tower) asked the Keeper, *If there were another Act of Parliament come forth, whereby a man ſhould be hang'd for ſerving his Maſter.*

When *Henry* the 8th. was told the Biſhops reſolve, to accept of the Cardinals Hat, if the Pope ſent it to him: The King ſaid; *Yea, is he yet ſo luſty? Well, let the Pope ſend him a Hat when he will, Mother of God, he ſhall wear it on his ſhoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to ſet it on.*

Cardinal *Poole* ſaith of Biſhop *Fiſher* (in an Epiſtle Dedicatory to *Henry* the 8th.) *That if an Embaſſador had been to be ſent from earth to heaven, there could not among all the Biſhops and Clergy ſo fit a man be choſen as he.*

A foreign Embaſſador, ſome 200 years ſince, comming to *Durham*, addreſſed himſelf firſt to the high and ſumptuous Shrine of St. *Cuthbert*, *If thou beeſt a Saint, pray for me.* Then comming to the plain, low, and little Tomb of St. *Bede*, *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *thou art a Saint, good* Bede *pray for me.*

Richard

Richard the 3d. said no less spightfully than falsly of the *Woodvills* (brethren to the Wife of his brother King *Edward* the 4th. by whom they were advanced) *That many were made noble, who formerly were not worth a noble.*

One asked which was the best Edition of St. *Augustine?* To whom this answer was given (generally true of all ancient Authors) *Even that* Augustine *which is least corrected.*

There is a tradition of King *Henry* the 8ths. fool, comming into the Court, and finding the King transported with an unusual joy, boldly asked of him the cause thereof: To whom the King answered; *It was because the Pope had honoured him with a style more eminent than any of his Ancestors.* O good *Harry* (quoth the fool) let thou and I defend one another, and let the faith alone to defend it self.

The Lady *Katherine*, King *Henry* the 8ths. divorced Wife, was wont to say, *She accounted no time lost, but what was laid out in dressing of her.*

Once an Eloquent Orator, free only of words, being otherwise extreamly covetous, made a large and elegant Oration in Latine, to perswade others bountifully to contribute to a proper object of charity, whilst he himself would not part with one penny to that purpose. To whom one of his Audience (though far his inferiour in Eloquence) made this sharp but short return: *Qui suadet, sua det. Let him who seeks to perswade others, give something of his own.*

Henry the 5th. having born away the Crown, sup-

ſuppoſing his Father had been dead; when his Father uſed theſe words, *How I came by it, and what right I have unto it, God knows:* He ſaid, *I am to receive it from you, as your next heir; and howſoever you came by it, I will keep the poſſeſſion of it by the ſword, againſt all mine enemies.*

When *Gowry* was led to the Tower, a friend of his told him, Ah, my Lord, I am ſorry you had no more wit. *Tuſh* (quoth he) *thou know'ſt not what thou ſayeſt, when ſaweſt thou a fool come hither?*

When the Romans had nominated *Titus Manlius Torquatus* to be Conſul, he alledging the infirmity of his eyes, refuſed the honour, and ſaid, *He ſhould bring in a very ill and pernitious example, if he ſhould undertake to govern the Common-wealth with other mens eyes.*

Charls the 9th. King of *France*, offered to the Prince of *Conde* his choiſe, whether he would go to Maſſe, or chooſe perpetual baniſhment, or impriſonment? *What*, replyed he? *to goe to Maſſe, is ſimply a ſin, therefore I will never chooſe that; but to chooſe either perpetual baniſhment, or impriſonment, that I cannot doe, for then I ſhould imply a certain guiltineſs in my ſelf; but it is in your power, O King, to inflict which you pleaſe, and I am ready to ſuffer.*

When *Dionyſius* preſented three whores before *Ariſtippus*, bidding him make choiſe of them: He ſaid, *That* Paris *had ſuch bad ſucceſs for chooſing one of that kind, that he would never make choiſe of one of the three.*

A certain Scholar amongſt the Jews, asked one of

of the Rabbies, his Maſter, Whether he might read any of the humane Writers, or not? He gave him this Anſwer: *You may read them, provided you read them neither day nor night.*

Apelles, when his boy ſhew'd him a painted Table, and told him that it was done in haſte: He anſwered, *He might have ſpared to tell him ſo, for the work ſufficiently ſhew'd it.*

Luther ſaid, *The Cardinals were like Foxes, ſweeping the houſe with their tails, raiſing more duſt than they cleanſed.*

Mr. *Greenham* anſwered one that ſpake ſomewhat in his own diſparagement: *Oh* (ſaid he) *why do you praiſe your ſelf ſo much?*

Eſpenceus ſaith of the Biſhops in the Council of Trent; *They were learned in their aſſiſtants.*

Du Mouline ſaid of *Boniface* his Extravagants, *They will doe well with a ſword in hand.*

The Roman General ſaid of a recruited Army of Enemies, *That thoſe African Nations, muſter'd under ſeveral names, were but the ſame men whom they had formerly beaten under the notion of* Carthaginians.

When a Roman Senator asked the Carthaginian Embaſſador, How long the Peace ſhould laſt? *That* (ſaith he) *will depend on the Conditions you give us, If Juſt and Honourable, they will hold for ever; but if otherwiſe, no longer than till we have power to break them.*

Batton Deſidiale, who moved the people of *Dalmatia* to rebel againſt the Romans (ſeeing them oppreſt too much with tributes and exactions) making ſuch ſharp war againſt them,

as

as *Tyberius* the Emperor asked him on a time, why he had cauſed the people to take Arms? To whom he anſwered bodly, *That the Romans were the cauſe thereof; for they, in ſending them ſhepherds with good dogs to preſerve them, they had ſent them wolves which devoured them.*

The Emperor *Maximilian* the 2d. could not endure that War ſhould be made for Religion; and was wont to ſay, *That it was a deadly ſin to ſeek to force mens conſciences, the which belongs to God only.*

At the Treaty for delivery of the Town of *Antwerp*, the Hollanders inſiſting upon explaining the word, *ſcandal*, &c. the Duke of *Parma* ſaid: *Can you not do as the Countryman did at Rome, who paſſing along the ſtreets before an* Ecce homo *(*which is the figure of the repreſentation which *Pilate* made of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt unto the people) *having made reverence, and paſſing on, he bethought himſelf that* Pilate *might attribute this honour unto himſelf; wherefore turning and putting off his hat again,* He ſaid, *It is to the Chriſt, not to the* Pilate.

Piereskius, the famous Frenchman, was wont to ſay, *That whoſoever ſeeks after the uncertain good things of this world, ſhould think and reſolve, that he gathers as well for thieves, as for himſelf.*

Plato ſaith, *That the Lawes of Neceſſity are ſo inevitable, that the gods themſelves cannot alter them.*

Caracalla having miſerably impoveriſhed the people, his Mother reproved him: To whom he ſhewing his naked ſword, replyed,

ed, *As long as I have this, I will not want.*

Aurelian demanding how he might govern well? Was anſwered by a great Perſonage: *You muſt be provided with iron and gold; iron to uſe againſt your enemies, and gold to reward your friends.*

The Caliph of *Babylon* demurring to give the Embaſſador of *Almerick* (King of *Jeruſalem*) his hand bare, but gave it him in his glove. To whom the reſolute Earl of *Caſarea* ſaid: *Sir, truth ſeeks no holes to hide it ſelf: Princes that will hold Covenants, muſt deal openly and nakedly; give us therefore your bare hand, we will make no bargain with your glove.*

Lewis King of *France*, going the ſecond time to the Holy Land, paſſing by *Avignon*, ſome of the City wronged his Souldiers; wherefore his Nobles deſired him to beſiege the City, the rather, becauſe it was ſuſpected that therein his Father was poyſoned. To whom *Lewis* moſt Chriſtianly: *I come not out of* France *to revenge my own quarrels, or thoſe of my Father or Mother, but injuries offer'd to Jeſus Chriſt.*

Lewis ſeverely puniſhed blaſphemies, ſearing their lips with an hot iron. And becauſe by his command it was executed upon a great rich Citizen of *Paris*, ſome ſaid, He was a Tyrant. He hearing it, ſaid before many: *I would to God, that with ſearing my own lips, I could baniſh out of my Realm all abuſe of Oaths.*

It was the Speech of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, but three dayes before his death: *Our affairs* (ſaith he) *anſwer our deſires; but I doubt God will puniſh me for the folly of the people, who attribute too much*

much unto me, and esteem me as it were their God; and therefore he will make them shortly know and see I am but a man. He be my witness, it is a thing distasteful unto me: And whatever befall me, I receive it as from his divine will; onely in this I rest fully satisfied that he will not leave this great enterprize of mine imperfect.

Hormisda being asked what he thought of *Rome?* Said, *He took contentment in this onely, that he had now learned, how even there also men are mortal.*

Socrates, appointed to suffer death, would learn to sing: And being asked what good it would do him, seeing he was to die the next day? He answered thus: *Even that I may depart out of this life, learning more than I knew before.*

Themistocles, after a Battel fought with the Persians, espying a pair of bracelets, and a collar of gold, lying on the ground, *Take up those things* (quoth he, speaking to one of his company that stood near unto him) *thou art not* Themistocles.

A Jew being turned Turk, soon after, buying of grapes of another Turk, fell at variance with him about weighing the grapes; from words they fell to blows, and the Jew-Turk beat the other, which he endured very patiently, to encourage him (as it seem'd) in his new Religion. Soon after another Jew came to the Turk who had been beaten, and demanded of him why he suffered himself to be so abused? Who answered, *You shall beat me as much, if you will turn Musulman.* So zealous are they to win Proselytes.

Philip

Philip the 2d. King of *Spain* was devoted to his Religion in ſo intenſe a degree, that he would often ſay, *If the Prince his Son were an Heretick, or Schiſmatick, he would himſelf find fuel to burn him.*

The Chyrurgeons being lancing his knee one day, the Prince his Son ask'd him, Whether it did not pain him much? He anſwered, *My ſins paine me much more.*

Reading a letter that brought him the newes of the loſs of his Fleet in 88. He ſaid (without the leaſt motion, or change of countenance) *Welcome be the will of God; I ſent my Couſin, the Duke of* Medina, *to fight with men, not with the Elements.*

He uſed to have a ſaying often in his mouth: *Time and I will challenge any two in the world.*

Bias being demanded by a wicked man, what was piety? He was ſilent: The other asking the reaſon of his ſilence: *I anſwer not* (ſaith he) *becauſe you enquire after that which nothing concerns you.*

It was the ſentence of *Cleobolus: Do good to your friend, that he may be more your friend; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.*

To one who reproved *Anaxagoras*, for not taking care of his Country: *Wrong me not*, ſaid he, *my greateſt care is my Country.* Pointing to the Heavens.

Portugal being revolted, the *Conde* D'*Olivares* came ſmiling to the King (*Philip* the 4th.) ſaying, *Sir, I pray you give me* las albricias *to hanſel the good newes; for now you are more abſolute King of* Portugal *than ever, for the people have forfeit-*

ed all their priviledges by this Rebellion: Beſides, the Eſtate of the Duke of Briganza, *with all his Complices, are yours by right of Confiſcation; ſo that you have enough to diſtribute among your old loyal ſervants by way of reward.*

Attabalipa, a wild Pagan King, when he heard that his Kingdom was given by the Pope to the King of *Spain*: *Surely* (ſaid he) *that Pope muſt be an egregious fool, or ſome unjuſt and impudent tyrant, that will undertake to beſtow other mens poſſeſſions ſo freely.*

An Indian being to die, was perſwaded by a *Franciſcan* Frier to turn Chriſtian, and then he ſhould go to heaven. He asked, Whether there were any Spaniards in heaven? Yes, ſaid the Frier, 'tis full of them. *Nay, then* (ſaid he) *I had rather go to hell, than have their company.*

It was an excellent ſaying of *Herod* the Sophiſt, when he was pained with the Gout in his hands and feet: *When I would eat* (ſaid he) *I have no hands; when I would go, I have no feet; but when I muſt be pained, I have both hands and feet.*

John, King of *Hungary*, uſed oftentimes to ſay, *That the favour and love of valiant men, gotten by bounty and courteſie, was the beſt treaſures of a Prince, for that courteous and thankeful men did oftentimes, in ſome one worthy piece of ſervice, plentifully repay whatſoever had been beſtow'd upon them; as for ſuch as were unthankeful, they did, to their ſhame, bear the teſtimony of another mans virtue.*

After the Victory of *Lepanto*, one of the chief of the Turkiſh priſoners, hearing it compared to the loſs of *Cyprus*, ſaid: *That the Battel loſt,*

was

was unto Selymus, *as if a man ſhould ſhave his beard, which would ere long grow again; but the loſs of* Cyprus *was unto the Venetians as the loſs of an arm, which once cut off, could never be again recovered.*

A Countryman in *Spain*, comming to an Image inſhrin'd, the extraction and firſt making whereof he could well remember; and not finding from the ſame that reſpectful uſage which he expected: *You need not* (quoth he) *be ſo proud, for I have known you from a Plum-tree.*

A Perſian in *England* attending on the Embaſſador, *anno* 1626. who perceiving wealthy people in *London*, in the time of the plague, tumultuouſly poſting to their Country-houſes: *What* (ſaith he) *have the Engliſhmen two Gods, the one for the City, and the other for the Country?*

Frederick, Burgrave of *Noremberg* (which he obtained of the Emperor *Sigiſmond*, for his many good Services) making his Will, he intended to give that charge to his ſecond Son *Frederick*; and acquainting his eldeſt Son *John*, (who was a contemplative man) anſwered: *I did always think that* Frederick *had been more dear to you than my ſelf, which did ſomewhat grieve me; but now, dear Father, I will change my opinion, and love and honour you, who by your laſt Will bequeath reſt to me, and cares to him.*

Caſar was counſelled to have a guard alwayes about him. Whereto he anſwered: *That he would have none; for he would rather die once, than live continually in jealouſie and fear.*

After his Victory in *Spain*, againſt *Pompey's* Sons (conſidering the danger he had been in)

he uſed to ſay, *That only that day he fought for his life, and in all other Battels, ever for honour and victory.*

When the Captaines and Souldiers would have given *Valentinian* a companion and equal in the Empire, He told them: *It was in your hands, and in your pleaſure, when I was not Emperor, to give me the government and command of the Empire; but now, that I have the government, and am in poſſeſſion thereof, it is no part of your charge, neither ought you to intermeddle therein, for that it is my charge onely.*

Valentinian the 2d. cauſed *Ecius* his General againſt *Atila* to be ſlain, having ſome ſuſpition of him; but demanding of *Proximus*, a diſcreet and noble Roman, Whether he had not followed the beſt and moſt profitable Counſel, by putting *Ecius* to death? He anſwered: *Whether the Emperor hath put* Ecius *to death with, or without reaſon, I dare not determine; but this I dare affirm, that by killing him, thou haſt with thy own left hand cut off thy right.*

The Emperor *Henry* the 4th. having ſlain his Competitor *Rodulph*, whoſe ſervants going about to bury the body of their deceaſed Lord, with the Enſignes and Ornaments of the Emperor, ſome asked of the Emperor *Henry*, Wherefore he ſuffered *Rodulph* to be buried with ſuch honour, ſeeing he was a Tyrant, and his enemy? Whereto he anſwered: *I would to God that all mine enemies were like* Rodulph, *buried with the Ornaments and Enſigns of Emperors.*

David Game, one of the braveſt and moſt

judicious Souldier of his time, being ſent by *Henry* the 5th. to make an eſtimate of the number of the French Army (which infinitely exceeded the number of the Engliſh) went to the top of an hill, and ſeeing all the Champion covered with Tents, and blazing with fires, brought word back, *That there were enough of them to be ſlain, enough to be taken priſoners, and enough to be made run away.*

A Kentiſh Knight, having ſpent a great Eſtate at Court, and brought himſelf to one Park, and a fine houſe in it, was yet ambitious to entertain the Queen at it; and to that purpoſe had new painted his gates, with a Coat of Arms, and Motto, over-written thus, *O I A V A N I T A S* in great golden letters, the Treaſurer *Burleigh* offering to read it, deſired to know of the Knight what he meant by *O I A*? who told him it ſtood for *Omnia*: The Lord replyed: *Sir, I wonder, having made your* Omnia *ſo little as you have, you notwithſtanding make your* Vanitas *ſo large.*

The Philoſopher, when he ſaw a vain proud Gull, *He wiſhed* (he ſaid) *that all his friends were but ſuch as that man thought himſelf, and all his enemies ſuch as he was.*

Epiphanius having ſtay'd long at *Conſtantinople*, and being to take ſhip to return home again, he ſaid: *He was leaving three great things, a great City, a great Palace, and great Hypocriſie.*

Biſhop *Andrews*, whom no man will envy the reputation of one of the greateſt Clerks in his Age, when a plain man came ſeriouſly to

him, and asked his opinion concerning an obscure passage in the Revelation: Answered: *My friend, I am not come so far.*

Henry the 4th. King of *France*, used to say; *That in his Kingdome he observed there was a double tribute used to be paid: One to the King, the other to his Officers; but the first was made intollerable by the second.*

Tierceline, a Knight of very ancient Extraction, observing in his time, the sale of Honours and Offices, nay, the highest Dignitie of all, which is St. *Michaels* Order, was prostant for money: He said; *The Order of St.* Michael *was become a Collar now for every Asse.*

Robert, Duke of *Normandy*, when he was going to the Holy Sepulcher, being met by one of his own Subjects, as he was mounted upon a great Saracens back; and being much tyr'd, he said: *Commend me to all in* Normandy, *and tell them, I am going to heaven upon the Devils back.*

It was a witty saying of King *James*, when he was onely King of *Scotland*, when he received a *Caveat* from his Godmother Queen *Elizabeth* of *England*, to take heed of the Spanish Fleet; He answered: *For his part he desired but one request of the Spaniard, such a one as that* Polyphemus *had promised* Ulysses, *that when he had devour'd others, he would swallow him last of all.*

After the loss of *Calais*, an English Captain, having truss'd up his bag and baggage, to goe for *England*, as he was going out of

the

the gates, in a jeering way, was ask'd, O Englishmen, when will ye back again to *France*? The Captain, with a sad and serious countenance, answered: *When the sins of* France *are greater than the sins of* England, *then will the English return to* France.

When one told *Tyberius* the Emperor, of some aspersions that were cast abroad upon him; He answered; *We are not angry that there are some who speak ill of us; it is enough that we are in such a condition, that no body can do us any ill.*

Two Persian Embassadors were imploy'd to Pope *Urban* the 5th. who being admitted, and desired to deliver their Embassage as succinctly as they could, in regard of the Popes indisposition; yet they made a long tedious Oration, which did disquiet his Holiness, as it was observed by the Auditors; the first Embassador having at last concluded, the second subjoyned very wittily, saying: *We have this moreover given to us in charge, that if you will not condescend to our demands, this my Colleague must repeat his Speech again, and make some additions to it.* The Pope was so much taken with this, that he presently dismissed both of them very well satisfied for the business they came about.

A Gentleman, who in a Duel was rather scratcht than wounded, sent for a Chyrurgeon, who having opened the wound, charged his man with all speed to fetch such a salve from such a place in his Study. Why (said the Gentleman) is the hurt so dangerous? *Oh yes* (answered the Chyrurgeon) *if he re-*

turns not in poſt-haſte, the wound will cure it ſelf, and ſo I ſhall loſe my Fee.

A notable fellow, and a ſouldier to *Alexander*, finding his firſt admiſſion to be the greateſt difficulty, put feathers into his noſe and eares, and danced about the Court in an Antique faſhion, till the ſtrangeneſs of the Show brought the King himſelf to be a Spectator. Then this mimick throwing off his diſguiſe; *Sir* (ſaid he to the King) *thus I firſt arrive at your Majeſties notice in the faſhion of a Fool, but can do you ſervice in the place of a wiſe man, if you pleaſe to employ me.*

A man full of words, who took himſelf to be a grand wit, made his brag that he was the leader of the diſcourſe in what company ſoever he came; and none, ſaid he, dare ſpeak in my preſence, if I hold my peace. *No wonder*, anſwered one, *for they are all ſtruck dumb at the miracle of your ſilence.*

When once a Gentleman admired how ſo pithy, learned, and witty a Dedication was match'd to a flat, dull, fooliſh Book: *In truth*, ſaid another, *they may be well match'd together, for I profeſs they are nothing a kin.*

A Gentleman travelling in a myſty morning, ask'd of a ſhepherd what weather it would be? *It will be* (ſaith the ſhepherd) *what weather ſhall pleaſe me:* And being requeſted to expreſs his meaning: *Sir*, ſaith he, *it ſhall be what weather pleaſeth God, and what weather pleaſeth God, pleaſeth me.*

A rich man told a poor man, that he walked to get a ſtomach for his meat: *And I*, (ſaid

(ſaid the poor man) *walk to get meat for my ſtomach.*

A rich landed Fool, whom a Courtier had begg'd, and carried about to wait on him, comming with his Maſter to a Gentlemans houſe, where the picture of a fool was wrought in a fair ſuit of Arras, cut the picture out with a pen-knife; and being chidden for ſo doing. *You have more cauſe*, ſaid he, *to thank me; for if my Maſter had ſeen the picture of the fool, he would have begg'd the hangings of the King, as he did my lands.*

When the ſtanders by comforted a natural which lay on his death-bed, and told him that four proper fellows ſhould carry his body to the Church; *Yea* (quoth he) *but I had rather by half go thither my ſelf.*

One braved a Gentleman to his face, that in skill and valour he came far behind him: *'Tis true* (ſaid the other) *for when I fought with you, you ran away before me.*

Sir *Francis Drake*, riding within the Road of *Port-Rico*, a ſhot from the Caſtle enter'd the Steerage of the Ship, took away the ſtool from under him as he ſate at ſupper, wounded Sir *Nicholas Clifford* and *Brute Brown* to death. *Ah! dear* Brute (ſaid *Drake*) *I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my ſpirits.*

One walking in *London*-ſtreets, met a gallant, who cry'd to him a pretty diſtance before-hand, *I will have the wall. Yea* (anſwer'd he) *and take the houſe too, if you can but agree with the Land-lord.*

It

It was a mannerly anſwer which a young Gentleman gave to King *James*, when he asked him what kin he was to ſuch a Lord of his name? *Pleaſe your Majeſty*, ſaid he, *my elder brother is his Couſin-german.*

When one, being an Husbandman, challenged kindred of *Robert Groſthead* Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and thereupon requeſted the favour of him to beſtow an Office on him. *Couſin*, (quoth the Biſhop) *if your Cart be broken, i'le mend it, if your Plough old, i'le give you a new one, and Seed to ſow your Land; but an Huſbandman I found you, and an Husbandman I'le leave you.*

Arminius meeting *Baudius* one day diſguiſed with drink, he told him, *Tu Baudi dedecoras noſtram Academiam: Et tu* Armini (anſwered he) *noſtram Religionem.* Thou *Baudius* diſgraceſt our Univerſitie; and thou *Arminius* our Religion.

Henry the 4th. of *France*, being troubled with a fit of the Gout, and the Spaniſh Embaſſador comming then to viſit him, and ſaying he was ſorry to ſee his Majeſty ſo lame, He anſwered: *As lame as I am, if there were occaſion, your Maſter the King of* Spain, *ſhould no ſooner have his foot in the ſtirrup, but he ſhould find me on horsback.*

King *James* asking the Lord Keeper *Bacon*, what he thought of a French Embaſſador, who had then lately had his Audience? He anſwered, *That he was a tall proper man.* His Majeſty reply'd, but what think you of his head-

head-piece? Is he a proper man for the Office of an Embaſſador? *Sir*, ſaid *Bacon*: *Tall men are like high houſes of four or five ſtories, wherein commonly the uppermoſt room is worſt furniſhed.*

Lewis the 9th. who, in the Catalogue of the French Kings, is call'd St. *Lewis*, was Baptized in the little Town of *Poyſſy*; and after his return from *Ægypt*, and other places againſt the *Saracens*, being asked by what Title he would be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of his Predeceſſors after his death? He anſwered, *That he deſired to be called* Lewis *of* Poyſſy. Reply being made, That there were divers other places and Cities of Renown, where he had performed brave Exploits, and obteined famous Victories, therefore it was more fitting that ſome of thoſe places ſhould denominate him. *No*, ſaid he, *I deſire to be called* Lewis *of* Poyſſy, *becauſe there I got the moſt glorious Victory that ever* I *had*; *for there* I *overcame the Devil*: Meaning that he was Chriſtned there.

Don Beltran de Roſa, being to marry a rich *Labradors* (a Yeomans) daughter, which was much importun'd by her Parents to the match, becauſe their Family ſhould be thereby ennobled, he being a Cavalier of St. *Jago*: The young Maid having underſtood that *Don Beltran* had been in *Naples*, and had that diſeaſe about him, anſwered wittily: *Truly, Sir, To better my blood,* I *will not hurt my fleſh.*

It was the anſwer of *Veſpaſian* to *Apollonius*, deſiring entrance and acceſs for *Dion* and *Euphrates*,

phrates, two Philosophers: *My gates are always open to Philosophers, but my very breast is open unto thee.*

It is reported of *Cosmo de Medici*, that having built a goodly Church, with a Monastery thereunto annex'd, and two Hospitals, with other monuments of Piety, and endow'd them with large Revenues, as one did much magnifie him for these extraordinary works; he answer'd: *'Tis true, I imploy'd much treasure that way; yet when I look over my Leiger-book of accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one penny, but I am still in the arrear to him.*

It was a brave generous saying of a great *Armenian*-Merchant, who having understood how a vessel of his was cast away, wherein there was laden a rich Cargazon upon his sole account, he strook his hand upon his breast, and said: *My heart, I thank God, is still afloat, my spirits shall not sink with my ship, nor go an inch lower.*

Sir *Edward Herbert* being Embassador in *France*, there hapned some classings between him and the great French Favourite *Luynes*; whereupon he was told that *Luynes* was his enemy, and that he was not in a place of security there: Sir *Edward* gallantly answered, *That he held himself to be in a place of Security wheresoever he had his sword by him.*

FINIS.

Fœneſtra in Pectore.

OR,

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

By THO. FORDE.

Quid melius deſidioſus agam!—



LONDON,

Printed by *R.* and *W. Leybourn*, for *William Grantham* at the Black Bear in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, neer the little North Door, 1660.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

Reader,

THe witty *Lucian* brings in *Momus*, quarrelling at the Maſter-pieces which the *gods* had made; and the onely fault he found with *Man*, was, *That he had not a window to look into his breaſt.* For this reaſon, I call this *Packet* of *Letters Feneſtra in Pectore*; Letters being the beſt *Caſements*, whereby men diſcloſe themſelves. *Judicium ſit per Brachium*, ſay the *Phyſicians*; and I know no better Interpreter of

the

the *Heart*, than the *hand*; especially in *Familiar Letters*, whereby friends mingle ſouls, and make mutual diſcoveries *of*, and *to* one another. The *pen*, like the *pulſe*, diſcovers our inward condition; if it become *faint*, or *intermitting*, like the *paſſing-bell*, it gives notice of the *decay*, if not the *departure* of friendſhip; which is the *ſoul* of humane Societie.

For theſe, I have no better Apology than their publication; their *impudence* (if it be ſo) beſpeaking their *innocence*. They deſire to *pleaſe all*, to *injure none*. If you find ſome things in them that appear not calculated for the Meridian of the preſent times, know, that they are left but to ſhew what the whole piece might have been, had my time and the times accorded; they might then perhaps have given you ſome

re-

remarks of the *miracles* of our age, But the *Dutch Proverb* tels me, *Who bringeth himself into needless dangers, dieth the Devils martyr.*

Nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse loquutum.

And I very well remember that notable *Apothegme* of the famous (though unfortunate) Sir *W. Raleigh: Whosoever shall tell any great man, or Magistrate, that he is not just; the General of an Army, that he is not valiant; and great Ladies, that they are not fair; shall never be made a Counsellour, a Captain, or a Courtier.*

Thou wilt say, it may be, I had *little to do* to publish my follies to the world, and I am contented thou shouldst think so, if it may pass for my Apologie, *That I had little else to do.* If it be a *crime*, the num-

ber of offenders in this kind, is enough to *authorize* the fact, and turn the *guilt* into a *pardon*, if not a *paſs-port*.

For they who write, becauſe all
write, have ſtill,
That excuſe for writing, and for
writing ill.

At this time I ſhall uſe no other, nor trouble thee any farther (Reader) when I have ſubſcribed the Author,

Thy Friend and Servant,

T. F.

Familiar Letters.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

AT my arrival here, I finde all *out of order*, though abounding with *orders*. The King and Queen are *departed*, which makes us all *dead*; for what cauſe I cannot tell you, unleſs it were for fear of the arrival of a ſtranger to this Kingdom, and one that hath been long ſince baniſhed from hence: Nor durſt ſhee appear now, but that 'tis *Parliament*-time. She was landed at *Weſtminſter* by the rout of Water-men, when they frighted away the Biſhops commig to the Houſe of Commons door, it was put to the Vote, Whether ſhe ſhould come in or no? The *better part* ſuſpecting by her habit it was *Rebellion* (they having ſeen

her before in forreign parts) would not admit her: But the *Major part* carried it in the *Affirmative*, and the five Members were appointed to entertain her; which they, did, and ſome ſay, ſhe was placed in the *Speakers Chair*. She came not in the Lords Houſe, they could not *Brook* it; but I dare *Say* ſhe had a Conference with ſome of them in the Painted Chamber. Her Lodgings are provided in the *City*, where ſhe goes attired (as neceſſary) with a fair new cloak of *Religion*, a *Scotch Bonnet*, a *French* Doublet, and Coats like *Dutchmens* Slops; her hair red, like an *Iriſhmans*; neither *Bands* nor *Cuffs*, for ſhe indures no Linnen for ſpight of *Lawn Sleeves*, unleſs a two or three *Night-caps*, becauſe they are of *Holland*. You would wonder to ſee in what droves our Citizens flock after her, did you not know it is *their nature*, after *ſtrangers*. But I'll follow her no farther, leſt you ſuſpect me for one of her *followers*, who am, Sir,

Your Loyal Friend.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir.

THe *Fire* is now broken out of the *Houſe*, and the ſparks of ſedition fly about the *City*, being blown by the long-winded lungs of ſome *pulpeteers*. Here want not ſeditious *Sheba's*

to

to blow the Trumpet, and as a *Preludium*, here is an hot skirmish of *Pens*, but the *Kings* seems to excel them, as much as an *Eagles wing* a *Goose quill*. The Women and Maids to *espouse* the quarrel, bring in their *Thimbles*, *Rings*, and *Bodkins*, with as much zeal as the *Israelites* did their Jewels to making of their *Golden Calf*. Such a *tyde* of Plate every day *ebbs* and *flows* at *Guild-Hall*, that the *Roman Emperour* who swam in *wine*, had he enjoyed this, might have sailed in an *Ocean of Gold and Silver*. They have exercised their *hands* and Pens so long, till their *Arms* begin to be engaged, and 'tis thought it may prove a *Generall* Engagement. I can go no farther for the *Press*, but must here remain, Sir,

Wholly at your dispos'al,

To Mr. R. R.

My worthy friend,

I Received your Letter, wherein *Love and Friendship* seem to our-vie each other; and which is *predominant*, were not easie to determine. Whereat how I was transported with joy, you may easier *gues's* than *I expres's*. For those unmerited *Encomiums* you so liberally put upon me, I conceive you rather thereby instruct me *what I should be*, than tell me *what I am*. Or else,

elſe, you look'd on thoſe poor mites with the *Multiplying-glaſs* of friendſhip. Your offer to continue this *Literal* correſpondence, I willingly accept, and was never ſo ill bred as to neglect ſuch a benefit, when profered. Willingly ſhall *I exchange* my *glaſs* for your *Gold*: yet how mean ſoever my expreſſions may be; you ſhall find them richly quilted with Love, which hath long ſince knit my affections to your vertues;

Nec ſi ſurgat centimanus Gyges,
——divellet unquam.

The Gyant with his hundred hands,
Shall not untie thoſe ſilken bands,
VVhich bind me faſt to your commands,

Concerning the Books you wrote for, I cannot but admire you ſhould not have received them, ſince I delivered them to the ſame Carrier that brought you my Letter. They *ſet out together*, however my letter *out-ſtrip't* them in ſpeed, but I wonder not, that being *wing'd* with love and deſire to viſit that breaſt, which the *Muſes and Graces* emulate to make their Habitation. I may not forget to remember my reſpects to your *Brother*, and Mr. *P.* and to aſſure you, that a letter from either of them would be very acceptable; and the rather, though you tell me *my friends are all lame, that they are not lame friends.* This is the deſire of

Sir, your and their
Friend and Servant, T. F.

To

To Mr. J. A.

Sir,

I know you will much wonder at this ſeeming Soleciſme, and I wonder as much at the cauſe thereof. Having found the truth of the former part of the verſe, that *vox audita perit*—I am bold to make an experiment of the latter, and try—*Si litera ſcripta manebit*. Since words, like running meſſengers, have the fate to have their errand forgot as ſoon as they are gone, may this ſerve as a more conſtant *Leiger*, to whiſper in your ears, that he who was ſo bold to requeſt that ſmall courteſie of you, was emboldned thereto by a conſideration, that he was ſtill, as you were once pleaſed to ſtyle him, *your Friend*. I proteſt, Sir, in that confidence I ſo long importun'd you, that I was aſhamed to appear to you again with the like requeſt. And yet, deſirous to ſee that poor brat of my own brain, I reſolv'd to make uſe of this *Proxie*, the rather, becauſe (you know) *Literæ non erubeſcunt*. Sir, I readily believe that your occaſions are great; yet, if you pleaſe to *make truce* with your time, but ſo long as you may look that poor paper, I will engage the utmoſt of my abilities to make you a requital; and if you doubt of my ability, 'twill be a work of *charity* in you to *forgive* me.

In

In *Solomons* Temple there was an *outer Court*, into which ſtrangers were admitted; and an *inner Court*, where onely Jewes were to aſſemble; and the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, where onely the *High Prieſt* might enter. Give me leave to tell you, that though you ſhut me out of the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of your *Friendſhip*, nor will admit me into the *inner Court of your Familiars*, you ſhall not exclude me from the *outward Court of your acquaintance*. And in this reſolve he reſts, that is Sir,

What, or how you pleaſe
to call him beſide T. F.

To Mr. *C. F.*

My Real Friend,

I Received your welcome Letter, and as welcome Token: For the one I ſend you an *Anſwer*, though not *anſwerable*; but to the other, I forbear to *retaliate*, leſt I ſhould thereby turn your *Gift* into a *Bargain*.

Sir, I am very glad to hear that you receive your due money for your ſpiritual bread, although, I fear, it is not the *Tenth* of your deſert, knowing that you cannot feed them but with *fine Flour*. And although I would not rob your Family of their *Dimenſum*, yet ſhall I hope you will not deny me a continuance of

thoſe

thoſe witty crums that fall from their Table. Nor can I be ſo far mine own enemy, as not to think of yours, as *Tully* did of *Atticus* his Epiſtles, that the *longeſt are the beſt.* And aſſure your ſelf, as *Cato* ſaid, *He never knew an old man forget where his gold was.* My Fancy often turns *Forreſter*, and walks the round, till I meet with you, when I am infinitely tranſported with that but *imaginary* enjoyment of that perſon I ſo much delight in; the conceit of which, has driven me into a ſerious conſideration and ſearch, after the wonderful force of the *Imagination.* And I find, ſome have been *kill'd*, others *preſerv'd*, meerly by the ſtrength of their imagination. Here could I be tediouſly copious in as *facetious as ſtrange* ſtories to this purpoſe; but I will not, with *Phormio*, read a Lecture to *Hannibal.* It ſhall ſuffice me, to hope that ſuch *Imagies* of the brain, are no breach of the *ſecond Commandement:* Nor yet am I of the belief of that *Prieſt*, that was fully perſwaded, *That nothing was falſe that was printed.* Whatever be, I am ſure *this is not*, that I am

Sir, your affectionate Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mrs. B.

Miſtris,

ALthough unknown (but by your courteſie) I am bold hereby *to ſalute* you, and have ſent this poor paper to *kiſs your hands*, who have ſo kindly provided for *mine*; not doubting but you will as much admire at theſe *rude lines*, as I did at your *kinder token*. I call it *yours*, and therefore hold my ſelf obliged by the laws of Gratitude, to return you thanks. And, leſt that ſhould be too poor a requital for ſo great a favour, be pleas'd to accept of this ſmall token; for I hate to be *ingrateful*, and am loth to be in debt, either in coyn or courteſie. And, that I may not *part* thoſe whom God hath *united*, I muſt not forget to return like thanks to your loving *Companion*, as knowing it was from your *Conjunction* this *Influence* proceeded. May your *Lives* be as *Lines parallel*, knowing no date till they both meet in our common *Centre* of happineſs. But I fear to be tedious, time and opportunity may ſo propitiouſly befriend me, as in ſome kind or other, at leaſt, to *endeavour* you a larger requital: In the *interim* acknowledge me

Your ready, though unknown

Servant, T. F.

To Mr. B. R.

Sir,

BEing informed by our common friend *N. H.* that your intentions are for——next week, I thought it unmannerly, or rather unfriendly, not to bid you *Farewel*: And I know not better how, than in the words of the *Lyrick Poet to his* Florus,

I bone quo virtus tua te vocat, I pede Fausto.

And this not being *present in person*, I am forc'd to do by *Proxie*, and with *Io* in the Poet, *Litera pro verbis*. I dare believe, though you go farther off, yet your affection will be never the less; for I may justly confer on you, what one once did on *Augustus*,

Rarus tu quidem ad recipiendas amicitias, ad retinendas verò constantissimus.

Story tells us of two *Palm-trees*, growing on the two opposite banks of a River which notwithstanding the distance of the roots, and despight of the intervening water, did lovingly *infoliate* and twine their branches: So, notwithstanding the distance of place, our bodies are planted in, maugre all opposition, we may entwine our branches (Letters I mean) neither (I hope) shall any envious *Catterpiller* (or false friend)

friend) eat away thoſe *leaves*, ſo long as life remains in the root of

Sir, your unfeigned Friend,

T. F.

To M. A. E.

Worthy Sir,

THe *opportunity* of this Bearer is ſufficient *importunity* to me of troubling you at this time, and your *wonted ingenuity*, I hope, will be my *ſufficient warrant*: Nay. I ſhould be very much wanting to my ſelf, and that reſpect I owe you, if I ſhould not. To let you know, that you have not ſown the ſeed of your favours in an altogether barren ſoyl, as doth he that confers a benefit on an ingrateful perſon. But it is my grief, that the crop of my abilities falls ſo much ſhort of your *deſert*, and my *deſire*. To tell you any Newes, were but to put you in mind of thoſe miſeries which you are already too ſenſible of; yet, leſt you ſhould expect it, be pleas'd to underſtand, there was another meſſage came lately from the *K.* to the *H. H.* who have voted an anſwer to it; God grant it may be for Peace, the onely *Aqua-vitæ* to reſtore this fainting Kingdome. I hope it is not yet

with

with us, as it was once in *Perſia*, when there was a Law made againſt Peace; though I know ſubjects ſeldome draw the *ſword* againſt their Sovereign, but they throw away the *ſcabbard*. I forbear to ſay more, becauſe I know not whoſe hands my letter may go through; ſuch is the miſery of our Times. that *Burglary* in this kind was never more *practis'd*. nor leſs *puniſh'd*: Nay, *Lyes* are more tolerable now in *Print*, than loyal *Truth* in *Writing*: Yet fear I not who ſees and knows that I profeſs my ſelf (as I am)

Sir, your devoted Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. T. F.

Sir,

NOt having had the happineſs to ſee you of late, and hearing that you intend to let the Country ingroſs your company, I thought good to viſit you by this *ſilent*, yet (to make it a *Paradox*) *ſpeaking* meſſenger, and I had rather you ſhould imagine the cauſe; yet, if you will not, I muſt be bold to tell you, that I much wonder I ſhould all this while hear no noiſe of my *Viol*. Seriouſly, Sir, I had ſuch a confidence of your reality to your friends (in which number I eſteem my ſelf one) that I could not believe the con-

contrary, though it were ſtrongly inſtigated to me. And Sir, whether your uſage of me hath been anſwerable to my expectation of you, I leave your ſelf to judge. I cannot imagine that you ſhould think I would ſell my —— for the mending or lend it, with an intention to loſe it. I ſhould be very ſorry, that that which was made for *Harmony*, ſhould be an *Inſtrument of Diſcord* between friends; it lies in your power to prevent it: I am willing to believe you will; give not, I pray, my good opinion of you the lye, becauſe I deſire to remain,

Sir, your Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. J. A.

Sir,

SInce your departure, the cruel Fates, intending thereby to make me truly miſerable, have robb'd me of a *very friend*, and that by the irrecoverable hand of *Death*; and, as if they intended me the *ſole object* of their envy, have protracted, if not put off the performance of your promis'd courteſie; ſo that now I am left alone, ſolitarily pondering the complaint of old *Eraſmus*: *Amicorum meorum, alii moriuntur, alii mutant animum.* Me thinks I am depriv'd of all my Senſes, ſince I can neither ſee you, nor hear, either of, or from you. Knowing

not

not the reaſon, I am ready to believe the beſt, and have *Charity* (which *Eraſmus* in his time compar'd to a *Friers Cowle*, becauſe it covers a multitude of ſins) enough to hide all ſurmiſes, till Time, the ſon of Truth, ſhall diſcover all things in their perfect colours. Me thinks I have the fortune of ſome children, who having loſt one arrow, ſhoot another after it, hoping thereby to find it, and not ſeldome loſe both: However you ſhall not Him, that will reſolve to continue

Your entire Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. N. C.

Sir,

I Have ſent you as *many Letters*, as there are *Graces*, and now, I hope, I may lawfully deſiſt, and I have the old rule for my warrant: *Si ter pulſanti nemo reſpondit, abito.* I have long look'd, and attentively liſtned for that happy word, which ſhould at once put a period to your *ſilence*, and mine *expectation*. Happily you may thereby tacitly inſtruct me of the unwelcomneſs of my too forward ſcribling; but I ſhall end with this, leſt I fall under the laſh of the *Italian* Proverb: *Chi ſcrive à chi non riſponde, ò è matto, ò hà di biſognia:* He that writes to one that anſwers not, either he is a fool, or has

has need of him. Your ſilent action makes me remember the conceit of one, that going in the ſtreet, and ſeeing the Signe of the *Golden Croſs*, would lay a wager with him that went with him, that he would make the Maſter of the ſhop (whom I very well know) to pull down his Signe without ſpeaking a word to him: The wager being laid, he pulls off his his hat, and drops half a dozen legs to the Signe; firſt, on one ſide, and then on the other; which the Maſter of the ſhop ſeeing, thinking to prevent his future *Superſtition*, ſuddenly pulls down his Signe, which is now ſupplied with the badge of the *Gilded Trumpet*. Enough this time, when I have ſubſcribed

Yours, T. F.

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

I Am ſo ambitious of continuing our ancient friendſhip, almoſt as old as our ſelves, that I cannot omit the leaſt occaſion, that may ei- *increaſe* or *preſerve* it. And although, me thinks, I hear you tell me, that my *ſoun ding* on ſo ſlight a *knock*, doth but argue me the *empter veſſel*, whilſt you who are more *full fraught*, give no *anſwer*, though with much *importunity*; I have no other excuſe, but to tell you, that I do it, to let you ſee, I had rather ſeem to be a *troubleſome*, than a *forgetful* friend. Truly ſayes our Engliſh Proverb: *He loves not at all, that knows*

knows when to make an end. And the *Italians* are not amiss, who say, *L'amore senza fine, non ha fine.* Love that has no by-end, will know no end.

For my part, I profess no other *end* in my affections, but your *service*, for which I once gave you my *Heart*, and now my *Hand*, that the World may see whose servant is

T. F.

To Mr. C. H.

Mr. Ch.

AS I was going to Church, to keep the *Fast*, your Letter encounter'd me, and (as good reason) turn'd my *Fast* into a *Feast*; but such a one, as my *Senses* were more employ'd on, than my *Palat*: It rejoyc'd me exceedingly to hear *of* that ingenious *Fl.* though I expected to have heard *from* him before this: But I see

Non facti sequimur omnia qua loquimur,

I am sure, *Non passibus æquis.*

To those Poesies you tell me of, I shall only answer them with expectation, since the Instructer of the Art of Poetry tells me;

Nec verbum verbo, curabis reddere.

And to return you something for your Newes, I can only tell you this, that our streets abound with *Grashoppers* silenc'd by our great *Hercules*; and others, that look like horses

thrown into a certain River in *Italy*, which are consumed to the bare bones. For your desire to be made merry, I must confess, *Læta decet lætis pascere corda jocis.* But for you to desire it of me, seems to be a jest it self. I doubt to be tedious, and well know *Seneca*'s rule, That an Epistle should not *Manum legentis implere.* I onely take time to subscribe my self

Your true Friend, T. F.

To Mr. S. M. *at* Barbados.

Friend,

I Received your as *welcome*, as *unexpected* Letter; of which I will say, in the words of *Seneca* that famous Moralist, in an Epistle to his friend *Lucilius*, *Exulto quoties ego Epistolam tuam, implet me bonâ spe: jam non promittit de te, sed spondet.* And God forbid that I should be so uncharitable as not to believe it: Yet, let me tell you, that without the reality of the actions, it is but a *dead letter*; nay, 'twill prove a *deadly*, for should you neglect to *do*, what you there *promise*, or *speak* there, more than you *do*, that very letter will one day rise up in judgment against you. Pardon my plainness, and think never the worse of the Truth for my bad language; Truth may many times have bad cloaths, yet has she alwayes a good face. It is a good mark of the moral Philosopher, that sheep do not come to their shepherd, and shew him how

how *much they* eat, but make it appear by the *fleece* that they wear on their backs, and the *milk* which they give. I will not wrong the ſharpneſs of your judgment by applying the Moral. I have read of two famous Painters, who, to ſhew their skill, the one drew a *bunch of grapes* ſo lively, that he cozened the *Birds*; the other drew a *veil* ſo perfectly over his *grapes*, that he deceiv'd the *Artificer himſelf*: Could we draw the colour of our good works never ſo lively, as to cozen every mortal eye, and draw ſo fine a *veil* over our *evil deeds*, as to conceit our ſelves into a conceit we had none, yet is there an All-ſeeing eye, to whom the darkeſt *ſecret* is moſt *apparent*. Did we but truly conſider this, it could not chuſe but hinder us from committing thoſe things we would be aſhamed to do in the ſight of *Man*, which we daily doe in the ſight of an *Omniſcient God*. Therefore the advice of the *Heathen Philoſopher*, may be made good *Chriſtian practice*, who adviſed to ſet the conceit of *Cato*, or like Grave man, alwayes before us, to keep us from doing what might mis-befit their preſence. It is a *Character* of the wicked man, drawn by the Divine hand, that in all his wayes he *ſets not God before his eyes*: There is alſo another witneſs within us, that can neither be *brib'd*, nor *blinded*. *O te miſerum, ſi contemnis hunc teſtem!* O have a care to offend that *Bird in the breaſt*, that muſt one day ſing, either your joyful *Elogie*, or more doleful *Dirge*. *Camden* our Engliſh *Hiſtoriographer*, tells us of a place in *Staffordſhire*, call'd *Wotton*, in ſo doleful a place, un-

der the barren Hill *Weaver*, that it is a common Proverb of the neighbours,

Wotton under Weaver,
Where God came never.

But alas! there's no ſuch place on Earth to be found; yet can I tell a place where his pure Spirit abhors to enter, namely, into a perſon contaminated and defiled with ſin, and thereby made the *harbour* of *Satan*, and *hatred* of the moſt *High*.

Whereas you tell me you are faln to *labour*, let me comfort you with this, that it is as *univerſal as unavoidable* a Fate laid on us by the mouth of *Truth*. *Man is born to labour, as the ſparks to fly upward*: As if *Man* and *Labour* were *Termini Convertibiles*. But that you *take more pleaſure* now in *Labour*, than you did before in your *Pleaſure*, it much comforts me, aſſuring me that you are now ſenſible of that which the *Romans* taught by placing *Angina*, the goddeſs of *ſorrow and pain*, in the Temple of *Volupeia*, the goddeſs of *Pleaſure*; as if that pain and ſorrow, were the neceſſary conſequences of pleaſure: Whereas on the contrary, *Goodneſs* is like the Image of *Diana*, *Pliny* ſpeaks of: *Intrantes, triſtem*; *Euntes, exhilerantem*. How wretched therefore is their condition, that have their portion in this life! Well may we be *ſtrangers* in this worldly *Ægypt*, ſo we may be *inhabitants* hereafter of the *Heavenly Canaan*. And you, and I may ſay in the words of *Seneca*, *Satis multum temporis ſparſimus, incipiamus nunc in unum colligere*: We have ſpent time enough al-

already, and 'tis high time now to ſave the reſt and to make the beſt of the remnant of our life, becauſe we know not how ſhort it is. It was a wiſe caution of *Eleazer*, a Jew, who being demanded, *When it would be time to repent, and amend?* Anſwered, *One day before death.* And when the other replied, *That no man knew the day of his death. Begin then* (ſaid he) *even to day, for fear of failing. Hoc proprium inter cætera mala, hoc quoque habet, ſtultitia proprium, ſemper incipit vivere, quid eſt enim turpius, quam ſenex vivere inſipiens.* Give me leave, not to inſtruct you, but to tell you what counſel I deſire to practiſe; for it was an envious diſpoſition of that Muſician, that would play ſo ſoftly on his Harp, that none could hear but himſelf. Firſt, 'Tis my care not too much to indulge my body, as knowing that thoſe things the body inclines to moſt, are of the *world*, which is enmity with *God*; and what the Spirit prompts to moſt, muſt needs be beſt, becauſe the *Spirit is heavenly*, and more of kin to the Deity. *Honeſtum ei vile eſt, cui corpus nimis charum eſt*; ſaid one, that knew well what he ſaid: 'Tis not for nothing that our *inward ſpirit* is alwayes moſt *ſad*, when our *outward man* is moſt *merry*. In the ſecond place, 'Tis my deſie to avoid *ill company*, becauſe, as 'tis ſaid of the Tyrant *Mezantius*, *Corpora corporibus jungebat morina vivis.* In that the *Living* rather *putrefied* by reaſon of the *Dead*, but the *Dead* did not *revive* by the *Living*. Such is the nature of man, ſaith St. *Gregory*, *Ut quoties bonus malo conjungitur, non ex bono malus melioratur, ſed ex malo bono contami-*

netur. It is a good caution therefore St. *Bernard* gives (in his 48th. Serm. in *Cantic.*) writing upon theſe words, *As the Lilly among thorns*, &c. *Vide* (ſaith he) *quomodo cautè ambulas inter ſpinas.* I ſpeak this the rather, becauſe I preſume you walk there among *thorns*, and I know not whether there be a place there like the ſtreet in *Rome*, that was called *vicus ſobrius*, becauſe there was never an *Ale-houſe* in't. And, as *Socrates* ſaid of *Alcibiades* (that miracle of his time) when he ſaw him among *Gallants*, *I fear not Him, but his Company.* Now the number of this Company, ſhould not be a meanes to make us *run with them*, but rather to *run from them.* And to this end, 'tis neceſſary for a man to be ever *reſident* on his *Calling*, leſt he be turn'd out of his *Living*, or at leaſt of his *well living*, for *non-reſidency.* Out of a mans *Calling*, out of Gods *Protection.* 'Tis an *Apothegme* of a late Wit, *That he who counts his Calling a Priſon, ſhall at length make a Priſon his Calling.* But whither do I ſtraggle? Me thinks I hear you ſay, as Queen *Elizabeth* once did to an *Embaſſador*, who made a long Oration before her in high terms, She anſwer'd him, *Expectavi Legatum, Inveni Heraldum*; I expected an *Embaſſador*, but find an *Herald:* So, me thinks, I hear you ſay, *Expectavi Epiſtolam, Inveni concionem.* I muſt confeſs, I might have learn'd ſo much modeſty from *Roſcius* the Roman Orator, who was ever mute when he din'd with *Cato*; and the *Thruſh* never ſings, if the *Nightingal* be by. I might very well have ſpar'd this labour, it being perform'd ſo well by—yet if I have done amiſs,

it

it ſhall ſatisfie me, that I did it to ſatisfie mine own conſcience. Now might I *relaxare animum*, recreate your mind, by making you ſome *mirth* with the *diſcords* of our Times; but truly they appear to me a fitter ſubject for our *tears* of *ſorrow*, than of *mirth*. Aſſure your ſelf, I had not thus far tranſgreſt upon your patience, did you not know me to be

Perfectly your Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. A. E.

Sir,

THough I have not had the happineſs of late to be ſo propitiouſly be-friended by occaſion as to write to you,; yet am I ſo confident of your wonted ingenuitie, that you will not attribute it to any neglect of mine; which if I were conſcious to my ſelf were ſo, I ſhould judge it a crime ſo great, that I ſhould not forgive my ſelf. But the truth is, I find more danger in the *conveying* of Newes, than in the *hearing of it*: Nay, my miſery is, I cannot, or dare not at leaſt, inform you of more than every *Pamphlet* can; to ſuch a height of ſuſpition are we now arrived. Beſides ſo barren is each day of Newes, that 'tis not worth *doing penance in a ſheet*: yet, becauſe you are deſirous to know (and I as willing to ſatisfie your deſire) what's done in the *Aſſembly and P.* I

will venture to tell you in an old ſtory. 'Tis this: *Mr.* Popham, *when he was Speaker, and the lower Houſe had ſate long, and done, in effect, nothing, comming one day to Queen* Elizabeth, *She ſaid to him, Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath paſs'd in the lower Houſe? He anſwered, If it pleaſe your Majeſty, ſeven weeks.* You need fear no danger in this, for 'tis *Nothing*; and the *Treaty* is come to as much, both Parties being not like to meet, ſtanding ſtill at their former diſtance. This was prettily Emblem'd by two Sphærical bodies, touching onely *in Puncto* with this Motto, *Pungere poſſunt, pacificari non poſſunt.*

Thus, Sir, you ſee, amidſt theſe dusky clouds, Friendſhip dares mingle flames in a *Convex*, though not in a *direct* line. Aſcertain your ſelf of this, That as it ſhall ever rejoyce me to hear of your health; ſo it ſhall be my endeavour alwayes to be

Your unfeigned Friend,

T. F.

To my Father.

Sir,

AFter the remembrance of my duty, which at all times wants not in my *will*, though ſometimes in my *power*. I lately ſaw Mr. *M.* but cannot tell you whether with greater *joy*, *or grief*. It rejoyc'd me exceedingly to hear of your health, but grieved me more to hear of my Mothers grief, for a falſe information, that

I was a *Sectary, and a Malignant.* Give me leave therefore to say something, whereby I may at once recover her right opinion, and my reputation. And first for the Sectary. Should I say nothing, my *practice* were enough to testifie, that I do as much *shun their Companies, as hate their Tenents.* I count them as *moles and warts*, nay, *wens* in the face of the Body Politick, which, if not timely lanced, will in time not onely *deface*, but *destroy* our Common Mother the *Church*: Neither do I love to run into those *by-wayes* of Sects and Schismes, but rather keep the *safer road* of the Churches practice. There is but *one Way*, *one Truth*; and I account all those (not one better than another, but) *all* out of that *one Way*, *all* opposites to that *one Truth.* I esteem them but as *wilde beasts* broken into the *Vineyard* of the *Church*, the hedge of our Government being pull'd up; but as *nettles and weeds*, (sown and water'd by that envious man) grown up to such an height, that will in time, not onely *o're-top*, but *o'return* the good corn. They are true *vipers*, a beast, whereof *Naturalists* report, that first the *she-viper* biteth off the *he-vipers* head, and so she conceives with young, and those *young* gnaw a passage through their *dams* belly; so that their life is the death of both Father and Mother, as I may so speak. This story I onely relate, not apply, the *Time* and *Times* will not permit me. But that these Vermin do daily encrease, is as *true* as *lamentable*; and they go on with that impudence, that they dare to quote Authority for their false actions. If this be not enough

to

to evince my integritie in this particular, I here proteſt, that I am ſo far from *falling*, or *leaning* after any of theſe wayes, that I utterly abhor and deteſt them. I come now, to wipe off that other aſperſion of a *Malignant*; a term that hath as much *ſimplicity* as *malice* in't: For indeed, it is a name fitter for the *Devil*, than a *Chriſtian*; nay, the *Devil*, in *French*, is call'd *The Malignant Spirit*: And, according to the true ſignification of the word in our language, it ſignifies one that bears malice, or grudge to another. Now, if this be the thing is meant, I thank God, I bear no man in the world the leaſt grudge or ſpight; therefore, in that regard, I am no *Malignant*: But, if this be not their meaning, for my part, I doubt of knowing it, whilſt they are ignorant of it themſelves. Well, I ſee I muſt, like children, frame a Baby of clouts to ſhoot at, fancie a conceit in my brain, which I muſt confute. If then, by a *Malignant*, is meant one that oppoſeth the *Parliament*; be it known, that I never, in the leaſt *word* or *action*, did, or will do any thing to *adopt* me to be a *Malignant*: Or, if by it is intended ſuch a one, as will not run with the *giddy multitude*, that run before they are ſent, and are for that (with leſs ſimplicity, though as much malice, term'd *Round-heads*) that is, one that in *ever turning*, is *never ſetled*. And, indeed, I know not how they ſhould otherwiſe but wander in the *Labyrinth* of Errors, not following the *Cloud* of the Churches practice: whereas, it is the *Character of a good man*, to be like the *Timber of Noah's Ark*, which was (not round, but)

but) *four-ſquare*, and would, therefore, not *turn*, but abide *firm*: If to be ſo, be to be a Malignant, I care not to profeſs my ſelf one. It is with men in theſe Times, as I have obſerv'd in a Company of Souldiers, upon any motion, thoſe that are skilful and tried Souldiers, it is but taking a ſtep with *one foot*, whilſt the other *ſtands faſt*, and the motion is performed; whereas ſuch as are ignorant, run to and fro, perplexing themſelves, and putting the whole company *out of order*, before they get into *theirs*. So it is with us, we move not without the word of Command, and then we ſhall, without moleſtation, *face about*, if our *Leaders* think fit: Holding in this particular, the Politicians rule; *However we admire what's paſt, to ſubmit to what's preſent.* It were eaſie to be infinite in this diſcourſe. To ſhut up all, when I know better what it is to be a *Malignant*, I ſhall be ready to give an account of my *judgment* and *practice*. In the mean time, I beſeech you to believe, that I am neither *Sectary*, nor *Malignant*: But

Sir, your dutiful Son,

T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Ned,

GIve me leave to tell thee a truth in the words of that witty *Martial*, to his Friend *Priſcus*.

Cum

Cum te non noſſem, dominum, regemq; vocabam,
Cum bene te novi, tam mihi Priſcus *eris.*

I will not venture at a *Tranſlation*, leſt it ſhould loſe by't. But let me tell thee, I ſuppoſe more friendſhip in that *Monoſyllable*, than all the ſwelling colours of abuſed *Rhetorick*. 'Twere a needleſs *Tautologie*, to tell thee thy Letter was welcome to me; *Diu deſiderata dulcius veniunt*, Thou doſt *enhance* my value of them by their *ſcarcity*. But, for *mine*, alas, poor *ex tempore* things! I make them as *common*, as they are *eaſie*; and yet am *careleſs of my credit*, that I may not ſeem *careleſs of my friend*. Thou needſt not beg ſuch a trouble, that is as certain as the Moons courſe. I am glad thou haſt got a *witty Companion* there, for 'twas long ſince (here) turn'd out of the *Line of Communication*. Commend me to *L C L*. and tell him, *his name* ſhould ſpeak him *my friend*; for, really, I am more beholding to *that name*, than any one I know. But I need not goe ſo far about, 'tis ſufficient he is *thy* friend, and then he cannot chuſe but be *mine*; for, among friends, all things are *common*, and why not friends too? Really, I am ſo taken with that witty companion (and I know thou wilt not be-lye him) that if he will honour me with his name in a piece of paper, I will keep it as a *Relick*. And if I have run into an abſurdity, let my fault be excuſable, in that it is in relation to that thou calleſt *Wit*; and

If

If Cloris *doat upon her face,*
The fault is in her Looking-glass.

But for Newes, I know *your eyes* out-strip *my pen*, and, me thinks, I see thee *first* look for the *Newes at the latter end*; that thou readst my Letters, like *Hebrew*, backward. Yet, this time, thou wilt onely finde, *what's no Newes*, that I am

Thine, T. F.

To Mr. *C. F.*

Sir,

REsolving, not alwayes to act the *Eccho* onely in single Answers, to your welcome Letters. No longer ago than the last night (my thoughts were wholly imploy'd upon a more pleasing object than sleep it self) in a serious contemplation of you, my *Second-self*: The result of my thought, after a full consultation, were, to visit you by a more real *Proxie* than my rambling fancie: For, though I have read of a *Gentleman*, who, going to the *Spittle*, to hear one of those annual Sermons, it seemes his slowness had shut him out of all hope of *hearing*, and al-

almoſt *ſeeing* the Preacher; till, remembring he had a *Perſpective glaſs* in his pocket, thereby drawing the Preacher nearer to his ſight (to prove a communitie of the Senſes) the ſtory tells me, he *heard him audibly*. I never tryed the experiment, but I dare affirm, that by the Perſpective-glaſs of Fancy, I have both viſibly and audibly enjoy'd your wiſhed preſence. You know the old maxime is, *Ubi amat, ibi animat*: 'Tis therefore no *Paradox* to affirm, that I have often been in the *New Forreſt*, (which your ſweet preſence converts into a *Paradiſe*) although I was never there. But I fear, this is no better than *Crambe bis cocta*, and ſo nauſeous, I quit it therefore, and return to my firſt purpoſe, which was to tell you, that your laſt letter really *prevented* my reſolved intentions, which yet I am (and ever ſhall be) glad of, to be thus *intercepted*, as profeſſing it to be more proper to my weak pen to be *Reſpondent*; which you will not doubt of, if you conſider, that *Trumpeters* love to ſound near *Eccho places*, where the Eccho uſes to be moſt *ſolubly Reſpondent*: But I talk of an Anſwer, and return none.

In brief then, thus: I begin where you end, and here deſire to erect an *Altar* of thanks to the protecting providence, that ſhielded you (and in you my ſelf) from that firſt *imminent*, then *eminent* danger; as knowing the truth of that ſaying, *That Bleſſings often ravel out, for want of hemming by thankefulneſs*. I cannot ſpeak my mind *fuller*, than he has done to my hand: Now, to your deſire, I cannot yet return you other

other answer, than that the utmost of my endeavours were long since devoted to your commands: And for——I expect him daily in Town; when he is, I shall acquaint him with your intentions to him. I hear that he is already turn'd *Predicant*; me thinks 'tis something too soon, to spend his small stock of parts, which, I fear, will make him *Mendicant*. But I had forgot to tell you, that I cannot but apprehend, that Providence in your late delivery, hath plainly given you a Caveat, that *you*, at least *your Credit*, will be most safe in your *own house*. Prethee pardon me, if my affection make me thus (if not too) bold, to tell thee, that you betray that precious jewel of your credit to the *rape* of every *felonious tongue*, which would be far more safe in your own House. I could say more, but *verbum sat, &c.* Take it as the counsel of

Your really endeared Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Honest Ned,

IF there be one, whom the necessitie of my *Stars* compel me to love, 'tis thee: But besides this, I find my self entangl'd with a double tye; first, of thine unparallel'd *Love*, as the *tree*; and now a gift, as the *fruit* of that: And, how willingly am I imprisoned with these fetters!

ters! which, certainly if I could, I would not break; a three-fold cord is not easily crack't. Well, I acknowledge my self, not onely thy *Debtor*, but thy *Prisoner*, and count it my onely *Liberty*. Expect no such *golden-mouthed* Letter from me, as yours was, nor any *silver-tongu'd Complements*: Believe me, where I see *most complement*, I suppose *least friendship*. Let me onely affirm, that though our bodies are severed, our souls still meet; though we are *divided*, we are not divorced; but like this *Virgin-widow*, still flourish, though in the All-deflowring Winter. Take it therefore, not as a *Token*, but an *Embleme* of our Love. I presume it cannot be unwelcome; if not for the *Senders*, yet for the *Author*, and the *Subjects* sake: And for the other, if there be a *Sympathy* in Friendship (as I believe there is) then cannot that be unpleasing *to you*, which was so superlative pleasing *unto me*. However, I have aimed onely at a supplying you with what (I conceive) your Countrey is defective in. Sure I am, the offence cannot be *great* (if it be so) the gift it self being so *small*; especially from

Your fast Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mr. R. R.

Worthy Friend,

WIth how much joy I received your exquiſite Epiſtle, is eaſier for you to *imagine*, than me to *relate*. You know me too well to expect the like *Return* from me; yet ſhall I deſire to follow you,

Tamen non paſſibus æquis.

And to pay you your *Golden Royals* (if the comparilon be not too mean) with my *farthing* language: Yet, hoping it may be *Current* among friends; for, I dare aſſure you, they carry the ſtamp of the *Heart*.

My Tongue's not tip't with Complements, which be
But like green leaves to skreen Hypocriſie,
With words as falſe as fair. Who Fucus *layes*
Upon her face, It's homelineſs betrayes.
Nor skill I of the powerful charms of Art,
But I can ſpeak the Language of the Heart.

I admire others *Neatneſs*, but practice *Reality*, which I eſteem ſo much the more, as I find it leſs uſed. I think the *Publique Faith* has devoured all *fidelity*, and the *Sword* cut that (ſuppoſed) indiſſoluble knot of friendſhip, *cancell'd* the *Bond* of all *Obligations*. Henceforth, ſhall they be onely *Names*, and ſucceedings Ages not know what they meant. But to your

Letter, and my *Anſwer*; which when I conſider I cannot but apply that proper Speech of the deep *Putean* to his Friend; *Scribere ego pœne impudentiam, ſilere tu delictum cenſeas.* Yet know I not of any letter that lies by me unanſwer'd; for, I hold it a *breach* of the *Articles* of Friendſhip, not to be punctual in Returns of this Nature. If you accuſe me of *breach* of promiſe, I cannot but tax you of *delay* in yours; though I count this but *Billingſgate* policie. Proceed, then, my Friend, and let our friendſhip be a Particular Exception from the General Rule of the worlds falſhood. Our ſweet Flower is tranſplanted to a remote ſoyl, near the Iſle of *Wight*. Pardon me, if I be covetous of your learned lines, to ſupply the *vacuum* of his abſence: Nor is this covetouſneſs unlawful; for I dare pronounce it (in *Seneca's* ſtyle) *Avaritia Honeſta*. And, hoping your fair *Cham* will not diſdain the ſilent whiſpers of a ſhallow *Forde*, aſſure your ſelf, you ſhall not hereafter complain for want of this kind of trouble: Although, to deal ingeniouſly with you (as I would have my friends to deal with me) I have ſo long diſcontinued this practice, that my pen is grown blunt, and my ink thick: But ſome of your *Academick Flames*, may contribute much to the *ſublimating* of my ſetled fancy, which ſhall wholly run in Channels of your commands: For I am

Sir, your ready Servitor,

T. F.

To L. C. L

Sir,

YOu are pleaſed to ſtyle me your *Honoured Friend*, which I muſt confeſs to be too *high* a ſtyle for my *low* deſerts to *climbe*, did I not conſider, that my *Honour* conſiſts onely in your *Honouring me* with ſo unmerited a Title. 'Tis a Maxime, *Honor non eſt in honoranti, non in honorato.* Sir, I proteſt I intended nothing that might occaſion a bluſh; if it were, it was more proper for my ſelf: yet, having ſuch a *mirrour*, I was bold, againſt the rules of *Maiden-modeſty*, to look a ſtranger in the face. And truly, though I have no skill in *Palmiſtry*, yet, by thoſe fair lines of your *Hand*, I dare, without fear of flatterie, tell you, that *Ned* nothing wronged you; for, I aſſure you, I diſcover in them a great deal of ingenuitie. But, to caſt off all terms of diſtance, that we may meet in a cloſer conjunction, believe it, Sir, in plain Engliſh, that I love you with an *implicite* love; and ſhall count my ſelf not a little happy, if thoſe ſeeds of friendſhip, ſown in Winter, may flouriſh in the Spring, and out-date time it ſelf. This ſhall not be wanting, either in *the deſires, or endeavours* of

Sir, your as real as unknown

Friend and Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Dear Ned,

I Should ſcarce believe there were ſuch a thing *in rerum naturâ*, as what we call a *Friend*, did not you come in, and convince me that *you are one*; and, what's more, *Mine*. Goe on, and let the world ſee, there is yet living that flame of *antique* friendſhip, which the *Ancients boaſt, and we deſpair of*. I heartily thank thee for thy laſt letter, though by the hand of a left-handed man-midwife it miſ-carried in the delivery; and (as bearing the fate of the Author) is gone on Pilgrimage as far as *Exeter*. I much lament the loſs, and ſhould more did I not think the kinder Fates did it out of love to me, leſt I ſhould have periſhed with too much joy. Haſt thou not heard? I am ſure I have read of many, that have been ſmothered with too much Happineſs. *Alexander*, when hearing that he was at once made Father of a Son, and Conquerour of his Enemies, deſired the gods to qualifie it with ſome croſs. It were eaſie to be copious in this ſubject, did I not *write* to one, that may *read* to me in *Hiſtory*: And, truly, my laſt letter had the fate to be out-dated long before I could get conveyance for it; wherein it much reſembled the worm (in *Pliny*) called *Multipoda*, or many feet, and yet hath a very ſlow pace. *Ned*, I wiſh thee often here, yet am I never abſent from thee: For, ſince that friend-

ſhip

ſhip incorporated us, it is no *Paradox* to affirm, *Hoc memorabile eſt, ego tu ſum, tu es ego, unanimi ſumus.* Neither mayſt thou think, that diſtance, or *cold* can ſunder me, but I ſhall *burn* in friendſhip by an *Anteperiſteſis.* Things are now at the Height, that we expect a ſudden crack: I will not make my paper guilty of relating any of it, you will ſee it in Print. What effects 'twill produce, I will not *Propheſie*: But you know, *The Philoſopher that looked too high, fell into the ditch.* Farewel, and continue to Love

Thy conſtant Friend,

T. F.

To M. C. F.

My Alter Ego,

MY laſt was in anſwer to yours of the 18th of *September*; ſince when, I have been forced to recreate my fancie, with thoughts of thee my ſecond ſelf, as *Dido*, in the Poet, did her *Æneas*:

Illum abſens abſentem auditque, viditque.

Which I find well paraphraſed to my hand, thus:

Whilſt abſence ſever'd them apart,
She ſaw, and heard him in her heart.

If my thoughts were ſo ſatiated with a meer

conceit, what would your real Letters doe? which I know to be fraught with *profitable pleasure*, the perquisites of a true Epistle: And though mine be not equal to ballance yours, yet I shall endeavour to recompence in *number*, what they want in *weight*.

Yours are rich wares, *mine* poor baggatels,
Yours Orient Gems, *mine* rugged oyster-shels.
Yet Tokens, *with the true stamp, may*
Be currant, *though of base allay.*

Sir, *flattery* is no part of *friendship*; *Non amo quemquam nisi offendam*, said a wise Heathen. Give me therefore leave to tell you, that you are too careless of your credit: I hear you have thereby lost much ground in your P. affections, which I could wish by Mr. *E*'s. example, you would be careful of; for I can assure you, in these times, the *peoples affections* are but a *fickle foundation* to build ones hopes on: 'Tis a thousand pities, that the *best ground* should be the *dirtiest*, and the *best work-men* the *worst husbands*; especially one of your *colour*, who ought to walk not onely *caste*, but *cautè*. You know who sayes, *A Ministers Doctrine is like a candle, if not guarded by the lanthorn of a cautious life, will soon be blown out by the wind of detraction.* The Egyptians *Hierogliphick* God by an *open eye*: He is *totus oculus*; and I am perswaded, there is no *colour so much in his eye as black*. Enough of this: I am not willing to run into the common errour of the Times, to usurp *Moses Chair*. If my zeal to your welfare has already committed a trespass, let it be sufficient,

ent, that it was out of perfect friendship. It is said of *Gerson* (that famous Frenchman) that he took not content in any thing so much, as in a plain and faithful reproof of his friend: And, it is the note of that venerable *Bede*, that *Semper optimos sapientum ut dictum majorum auscultent, aliquando minorum.* And I will not onely suffer, but thank you, to deal so with me. Concerning Newes, I am of the *Italians* mind, That *nulla nuova*, is *bona nuova*; *the least newes is the best newes.* Take it briefly thus: His Majestie doth lay aside his own Interest wholly, that He may (if possible) comply with his Conquerors; that I may truly apply to him that saying of an undaunted Captain, slighting the insulting braves of him that took him, thus: *Thou holdest thy Conquest great, in overcomming me, but mine is far greater, in overcomming my self.* 2. Death is grown as insatiable a Country *C. M.* for he hath of late swallow'd all the living creatures, men, women, dogs, cats, *&c.* in a whole Citie in *Spain*, not leaving one alive to relate it. But I forgot your business. I mention'd it to Sir *Ch.* who is no *Orderly man*, nor willing to receive it: I have mention'd it to others, with as much earnestness as you can imagine, but the great distance of place, makes them not meet my desires. Though I have used this (as I thought perswasive) argument, *The farther out of sight, the more safe:* For I am confident, many a mans *Good Living*, and not *his bad life*, has entitl'd him to a *Prison.* Therefore count I you wise, in *sequestring* your self, to avoid a *Sequestration.* Sir, I hope you will

not judge of my endeavours by the ſucceſs, but believe me to be

Yours as real as obliged Friend

and Servant, T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Bad, wicked warr. Anagr.

Honeſty,

NOw muſt my wearied fancy undertake
A tedious task: to ſeek *I know not where*,
Whom I ſhall find, alas! *I know not when*:
Yet on I muſt, bound by a thred of love,
Which happily may prove a *clew* to guide
Me in this wide Mæandring Labyrinth.
So have I ſeen (as groping in the dark)
An arrow ſhot at randome, hit the mark.
On then, my Pilgrim-pen, mask'd in the weeds
Of blackeſt ſorrow; and with big ſwoln eyes,
Seek him thou canſt not *ſee*: make hils & dales
Reſound with thy loud voicing of that name,
Whoſe Eccho ſtands in competition with,
And far out-vies the muſick of the Spheres:
At whoſe ſole ſound my duller ſenſes dance
A Galliard; but that failing, lifeleſs ſtand.
Like that ſtrange Lake, that whilſt the muſick ſounds,
Doth flow in meaſures; and then ebb as faſt,
When that doth ceaſe. Or like the ſtones & trees

That

That danc'd attendance on *Orpheus* Harp.
Strike thou bleſt Lyre, and with thy muſick call
My ſorrow-fetter'd ſenſes from the grave
Of lumpiſh grief; which Reſurrection muſt
Only be wrought by thine all-charming pen:
Or elſe, as great *Auguſtus*, in a kiſs,
Surrender'd up his lateſt breath unto
His deareſt *Livia*; thereby making her
Sole Heir to that ſurviving part, which long,
By tranſmigration, lived in her breaſt.
So muſt my ſtarved Hopes ſurrender to
Thoſe long and fierce aſſailants, which beſiege
Me, with their troops of fears, and pale deſpair,
If not relieved by thy timely quill.
But fear, like to a cunning enemy,
Doth labour to perſwade my jealous thoughts,
That thou art not in a capacitie.
Now, therefore quickly, my *Terpander*, come
With thy Harmonious layes, allay theſe ſtirs,
And civil broyls, in my perplexed thoughts,
For fear they mutinie, and me betray.
Delay not, now, to give my fears the lye:
For, ſpinning out the thred of time, will make
But a ſad woof to cloath my ſorrows with,
And turn my Tragick verſe to Elegies.
And thus my many feet have almoſt run
My fancie out of breath: Here I muſt *reſt*,
And *Tantalize* with weary expectation,
Till mother-time (that's gravidated with
A dubious iſſue) be deliver'd of
A maſculine, white boy of mirth, or with
A female Negro of grief; which will be
Strange welcome to

Your Servant, Allégre.

To Mr. S. M.

Sir,

IT is reported by *Pliny*, that *Apelles*, that famous Painter, was wont, when he had finiſhed any piece of work, or painted table, to ſet it forth in ſome open place, or thorow-fare, to be ſeen of Paſſengers; and himſelf would lie cloſe behind it, to hearken what faults were found in it; in that, preferring the judgment of the vulgar, before his own, imagining they would ſpie more narrowly, and cenſure his faults more ſeverely than himſelf could. Having expoſed this homely piece to publick view, I have, with *Apelles*, lien unſeen, and to that purpoſe, unknown, that thereby I might the better learn what others opinions were thereof: Not truſting to my own, as knowing that *Ely* was not the onely indulgent Father to his own Off-ſpring. And, as it was his aym to relie upon the judgment of the moſt judicious (of which number, I eſteem your ſelf none of the leaſt) it had been preſented to you in the firſt place, had I not been deterred, as not daring to approach the ſcorching rayes of your ſeverer cenſure: Like him, that being in the preſence of *Auguſtus* the Roman Emperor (who had a piercing Eagle-eye) turn'd away his face; the Emperour demanding the reaſon why he did ſo? He replied, *Quia fulmen oculorum tuorum ferre non poſſum.* The like may I affirm: *Ter*

limen

limen tetigi, terq; recedi. Oft have I been about it, and as oft repulſed by the conſciouſneſs of mine own unworthineſs: Yet have I, at length, adventured, in confidence that you have, as well *charity to pardon*, as *judgment to find out* errours. With ſuch a hope therefore, that you will *skreen* your ſeverer cenſure with a veil of charitie, I have, at length, preſumed this into your preſence: The rather, becauſe I do hereby but return you the Hony, made from the various flowers of your own garden; where, I hope, I have not (as ſome that do, *Spinas librorum colligere*) weeded books; but crop't their bloſſomes, and yet left never the leſs behind me. *Naturaliſts* (thoſe Clerks of Natures cloſet) report of the *Peach-tree*, that it receives the qualitie of the ſoyl where it is planted. In *Perſia it is poyſonous, elſewhere nutrimental*: Such is the condition of our nature, that it ever reteines the ſavour of that liquor wherewith it was ſeaſoned in its youth. It hath been *my care*, and is *my hope*, that I may one day affirm that of the Philoſophers ſcholar, *Me mihi melior reddidit, quàm accepit.* Another obligation there is alſo, which hath occaſioned in me this preſent boldneſſe, and to you this preſent trouble: That you are one that do not *ſcænam ſervire*, but are truly ſenſible of the irregular actions of thoſe, who would be thought the line of Truth. I think the Poet Propheſied of our age, when he complain'd,

Victa jacet pietas, & cedit viribus æquum.
Non metuunt leges, ſi at pro ratione voluntas.
Omnia pro tempore, nihil pro veritate.

Comines complaines, that many mens Offices and Lands were taken from them for running away (in the Battle between *Lewis* the 11th. and the *Burgundians*) and given to thoſe that ran nine miles farther. But I have made too long a Parentheſis in your more ſerious occaſions; and, me thinks, I hear *Apelles* his *Ne ſutor ultra crepidam*, rounded in my ear. I here ceaſe, though not from being

Your faithful Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

YOur Letter of the 2d. of *November*, came ſafe; and though late, yet at laſt I return you an anſwer: For, though the Apoſtle ſaith, it is the duty of a good *ſervant* καὶ ἀντιλέγοντας *not anſwering again:* yet I think, it is no part of a good *friend.* Whereas you tell me, it is no Newes to hear of the theft of felonious tongues, but that it were a greater wonder, if they ſhould turn honeſt, it puts me in mind of a facetious ſpeech of the grave *Cato:* When one asked counſel of him ſoberly, what harm he thought boaded

boaded him, becauſe *Rats had gnæwn his Hoſe?* He anſwered with this jeſt: That it was a ſtrange thing to ſee that; but it had been much more ſtrange, *If his Hoſe had devoured the Rats.* Now, to be ſerious. If you will needs know from whence that ſmoak came, I muſt tell you, it aroſe from the *New Forreſt*, but I diſcover'd it at *London*; and finding it might *fore-run* a ſtorm, I was bold to *fore-warn* you of it, becauſe, you know, *Præmonitus, præmunitus*. Neither ought you (I ſuppoſe) to deſpiſe it, (eſpecially comming from a hand aimed only at your ſafety. Great ſhips have been caſt away by a little leak unlook'd to. I remember the Fable that the *Butterfly* asked the *Owle, How ſhe ſhould deal with the fire that had ſcorched her wings? Who counſelled her, not to behold ſo much as its ſmoak.* And, becauſe you will know of me where this vapour did beat in; Truly, I was informed, you were like to ruine your fortune, and that by one whom I know you eſteem your friend. Therefore was I bold to adviſe you to provide an *Ark* againſt the *Deluge:* Not like the merry Scholar in *Chaucer*, that he might lie with the *Carpenters* wife. But I talk idle. Really, I had not ſaid any thing, had I not been confident, you would take it with the *right hand*, as I gave it; and the rather, that I might thereby engage you to deal with me in the ſame manner: For, *Hoc officium* (as I take it) is *Maximum beneficium*. And now, would not my very excuſe increaſe my fault, I would Apologize for my (I fear) too tedious prolixitie. I will onely add, that I ſhall

be

be very glad your more urgent businesse would permit you to punish me in the same kind: Who am, not queint, nor quick now, but still

Your entire Friend,

T. F.

Postè.

The *Fratres Gladiferi* are still predominant. People were never so poor, nor never so brave, as if they would be proud by an *Antiperistasis.*

To Mr. J. W.

Sir,

THat you accost me with the name of *Friend*, I am not a little joyful, but more to be yours. It is a term used *by all*, understood *by few*, but practised *by none*, that I can find. But I will not build my credit upon the ruines of others: It is sufficient, that I can boast of this, that I am yours; and I hope you will still deign to be mine. And now Sir, I shall return an answer to the several particulars of my Letter, *Ordine quisque suo.* First, You tell me you are solitary and Hermetical. I could hardly forbear envying of your Happinesse: 'Tis a life I as much *desire*, as I little *hope* for. But, *Sive pluit Jupiter, aut non pluit, non omnibus placet.* And so I quit that, and am arrived at your desire, which to me is a sufficient command. 'Tis

Newes

Newes you desire, and it would have been Newes indeed, if you had not. In brief then, *Kent* is, for the general, quiet, onely some excepted places: But, to make you laugh, Prophet, *Hunt*, the other day, at a full *Exchange*, came crowding into the middle, with a *joynt-stool* upon his head; which, when he had set down, he stood upon, and cried, *O yes, if any man in the Town, or Country, can tell me what good the Parliament hath done these eight yeares, let him come, and speak, and I'll sit down and hear him:* and, that you may know the truth of it, he is in *Bridewell* for his labour. And now I meet with your *Cordial*, which is *Cordiality*, well may we invent *new* terms to signifie realitie by; for I think, hereafter the *old* will not be understood. I have remembred you to as many as I suppose your friends, and have only in return, Mr *Th. E*'s service. The rest, not concluding you aymed at them in *particular*, since you onely shot at Rovers in the *general*. The second part of your commands, I have performed onely upon your welcome Letter, and have sent this to kiss your hands. If this may contribute any thing to the *delivery* of your expectation, I shall count your acceptance a sufficient reward. But I will not add feathers to the wings of time, which I know you put to lawful usury. Here then I take my Rest, and resolve to remain,

Sir, yours ready to serve you,

T. F.

To Mr. W. L.

Will.

LEt my *Hand* now ſpeak for my *Heart*, and know, that the *lines* of the one, is the *language* of the other. But I will not tire thee with a preamble, leſt it might be ſuſpected for a piece of *Rhetorical* inſinuation; but abruptly tell my errand, without reſpect ſo much as to a civil Complement. *Will.* How really I am obliged to thee in my affections, my engagements thereto, by thy many multiplyed courteſies, may ſufficiently teſtifie: And for that reaſon (to make ſhort work) I am reſolved to give thee that, for which, from another I ſhould have expected, and happily have had a price. You cannot imagine *me* ſo little *Man*, or *that* to coſt me ſo little *paines*, but that I muſt conceive it worth as much as every puny Pamphlet; or (grant it were not) think me ſo ſimple, as to *run the Gantelope of the worlds cenſure for Nothing*. Yet is not any, or all of theſe ſtrong enough to draw me from diſpenſing with mine own profit, or credit, when they ſtand in competition with a friend. In brief therefore, if you can imagine it worth your acceptance, or but enough to ſtrike off the leaſt notch from the tally of mine engagements, 'tis yours. I refer it, and my ſelf, wholly to your diſpoſe. Some (you cannot but think) I muſt beſtow

beſtow on ſome friends; and I ſhould be loth to *buy*, what I did not *ſell*, or have and muſt give away. My ſhort ſtay here, will not admit any long delay. Let thy anſwer be like my time, and my departure, *ſhort* and *ſhortly*. I am ſtill

Your long-laſting Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. J. W.

My friend,

FOr ſo I preſume to call you, becauſe, if your Tongue and Heart were *Relatives* when you wrote your laſt kind Letter, you were pleaſed to diſhonour your ſelf with that Title. To lay aſide all terms of diſtance, that we may cloſe, and mingle ſoules in the flame of friendſhip, pardon me hereafter, if I lay aſide the name of Mr. as incompatible with that of friendſhip. But let me tell you, that I can ſcarce think your invective againſt *Complements* to be real, ſince you cannot *compleat* your Letter without them. *Tully* once told a Lawyer, pleading a bad cauſe: *Tu niſi fingeres ne ſic ageres.* For your Complements you beſtow on me and mine, I ſhall onely aſſure you, you ſtruck the ball to an ill hand, if you look for a rebound. Your quibble upon my name, would have pleas'd me exceedingly, had you not married (and ſo marr'd) it with ſo diſ-agreeing an Epe-

thite, as to call that *deep*, whoſe very name ſpeaks it but *ſhallow*: So that by ſtyling me *deep*, you have taken away my name of *Forde*. But if you will have my Etymologie, it is this; *Vadum à vadendo*, from going; and ſo it tells you, that I ſhall never be wearie of travelling in your ſervice. Or, if you will, it is πόρος à πείρω. *trajicere*, to *paſs over*, and ſo *I paſs it by*. That that poor draught has ſatisfied your thirſt, I am not a little glad; but it ſeems, it was of the nature of *ſalt water*, which makes the *drinker* but the *drier*. And, truly, I queſtion not but you are, if you keep your promiſe, and not drink till the return of this, which I wiſh may be anſwerable to your expectation. For your complaint of want of Books, I conceive it needleſs in you, who are a walking Library. Now will I relate what they here tell for truth. One *Rolph*, (ſomething near *Ravillac*) a Shoomaker, had plotted to have brought his Majeſtie to his *Laſt*; but (as Heaven would have it) he prov'd but a *Cobler* at it, and ſo was diſcovered. Your Letter which mine was *big with*, is ſafely delivered, by

Your Friend and Servant,

T. F.

T.

To Mr. E. B.

My beſt of Friends,

FInding *friendſhip* to be as *cold* as the *weather*, we thought to repel it, by celebrating this preſent time with the remembrance of thee; when we turned thy *Aurum Palpabile* into *Aurum Potabile*; and I dare affirm it was *Cordial*. We did remember thee *Plenis poculis*; and becauſe two make no muſick, we engaged two or three other *Conſorts*, to compleat our *Harmony*. And that thou mayſt ſee, we did not only *drink* like irrational animals, I will tell thee (if my memory fail me not) the *Original of Healths*. When the *Danes Lorded* it over our Kingdomes, (whence by corruption they were termed *Lurdanes*) they were *quartered* in ſeveral Houſes, (a word, I muſt confeſs, I underſtood not when I read it firſt; but ſince, the Times have inſtructed me with a witneſs.) They were ſo imperious, that no man thought himſelf ſecure in their preſence: and knowing the advantage men have of one that is lifting his hand to his mouth in drinking, they uſed (which after was a cuſtome) to drink to one at the Table, who was thereby engaged to be their pledge, or ſurety for their ſafety, whilſt they were drinking; and ſome of our Countries do ſtill retein the original, in anſwering, Sir, *I pledge for you*. To this I doubt not but the witty *Waller* alludes in his *Poems*, where he ſings,

Wine fills the veins, and Healths are underſtood,
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

Newes is ſo confuſed, that I know not where to begin; yet where ſhould I, but at home: and that's in the *Church-yard*, that you may know, *In nomine Domini incipit omne malum.* Our yard is a place of *Rendezvouz*, a *Bridewel*, an *Execution-place*, &c. Here the gallant *Pitcher* went to *Pot*: I mean, was broken, by the mercileſs blind bullets; or (if thou wilt have it in plain terms) was ſhot to death. I could not name him without an Elegie, but that I think my Muſe is run away, to ſeek a better Maſter in theſe hard times. And indeed, the *Muſes* may well be *Maids*, for they are commonly fartheſt off, when moſt intreated. *Mary* was once the hate and burthen of the *City*, and the name's but Anagrammatiz'd; but they are as weary of their *Phyſicians*, as they were before of their *diſeaſe*. I cannot reſemble our *rich Citizens* better, than to ſome *Hogs* I have read of, that were ſo fat, that *Mice* made neſts in their buttocks, and they felt them not. But now they have pretty well eaten through their fat, and are come to the quick, and now they begin to be ſenſible of them. Here are ſome deſperate Members, that gape wide to devour their Head, and there is nothing can reſcue him but a miracle. And now, I hope, the largeneſs of my Letter will excuſe me from adding any more

No.

No wonder my Letters are ſo *big*, being ſo *old* before they come to hand. Let me onely add that I am ſtill

Dear Ned, *Thine*,

uſque ad aras,

T. F.

To Mr. C. F.

Friend, or Brother, chuſe you whether,
Natures bonds are ſtrong in either.

THough I never knew the happineſs of a *Brother*, I count that want infinitely ſupplyed, if not out-gone, by the adoption of ſome *friends*: of which number, I need not now tell you, you hold a chief place. You may eaſily imagine how welcome your laſt was to me, the rather, becauſe it aſſured me of your, not onely *receiving*, but *accepting* mine; which (ſeriouſly) I doubted, when afterward I read *Seneca*'s Caveat: *Vide, non tantum an verum ſit quod dicis, ſed an ille cui dicitur veri patiens ſit.* But, believe me, it was pure friendſhip that præcipitated my pen; and in friendſhip, thoſe are great faults, that are not *venial*. And now it lies in your power only, to make thoſe poor papers a true glaſs (as you are pleaſed to call them) in a reflection of my own face, without partiality; and indeed, this was the chief intent of my deſigne at firſt: and you cannot think

how I will hug it, nay, *out-dote Narciſſus* himſelf. I hope, though you have entertained the *Graces*, you have not quite caſhier'd the *Muſes*: For, though the Times be hard, yet they are no *chargeable* retinue. But, I know you expect ſome Newes: and truly, here is *Nova, & inaudita rerum facies.* Here, they that count *Stables* as good as *Churches*, have made our *Churches Stables.* But enough of this, and for this time, when I have ſtyled my ſelf

Your diligent Obſerver,

T. F.

To Mr. L. C. L.

Noble Sir,

THe laſt clauſe of your laſt ingenious Letter, has proved a Propheſie: For, you are pleas'd to tell me, that you long for my anſwer, and truly I have made it a long anſwer, though a ſhort letter: and that, till it come, every day's a moneth; and I am ſure, it will be a moneth every day e're you have it: yet be confident, it was not for want of *love*, but want of *leiſure.* You know, *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens ſtupet.* Great love (like great grief) muſt move *gradatim.* Sir, that you tell me, ſince you ſaw my lines, you are grown womaniſh, and long for a view. I dare not think it flatterie, becauſe from a friend; yet am I not a little proud on't. Thus have we the happineſs (like Princes) to

woo

wooe by Picture, and wed by Proxie. For though I have hitherto been an *Atheiſt* to *female* love, yet have I thus often *wooed*, and as often *won* a *ſecond-ſelf*; for ſo's a *friend*, as well as a *wife*, and the *marriage* of the *minds*, is no leſs firm and honourable, than that of the *body*. And I will aſſure you, Sir, I am more ambitious of that happy viſit you are pleaſed to promiſe me, than ſome *Amoretto* would be of his Miſtris. In the mean-time, I ſhall hope to ſee you in thoſe lively Images of your ingenious ſelf. To thoſe unmerited *Encomiums* you are pleaſed to beſtow on my unworthy Poeme, I will anſwer nothing, ſave that I will make it an argument of your love to me; for 'tis a Symptome.

Quæ minimè pulchra ſunt, ea
Pulchra videntur Amanti.

If now you expect any Newes, I muſt deceive your expectation; for here is none, ſave what you will ſee by the Printed Papers: and truly, I am afraid this *cold weather* will uſher in a *hotter Summer*. You'l ſpell my meaning, though in a myſterie; becauſe, *Plura literis committere, nec vacat, nec tutum eſt.* But that I am

Your moſt affectionate Friend

T. F.

To

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

I Received your late (I think laſt) Letter, fraught with *Flowers*: and, credit me, with as welcome a countenance, as we behold thoſe *early violets*, the firſt fruits of the Spring, after a long and tedious *Winter*. I heartily congratulate your entrance into the *Bond* of Wedlock, for 'tis a *bond*, though a *ſweet one*, and queſtion not but you have a fit yoke-fellow. Now are you a *Compleat Man*, which the *Rabbins* ſay no man is, till he have his female *Rib* reſtor'd him, which before he wanted. That you have match'd one of my name, I cannot account any other than an act of the Divine Providence, to make our *Friendſhip* grow up into a *Brotherhood*: So that now it ſhall be no longer as you ſay,

Friend and Brother, chuſe you whether,
But Friend and Brother both together.

Hereafter ſhall I be not a little proud of my name, that it may be ſerviceable to the production of ſuch *ſweet Flowers* as your ſelf. Wonder not now, that in ſtead of *greeting* you with an *Epithalamium*, I *grace* you with an *Elegie*. Indeed, I muſt acknowledge, that *mourning* is not fit for a *Wedding garment*, yet moſt fit for me at this preſent, being really ſenſible of the death of the general Father of our Country,

and

and fearful of the death of my own dear Father in particular. And to expreſs my ſelf in the words of the Poet,

Hei mihi difficile eſt imitari gaudia falſa,
Difficile eſt triſti fingere mente jocum.

Give me leave onely to preſent your Wife, my Siſter, with my as hearty, as inviſible ſalutes; and ſo I take my leave of you both, with that of the witty *Catullus*:

——————*Boni*
Conjuges bone vivite, &
munere aſſiduo valentem
exercite juventam.

This is the hearty wiſh of him that is proud to be accounted

Your glad (though ſorrowful
Friend and Brother,
T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Ned, dear N. my N.

AS I was going to write a Letter to thee, came thine to me; and, believe me, with no little welcome. I thank thee for thy Letter, more for thy Verſes, but moſt of all, for thy conſtant perſeverance in friendſhip. Goe on, and let us (if poſſibe) draw the knot of

our

our love yet faſter. I dare preſume thou wilt, and for me, may the *Muſes*, or what's more, the *Graces* hate me, when I ceaſe to *love* thee: For thy ſuperlative wiſhes, may they rebound a thouſand times multiplied upon thine own head. But for the particular of Trading, truly, I ſhall chuſe (in theſe (times) to *ſit down*, rather than *ſet up*; not daring to put to Sea, while this Tempeſt laſts. Me thinks, we wander ſtill as in *a night* of miſeries, and yet ſee no *Heſperus* of any comfort appear, that might be the welcome Harbinger of a more wiſh'd for than expected Sun: We ſtill like (the *Andabates*) fight blindfolded. No ſooner has two Parties conquer'd one, but they oppoſe each other: and yet, as if the Tragedie were ended, the Souldiers have routed the Players. They have *beaten* them out of their *Cock-pit*, *baited* them at the *Bull*, and *overthrown their Fortune*. For theſe exploits, the Alderman (the Anagram of whoſe name makes *A Stink*) moved in the Houſe, that the Souldiers might have the Players cloaths given them. *H. M.* ſtood up, and told the Speaker, that he liked the Gentlemans motion very well, but that he feared they would fall out for the *Fools Coat*. But you know who has Acted that part, and may very well merit that, among the reſt of his gifts. Ask me no more for Newes, for now I am careleſs how things paſs, as ſetting down this reſolution, that nothing can happen well, nor worſe than has. Being ſtun'd with that fatal blow, I am not ſenſible of any thing elſe: only that I am ſtill

Really thine, T. F.

To L. C. L.

Sir,

LEaving the incloſed to ſpeak for it ſelf, and indeed the *muteneſs of grief is Eloquence*. I am ſorry that our infant-friendſhip ſhould finde ſo ſudden a grave of forgetfulneſs; but I hope it is not *dead*, though *ſleeping*: Let this be as the *Trump* to awaken it to a *Reſurrection*: For, aſſure your ſelf, it will be as welcome to me, as a dead debt to an Uſurer. We are faln into Times (like thoſe the Father ſpake of) *In quibus non erat quandum vivere*. And truly, theſe ſpeaking pictures of my friends, are the onely *Scæne* of mirth to me in this deep *Tragœdy*. Pardon me Sir, if I now claim a debt of you; for a promiſe is a debt, I mean an Elegie: I'll aſſure you I have expected it long, and I know it will not come ſhort of mine expectation: I know you have delay'd it all this while but to *inhance* its value; but there needs no art to make me prize a wel-writ Poeme, and ſuch I dare not but think yours to be, *Fortes creantur fortibus*, &c. I dare not flatter my ſelf into ſo high a preſumption, as to merit it by any thing of mine, yet may this ſerve as a challenge; and though I loſe my credit, I ſhall account my ſelf a gainer by the bargain.

The laſt, though not the leaſt
of thoſe that honour you,
T. F.

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

SO willingly could I have born the Bearer company, in ſo pleaſant a *Pilgrimage*, that I cannot but at once complain of my *hard hap*, and envy this papers *Happineſs*.

But though my body be confin'd
To time and place, ſo's not my mind.

For with my nimble fancie I out-run both this and them, and ſalute you, as the Food *Neſſus* did *Pythagoras*, and called him by his name, as one admired for his *flood* of wiſdome, if we credit the faith of *Ælian*. And I dare not ſuſpect but you feed your friendſhip with equal flames, that it may be like the *Veſtal fire*, perpetual. Nor can I think your pleaſant *Forde* will prove a *Lethe* of forgetfulneſs, to drench the remembrance of our friendſhip. I have read of a mountain ſo high, that what was written in the aſhes of one years Sacrifice, was found legible in the next: So, hope I, the Characters of our friendſhip *indelible* by ought but *Death*. I am now changing the air, but not my mind of being

The admirer of your worth,

T. F.

To Mr. J. P.

Sir,

I Received your Letter, and that with as much welcome as *Penelope* did her *Ulysses*, after an Ages abſence. Seriouſly, that I have not hitherto writ to you, was not either for want of *Love* or *Leiſure*, but blind-folded by ignorance of the place you make happy with your preſence, I knew not how to find you out. Believe me, Sir, you, with my honeſt *Lightfoot*, are ſo deeply fixed in the faſteſt of my affections, that I ſhall ſooner forget my ſelf to *be*, than you to be my *friends*, or my ſelf your *ſervant*: And think not this a complement, but a lively Image of my thoughts; which, though I want your Art to give it colours, yet is as really decypher'd in this poor black and white, as in the richeſt tincture. Sir, I pray let the ſhortneſs of my time (at preſent) excuſe the ſhortneſs of my Letter, and be confident, that my next *Anſwer* ſhall be more *anſwerable* to your *deſert*, and my *deſire*; the height of whoſe ambition is but to continue

Your Th. Forde.

To

To L. C. L.

True Philanax,

NOw have I found a way to try thy yet unqueſtion'd friendſhip; 'tis this. See here a poor Pamphlet ſhrowding it ſelf under the patronizing wings of all that dare ſtyle themſelves the *Authors friends*. My abſence from the Preſs, has fill'd it with an innumerable company of unpardonable *Errata's*: So that, beſides the *principal* of pardoning the irregularitie of the thing it ſelf, there ariſes an unexpected *ſcore*, for unlook'd for *Errata's*. Well, it cannot now be help't: 'Tis the Image of thine unknown friend; and, though much diſfigur'd in the limning, if thou canſt but diſcern a *Real Heart*, 'tis all I wiſh for. Read it over, *tell the errours*, and *tell me* of them, ſo ſhalt thou truly approve thy ſelf, what I would be loth not to believe thee. You know, *Cæcus amor proli*. Parents eyes are blind to their own, they read with the multiplying glaſs of ſelf-love, which ſees a *ſpark of fire* through an *heap of aſhes*. Do me therefore that real part of friendſhip, as to ſend thy moſt rigid cenſure of it: And in ſo doing, thou ſhalt (if poſſible) yet farther oblige

Thy T. F.

To

To Mr. E. B.

Ned,

BEing now reduced to my primitive condition, I have for the preſent ſhaken hands with the world, and retired my ſelf into my *Cell*: there will I lie *perdu*, and laugh at the madneſs of the Times, without envying their *ſtate*. May they have as much as I contemn; 'tis riches enough for me, to loſe as little as I can, which whatſoever it be, I am able to make up with thoughts of you my real friends. Excuſe my preſent ſhortneſs, and meaſure not my love by my lines; but aſcertain thy ſelf I honour thee as an unparallel'd piece of real friendſhip. I cannot queſtion my farther diſtance will any whit turn the edge of thy *quondam* conſtancie, for what need words among friends. *Ned*, This unworthy piece will adventure upon thy charitie, ſeriouſly, not without the ſhame of the Sender; For, beſides the Errours of the thing, the *Printer* has filled it ſo full of groſs *Errata's*, that I cannot give one without an Apologie; and I cannot deviſe one *good enough* to equal the *badneſs* of the Preſs. However, draw the veil of thy friendſhip over the errours, and where thou findeſt them, pardon them. But one thing more, ſend me thy ſevereſt judgment of it; lay friendſhip aſide, and tell me truth, without reſpect of perſon: Then ſhall I boaſt to have been

Thine Eternal Friend, T. F.

To M. C. F.

My double Flower,

AT length have I found a way, whereby this poor brat may bleſs the Author with the happineſs of kiſſing your hands. 'Tis *Freeborn*, though begot in ſervitude. But I dare not venture upon your more judicious brow, without an Apologie; not ſo much for the *Printing*, as the *miſ-printing*. I muſt needs ſay, whilſt I was at the preſs to overlook it, I durſt own it; but as ſoon as I was gone, the Printers ſo diſ-figured it, that I knew it not again, when I ſaw it. Had I been with them, I ſhould have ſerv'd them as the *Philoſopher* did the Potter, *reading* and *miſ-reading* his verſes, he brake all his earthen ware: The Potter demanding his reaſon, he anſwered; You break my *head*, and I break your *Pots*. Seriouſly, I think I ſhould break their pates as miſerably as ever was poor *Priſcians* by any *Pedantick*. But, prethee exerciſe thy friendſhip ſo far, as to ſend me a perfect Anatomy of it: I mean, thy judgment, without hands or eyes. Shut out the name of *friend*, whilſt thou cenſureſt it, and ſend me that cenſure, as to one that is no whit indulgent to his own. Then ſhall I boaſt to have vowed my ſelf

Thine abſolute Friend,

T. F.

One

One thing I forgot to tell thee, the Printer has rob'd it of its *Letters* of *Credence*: But you muſt put that upon his ſcore.

To Mr. J. W.

Grace.

AND now I dare promiſe my Letter a welcome, marching under, and with ſo good *a Grace*. But I long to hear whether thou haſt given thy *Grace* a *Sirname* yet, for I cannot find it among all the Catalogue of *Virtues*. Perhaps I miſtook the *Index*, and ſhould have looked for *W*. but I could not ſo readily hear of my *Gloves*. Thou ſeeſt I have found a way to whiſper my yet unparched friendſhip, though at a diſtance. I have read of a place called the *Hall of Gyants*, in *Mantua*, which hath this ſtrange and unuſual Art, that how low ſoever one ſpeak, at the *Corners* 'tis intelligible to be heard, whilſt thoſe in the *Midſt* hear nothing. Me thinks, it fitly reſembles our intercourſe by Letters: Hereby ſhall we be able to conquer diſtance, and live together, though far aſunder: Friendſhip hereby works like weapon-ſalve, at a diſtance, and undiſcernable. But I intended a Letter, not a Character of Letters. Now, having in part paid my debt promiſed, it will not be unmannerly to demand yours; for promiſes are debts: and I love as little to be in-

debted in *courteſie*, as in *coyn*. If thou ſearcheſt the *File* of thy promiſes, among other particulars, thou wilt find this, *Item*, A Letter to

The expecter of that Happineſs,

T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Dear Ned,

WIth thy Letter I received an Anſwer to my Search. 'Tis too long, and my time too ſhort, and my wit too weak to return a Reply. Be contented onely with an acquittance for the receit of it; the rather, becauſe I would not fail your expectation; for I hate abortives of that nature. But before I give you a diſcharge, I muſt quarrel with you, for ſome bad coyn. Tell me of *Hiſtory*, *Quotations*, and *Comments!* What *Galilæan*-glaſs didſt thou uſe for Spectacles, when thou read'ſt my letter? *Your Comment* has bely'd *my Text:* And what argument haſt thou to prove me a *Poet*, except *poverty*; and perhaps, an *ill face*, with *Hipponax*, who was no *Painter*, as you make him, but a *Poet*, with ſo ugly a face, that two Gravers in ſtone ſet out his Statue to the world, and him to the deriſion of the beholders: At which he was ſo inraged, that whetting his Pen with anger, he did ſo thick diſcharge his Porcupine-quils, and his Badger-*Jambicks* ſo bit, that (as the Stories ſay)

ſay) for very anger made the two Gravers hang themſelves. Newes I can tell thee none, but that Trading, which before was *wounded*, is now *dead*. *That the Army have now done what the King all this while fought for, namely, put a point, if not a period to the perpetual Parliament.* And having ſeized the King in Hurſt-Caſtle, have poſſeſt themſelves of the major part of their Maſters, and thrown them into *Hell*. But now I begin to grow as tedious to *thee*, as the time of thy abſence will be to *me*: In deteining thee too long from that name

So much obliged to you,

T. F.

To Mr. W. L.

Honeſt Will.

THe *Romans* had a cuſtome, that after any one was dead, one hollowed three times in their ear, and after the third call, pronounced, *Conclamatum eſt*, *He's paſt recovery*. I have called three times without an anſwer, yet I dare not pronounce a *conclamatum eſt* of our friendſhip, I know it is not dead. Thy laſt was in anſwer but to a part of mine. Doſt thou mean to Comment upon my Letters in *Tomes* and *Volumes*? Certainly we ſhall make excellent *Harmony* with the ſeveral notes of Muſick, in *Longs*, *Briefs*, *Sem-briefs*, *Minims*, *Quavers*, and *Crotchets*. But *J. H.* acts a part, (or rather no part)

which, I think, is beyond the Musicians *Ela*: I find no name for it; but let not *them* overhear me, and I'll call it a *Pause*. Well, this conceit is neither *Meane* nor *Base*, but, if you will, *Treble*, because we are *three*. Send me word what fortune my poor brat finds in the world. how it goes off, and is relished: And do it as forgetting me to be the Author, or

Thy Friend, T. F.

To Mr. J. H.

My best of friends,

LIttle less than infinite will number mine engagements to thee; and when I shall quit scores with thee, I know not; yet may it shew a willingness to pay, in him that confesses the debt. I am glad of such an argument of something good in that worthless piece, as the dislike of the world will draw for a Conclusion. Really, I never intended they should like it, and should have suspected it, if they had: For he that will please the Times, must go attired in a *Fools coat*, not a *Scholars habit*. Didst thou never hear of the *Philosopher*, that when (in an Oration) the people applauded him, turn'd about to some of his friends, and asked, *What he had said amiss?* Thy Newes of the Hangmans so untimely death, when he was at the full game of one and thirty, drew this *ex tempore* Epitaph from me.

Here

Here lies the Royal Headſman, who in's time,
Of the Court-cards hath cut & drawn the Prime:
But oh ſad fate! death thus ſhould Trump about,
And now at one and thirty put him out.

But I haſte to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Thy much engaged Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

I Had hitherto fully reſolved, that the name of *Mecœnas* now lived onely in *Horace* lines; but your late *Largeſs* has made me recant my humour, and believe that there are yetſome that dare patronize the *Muſes* when grown poor: But as the ſcarcitie increaſes your honour, ſo would it my ſhame, if I ſhould be ſo ingrateful as not to acknowledge it; though I muſt confeſs, my *retribution* will be as *bad*, as my mind is *good*, to erect a *Pyramid* to your ſingular example in this Age. Not that I intend any *Panygerick* of your praiſes, that were fitter for the Pen of *Pliny*, or the Mouth of *Cicero*, Give me leave only (without a bluſh) to acknowledge my many engagements to your merit, leſt I ſhould meet with the obloquie of the *French*, who (the *Hiſtorian* ſayes) *remember good turns no longer than they are in doing*. Sir, when I ſeriouſly con-

conſider your *large* reward of ſo *ſhort* a deſert, me-thinks (had I *Plutarchs* art) I could *parallel* it with the bounty of *Artaxerxes*, who return'd precious gifts to poor *Sinatas* for his handful of water: Or, if that be too ſmall, to *Alexander* the Great, who returned doubly to *Anaxarchus*, for a ſmall gift he received of him. Thus rich grounds yeild *double flowers*, for *ſingle ſeeds*. Or yet, if theſe be too low, to *Streton*, who ſtudied to excel all other men in Liberalitie. And might it not be thought flattery (to praiſe a man to his *face*) I would tell others, that your Generous diſpoſition is a miracle in this Age) equal'd, if not excel'd one, of whom the Ancients boaſt, that was readier *to give*, than others *to receive*. But I fear to offend your modeſty, & will therefore *ſilently admire*, what I cannot *ſafely ſpeak*, knowing there is alſo an eloquence in ſilence. Yet would I not altogether have my thankfulneſs (like men near the River *Ganges*) *without a Tongue*. Alas Sir! what worth was there in that plain piece, that ſhould cauſe ſo rich a recompence! Truly, Sir, beſides the reverence (which as a dictate to natures law) I alwayes bare you, your many favours, but eſpecially the laſt, will exact from me (without a complement) the ſpeech of *Furnius* to *Caſar*, *Efficiſti ut viverem & morer ingratus*. Excuſe the relating it in it's proper *Idiom*: For, though it be ſaid, that the *Tuſcane* Speech ſounds better in the mouth of *Strangers*, than of the *Natives*, I think not ſo of the *Latine*. You have ſo obliged me, that (to uſe the expreſſion of a Father to his friend) I owe you, *Et quæ poſſum, & quæ*

non poſſum. So that, did I not hope to meet with a merciful *Creditor*, I muſt break without hope of *compounding*: However, though you have caſt your gift into a ſhallow *Forde*, yet it is ſo tranſparent, that you may ſee it, without fear of being covered with any *Lethe* of forgetfulneſs. Nor have you caſt your coyn on ſo ſoft a nature, that you ſhould not hear it *gingle*, at leaſt in an *Eccho* of Thanks: Although, when I have done all, my Thankfulneſs muſt be like *Timantes* his Pictures, wherein was more to be *underſtood*, than there was *expreſt*. Thus, Sir, aſſuring you here is nothing, but what is the immediate *Tranſcript* of my Heart, I crave leave to boaſt my ſelf,

Sir, your ſolely engaged

Servant, T. F.

To Mr. J. H.

Honeſty,

THy Letter was as welcome to me, as ever was rain to the parched earth. I thank thee thee infinitely, but that's no payment. Well, ſet all upon the *Tally*, and 'tis poſſible we may one day *croſs ſcores*. Excuſe my ſhortneſs at this time, and let this Country Newes ſupply the defect. 'Tis this: That *Phœbus* (now) courts the Lady *Flora* as rudely as he did his *Mother*, that *bit off her ear*, when he ſhould have *kiſs'd her*.

That the *Quadrupled Animals* fare deliciously, for they feed on *Roast-meat* every day.

That the Sun hath saved the Husbandmen a labour of mowing and making their Hay; for it *now grows Hay*, like him that sowed *Mali*, to avoid the charge & trouble of making it of *Barly*.

That the world being turn'd *Round*, our Climate is exchang'd for *Spain*, or some more sweating Country: That we here know no reason of this unparallel'd *Heat*, unless it be because we have now so many *ruling Suns* in the Sphere where there used to be but *One*.

That, if this weather hold, we are like to have no *raw fish*, but all ready *boyl'd* before taken, and all our drink *burnt-wine*, or *vinegar*.

That the poor *Ephemeris* suffer *Martyrdome* every day.

That, at night, when *Sol* is with our *Antipodes*, we feel his heat through the *cracks of the earth*.

That this extream heat makes the Heavens *sweat* a little sometimes, in stead of rain.

Item, That my *Ink* is converted to *Jet*.

Item, That there's no more Newes.

For 'tis none that I am

Your T. E.

To

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

I Dare not pretend to ſo much *Philologie*, as to criticize upon your term of *Infinitiores gratias*; your adopting (by your uſing) it, is ſufficient to patronize it, and paſs it through the guards of the ſtricteſt enquiry. Here could I well ceaſe, and, inſtead of *anſwering* (which I ſhall never) *admire* at your Elegant Letter you were pleaſed to honour me with: wherein, what *ſtreams* of Eloquence! what *flames* of Love! what Rhetorick! what Realitie! nay, what not! So that, were all *Epiſtles* like yours, I would not wonder that *Learning* and *Letters* are terms convertible. I honour the *preſence* of my friends; but may it ever be ſupplyed by ſuch *Letters*, and I ſhall never complain of their *abſence*. Before, I *loved* you as a *friend*, but now, I *honour* you as a *wit*. But how eaſily doe paſſions exalted tranſport us! And how willingly do we yield the *cloak* of our reſolutions to the flatttering *Sun* of praiſe! But I am too conſcious of mine own unworthineſs, to admit thoſe large *Encomiums* your flouriſhing pen hath adorned me with. 'Tis a Poſie of rare beauty; but I dare not accept it, leſt there ſhould lie a *ſnake of flattery*, under *thoſe fairer Flowers*: And I wiſh you have not ſhown *your Wit*, and hazarded *your Judgment*. When I read your

your neat lines, really I cannot but love them for their gallantneſs, and pitie them that, they had no better a Subject. Me thinks, they ſeem like rich cloaths upon a poor man (that do not *ſute*) or like the *Kings Saddle* upon the *Millers horſe.* Who will not ſuſpect your eyes blindfolded with love, that have made *Paris* choiſe, and extoll'd a *homely face*, for an *Heavenly beauty.* Well, ſince my deſerts are too ſhort to *ſcale* them, I ſhall (I'll aſſure you) keep it by me, as too rich a cloth for my meanneſs, and ſhall lay it before me, as a *pattern* of what *would* I *be*, rather than a *picture* of what *I am.* Now, to your Why, let me return a Wherefore I have (to uſe your expreſſion, and who can uſe better) masked my ſelf under the ſingle letters of *T. F.* that being unknown, I might more freely hear the worlds cenſure. I remember a facetious tale of a *Frenchman*, that had printed much, concealing his own name: One asking a man that brought his Copies to the preſs, *Who the Author was?* He ſaid, *'Twas one that deſired to ſerve God inviſibly.* My humbler ambition flies no ſuch pitch; 'tis enough for me, if it may but reach to the ſervice of my friends, of which number, I know you to be ſo intenſely one, that, as 'tis ſaid, that *Plutarch* once being named, the *Eccho* anſwer'd, *Philoſophy*; ſo, ſhould I call *R.* (I doubt not but) it would return *friendſhip.* This is the Happineſs of him that cares not to ſacrifice his credit to your worth,

T. F.

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

THat my late lines have produced your later Letter, I am not a little glad; but that they ſhould occaſion a quarrel, I ſhould be more ſorry. If the exception be my fear of flatterie, know, that it was not the *Height* of your expreſſions, but my own *lowneſs*, that frighted me into ſuch a fear. Would not a little *David* think himſelf mock't, to be proffer'd a *Goliah's* armour? But, for my part, your merits are *caveat* ſufficient to keep my words from the leaſt ſuſpition: And the *conſtruction* of my words will be beſt made by the *Grammar-rule* of friendſhip; for I was never guilty of ſo much *Rhetorick*, as to tell a *learned lye*. My tongue and my pen (if I deceive not my ſelf) are alwayes *Relatives*: Becauſe *Favorinus* praiſed the *Feaver*, ſhould not we praiſe *Health*? And becauſe ſome *Romans* ſacrifice to *that*, might not others to *Æſculapius*? 'Twere more ſhame to *deny* praiſes where they are due, than to admit them where they are not. Why therefore are you ſo baſhful? as if thoſe parts (ſomething above the degree of admiration) had crept into your boſome unawares? And though your modeſty is ſuch, (as may ſilently ſhame my forwardneſs) that you will not ſhew your ſelf to the world, like that *plant* in *Pliny*, which buds *inwardly*, and ſhooteth out no bud, bloſſome,

or

or leaf *outwardly*; yet give us leave to admire it, though you bury your worth in the ore of obſcuritie. We count him a rich man, that has his wealth in his *cheſt*, not on *his back*; yet excuſe me, if I think it an envious diſpoſition, in him, that would play ſo ſoftly on his Lute, that none ſhould hear but himſelf. But whether is my pen ſtragled? Surely as far from the matter of my firſt intentions, as the anſwers of the two deaf perſons were from one another, that pleaded before a deaf Judge in the Greek Epigram. To return therefore from my digreſſion to your Letter. How ſhall I interpret thoſe expreſſions, of *exact*, *ingenious*, and *learned Comment? rare*, *tranſcendent*, and *incomparable Anſwer*, not to ſay of *flatterie*, but of very large *Hyperbolies*!

But you have made me amends for them, when in the next ſentence you handſomely call me *fool* under the name of the *Indians*: where you tell me, I look on my ſelf *afar off*, through a perſpective, and upon you *near hand*, *&c.* Me thinks, I cannot obtein of my ſelf to believe, that I am farther from my ſelf, than I am from you; and therefore the multiplying-glaſs muſt go with the greater diſtance: But I am afraid I have turn'd the *wreng end*, and rather *over-ſeen* than *over-valu'd* your creſcent parts. To your deſire of ſeeing ſome other pieces of mine, I muſt onely anſwer, that I am very much unprovided of any, for my ſtore lies in a *Chaos*, as yet unformed, in mold *unmelted*, or *unpainted*; but ſuch as I have will be proud of your *Sight and Cenſure*. And for a continuance of this

this literal correſpondencie, know that I cannot be ſo much an enemy to my ſelf, as not to deſire it; and with as much affection as I am

Your humble Admirer,

T. F.

To M. J. H.

Honeſt Jack,

THe ancient *Romans*, who made a Deity of every thing, yet ſacrificed not to *death*, becauſe from death are no *Returns*. For the ſame reaſon, ſhould I not write to *London*, and by conſequence, not to your ſelf. *Trumpeters* love to ſound where there is an *Eccho*, and I love to *write* whence I can hear an *anſwer*. Seeing once a Weaver at work, I obſerved, that by caſting his ſhuttle from one ſide to the other, he finiſh'd his web: Therein I ſaw a lively Embleme of friends correſpondencie by letters; if either fail, the web's imperfect. I make it now my imployment, that the ball ſhould not fall on my ſide. I muſt confeſs I have been from home of late, but now I am returned to that, and to my cuſtome. Letters unanſwered, like meat undigeſted, breed no ſweet breath. Well, I ſhall expect an anſwer as long as the time I have waited for one, till when I ſhall reſolve to be

Your moſt aſſured Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mr. S. M.

Sir,

OBliged by your *courteſies*, your *command*, and my *duty*, that ingratitude muſt be more than *Herculean*, that could break this *three-fold* tie. I have reſolved therefore now, to be rather *preſumptuous*, than *ingrateful*; that I may tender you thanks for the engagements you have laid upon me, though the very act increaſe them; and to aſſure you, that I am nothing of the nature of that beaſt, that is ſo forgetful, that though he be feeding never ſo hard and hungrily, if he caſt but back his head, forgets immediately the meat he was *eating*, and runs to look after *new*. And if my ſilence ſeems to accuſe me, believe me, Sir, it was meerly out to ſelf-conſciouſneſs of my own unworthineſs to preſent you with any thing worth the reading; yet alſo remembring, that the great *Alexander* would admit a return of Epiſtles between himſelf and *Publius* his Bit-maker. I am a little encouraged you will at leaſt pardon my poor ſcribling; if not for it ſelf, or the ſender, yet becauſe it carries thanks in the front, and they are currant coyn, and in which the *pooreſt* may be *rich*, without fear of a *Sequeſtration*. That word that ham-ſtrings all induſtry, and makes men embrace the *Stoical* ſaying for a *Maxime*, *Benè qui latuit, benè vixit*. And truly, for my part, I think we are faln into *Nero's* age,

age, in which *Tacitus* ſaith (*Inertia, ſapientiæ fuit.*) Sloth was a virtue. When the Ship of the Common-wealth is ſteer'd by a Tempeſt, 'tis beſt lying ſtill in the Harbour: But I intend an *Epiſtle*, no *Satyre*. I am

Sir (*without a complement*)

your very humble ſervant

T. F.

To Mr. J. A.

James,

PArdon the familiarity of the Title, I uſe no complements to my friends; nor do I think them my friends that uſe them to me. The *Italians* ſpeak out of experience, *The more tongue, the leſs heart*; and you know their Proverb, *La penna della Lingua ſi dove tingere nel inchioſtro del cuore.* I could wiſh that all the letters of friends were like *Tullies*, *Epiſtolæ Familiares*; and the Polite *Politician* tells me, that the greateſt ornament of all Epiſtles is to be without any. *James*, I love thee, I honour thee, and that *ſine fuco, ſine fallaciis.* I would have my letters like the Herb *Perſica*, which the *Egyptians* offer'd to their god *Iſis*, whoſe fruit was like an heart, and the leaf like a *tongue*. Hereby do I talk with thee, now abſent, and if thou wilt vouchſafe me the like, thereby ſhall I ſee thee. Pardon me, if I challenge, nay, expect your pro-

your promiſe, which if you perform not, I ſhall ſuſpect your humour ſomething of kin to that of an excellent Archer, that would rather loſe his life, than ſhew a trial of his skill. Letters are like thoſe mutual *pawns* the *Grecians* gave as *Symbols* of their *friendſhip*; like *Dido's* little *Æneas*, to ſupply their abſence. Hereby are they preſent in *England*, *Spain*, or *France*, all in an inſtant, and at once. Let it not be thought a *Paradox*, for *Love* goes beyond *Art*. But what do I talk of love and friendſhip in this Age, wherein faſt friends are gone on pilgrimage, and their returns uncertain. But I grow tedious: 'Tis the fault of parting friends; and now, like one in that extaſie, I know not what to ſay next: whether to commend thy diligence, in outvying *Ulyſſes*, in that which the Poet ſayes made him wiſe. Whileſt I am like the ſilly *Graſhopper*, that lives and dies in the ſame ground: Or ſhall I fear thy danger, and with *Charonidas*, wonder not at thoſe that go to Sea once, but at thoſe that go again: Or ſhall I dare to aſſume the preſumption, for me, who am no Traveller, to counſel thee, that art; no, I dare not. Yet let me remember thee of the Speech of one that was; *That a Traveller muſt have Eagles eyes, Aſſes ears, the tongue of a Merchant, a Camels feet, a Hogs mouth, and an Aſſes back.* In a word, mayſt thou meaſure, thy happineſs by the *Ell* of thine own deſires, which ſhall not exceed the wiſhes of

T. F.

To

To Mr. J. H.

Sir,

YOur Letter was as *welcome* to me, as your abſence is *tedious*. Complements ſuit not the reality of my intentions; but imagine all the meer complemental expreſſions of flattering Courtſhip put into truth, and all fall ſhort of my affections. To obey your command, if your patience will pardon the tediouſneſs, I will give you as brief an account as I can of my preſent eſtate. I have read, that one *Philoſtratus* lived ſeven yeares in his Tomb, to acquaint himſelf with Death. Truly, I have converſed above two ſeven years among the *Dead*, for ſo are our Authors eſteemed; and indeed, our Shops may not unfitly be reſembled to a Charnel-houſe: and there, and thus, have I gotten ſuch a familiaritie with thoſe faithful and unflattering Counſellours, that I rather choſe to lie in the *valley* of obſcurity, than to climb the dangerous *Alps* of aſpiring greatneſs, ſo long as the wind blows ſo high, and the ſtream runs ſo ſwift. Rather had I ſit ſtill (by their perſwaſion) than riſe to fall; or to fare hardly, than feed on others bread: And, me thinks, I find my ſelf very well decypher'd by the *Embleme*, which repreſented certain *Graſhoppers*, that ſuck the dew, and paſs their time ſinging, with this Motto; *Di queſto mi contento, è megilio ſpero.* With this I am content, and hope better, when

God ſhall ſo order the tide of occaſions, and the blaſts of my friends favour, to lanch me from the poor harbour, where I now lie wind-bound. Thus, Sir, I hope I have made you reparation for my late ſilence, not doubting but you will make it but a *Parentheſis*, which ſhall break no ſence in our friendſhip: And this I ſhall eſteem a very great addition to your former *Engagements*; to all which, I ſhall without ſcruple *Subſcribe*

T. F.

To E. W. *Eſquire.*

Sir,

COuld my meſſenger have delivered his errand in but *intelligible non-ſenſe*, I ſhould willingly have ſpared you this trouble: But ſince it muſt be ſo, I ſhall endeavour to make a *virtue of neceſſity*, and from hence take occaſion to tell you, that ſo *many* have been your favours, and ſo *few* the returns of my thanks hitherto, that they have rendred *mine ingratitude* as ſuperlative as *your goodneſs*. Though you write your courteſies in *running water* (to which a *Forde* is of very near kin) I deſire to write my thanks in *marble*; and had I ſo advantagious an occaſion, I would make the whole world the *Witneſs* of mine *Obligations*. To this purpoſe, I could wiſh this poor paper immortal, that my gratitude, at leaſt, might rival your bounty. But, Sir, you have endeavoured to make *me*

live;

live and die in your debt, which I ſhall rather reſolve to *ſuffer*, than to *ſlander* your nobleneſs with a thought of my *ſlender* requital. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to honour me with the additional courteſie of your *Cambden*, you ſhall hereby infinitely add (if they ſurmount not that piece of *Arithmetick* already) *to your former favours and my engagements.* And may this ſerve for my *Surety*, that I will keep it carefully, uſe it warily, and return it ſpeedily. Thus, Sir, kiſſing the hands of your *fair Venus*, *and her three Graces*, I humbly take my leave, who am proud to wear the livery of

Sir, your and their

moſt obliged Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

HAving armed my ſelf *cap à pe*, with patience to receive as you promiſed, your moſt rigid cenſure, I finde, in ſtead of *arms*, you encounter me with *flowers*, and, like *Paris*, make me ſtoop to your *golden ball.* Nor do I leſs wonder at it, than the poor *Norvegian* did, the firſt time he ſaw *roſes*, who durſt not touch them for fear of burning his fingers, being much amazed to ſee (as he ſuppoſed) *trees to bear fire.* With little leſs wonder, do I behold your learned lines, nor with leſs amazement, to ſee *flames*

of love, and ſtreams of eloquence ſo Homogenial.

To your Letter, I ſhall return nothing, but onely tell you, that what I underſtand is excellent, and ſo I believe, and admire the reſt. Your *Allegory* of the *Cook* is neatly *dreſs'd*, but except you be pleaſed to *tinde* one of his *lights*, I ſhall fear to remain in *darkneſs*, and diſcover no farther than his *ſuperficies*. The cenſures of thoſe blind-minded *Jewes* you ſpeak of, I ſhall account my greateſt commendations: Like *Crates* the Philoſopher, who, having received a blow on the face by one *Nicodromus*, a man full of baſe condition (and as baſe conditions) was contented, for revenge, to ſet theſe words on his wound, *Nicodromus faciebat*. To thoſe large Encomiaſticks you beſtow on my poor Pamphlets, I ſhall onely ſay I am ſorry they had no fitter ſubjects; yet am I glad I was ſo happy to *afford* you any ground for your nimble fancy to work on, and ſhall here promiſe you, that if you pleaſe to continue this literal commerce, you ſhall not want a *whetſtone* to ſharpen your ſythe, as you are pleaſed to deſire; and this property I may have (like the whetſtone) though blunt my ſelf to ſharpen another. Nor need you fear that you can uſe too much ingenuity to me; for I am no whit affected with the *hereſie of the Times*, which count learning and wit (as you ſay) the ſcum of the bottomleſs pit; but know how to *honour it as much as I want it*. In a word, Sir, I thank you for your Letter, more for your Verſes, but moſt that you pleaſe to ſtyle me

Sir, your very Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

I Return you your *New-Forreſt*, with as many thanks as it merits, and that's infinite; which ſubmiſſion to your better judgment (from which I would no ſooner diſſent, than from truth it ſelf) I conceive *this* not at all behind the *firſt part*, but in time; it appearing to me of as fine a thred, and no leſs curious workmanſhip. Happily the others, being chequer'd with forreign flowers, may render it more delectable. But why ſhould we think a forreign garden of flowers, and perhaps ſome weeds, better than an *Engliſh Forreſt?* Well may it be more *ſightly*, but, I'm ſure, 'tis not ſo *ſerviceable*. Scarce can I hold my pen from glutting in his praiſes, who is far above it's higheſt flight, did not the *Italian proverb* check me, and tell me truly, *La Lode naſcer deve, quando è morto chi ſi ha da Lodar:* That praiſes ſhould not be *born*, till the praiſed be *dead*. I will therefore content my ſelf to ſay, that I hope ſuch *pleaſant groves* are not *ſuperſtitious*; and could wiſh, that the whole Kingdome were ſo turned to a *Forreſt*, and the Author the *Ranger General*.

That's body might not be confin'd,
Who's a free Monarch in his mind;
One who with's Majeſtick Pen,
May give the Law to other men.

Sir,

Sir, I have ſent you a *Clavis* to it, not that I think you need any, but that, if you invite any friend to thoſe pleaſant walks, they may have an entry of underſtanding, without picking the lock by a falſe conſtruction. It was done at a *heat*, and I have not time to *file* it over, but ſuch as it is, 'tis yours. If you pleaſe to ſend me the laſt Edition of the Kings learned pieces, I ſhall keep it *carefully*, return it *ſpeedily*, and remain *continually*

Sir, yours to command,

T. F.

To Mr. W. L.

Sir,

I Muſt eſteem it an happineſſe to hear *of you*, though I cannot hear *from you* : and that I heard nothing of your *ſickneſs*, till I heard alſo of your *recovery* ; ſo that now to tell you I am ſad or ſorrowful for your ſickneſſe, were as prepoſterous, as to grieve for *your death* after *your reſurrection*, or to bid you *good-night* in the morning when you are *riſen*. But like the trembling needle between two equally attractive Loadſtones, ſo am I between the two different paſſions of *joy* and *ſorrow* : Joy for a friends recovery, and ſorrow for a friends reſtraint. Not to be joyful for your recovery, were to envy a publick good, and I might juſtly be accuſed for an enemy to the State, in not rejoycing at a hap-

happineſſe ſo common, that deſerves a day of Publick Thankſgiving. Then, not to be affected with the ſorrows and ſufferings of a friend, and ſuch a friend as *E. B.* were as great a crime as his whom the *Romans* condemned to death, *For wearing a Crown of Roſes in a time of common calamity.* I long to hear how our honeſt friend *ſtands*, ſince the High Court *ſits*; which if I do not now from thee, I ſhall think, that whilſt thy body ſuffer'd under the *fire of a Feaver*, thy friendſhip was ſick of an *Ague*; that though the *Dog-ſtar* reigned in thy blood, thy affections laboured under *Capricorn.* But, ſince thy ſickneſs is in it's *Declenſion*, I ſhall expect thy friendſhip to be again *Aſcendant*, that before did *Culminate.* And for my part, think not that thirty miles diſtance, cold raines, or your ſilence, can make me forget you, or that I am

As much as ever

Sir, your Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. J. H.

Sir,

HAving hitherto waited with ſilence, to hear of your receit of my Letter, and finding none, makes me fearful that it miſcarried in the *delivery*; and I am not ignorant, or inſenſible of the many *abortives* of the Carriers *Mid-*

wifery. But I hope your candor is ſufficient to diſpel all clouds of ſuſpition that might ſeem to eccliplſe my realitie, or to think that I am ſo much foe to my ſelf, as not to deſire, or at leaſt not to endeavour the gainful commerce of your letters. I am not ignorant that all kind of Learning hath been wrapt up in *Letters*: And I aſſure you, Sir, I ſhall, in the enjoyment of yours, think my ſelf little leſs honoured, than I do *Lucillius* by *Seneca's*. Nor ſhall I be a little proud, that I may be any wayes (though but occaſionally) inſtrumental to you, to exerciſe your excellencie in this way: Neither do I altogether doubt of the pardon of my rude ſcribling, becauſe I am

Sir (without Complement)

your very humble Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

THough I have paid the *Principal*, in returning your books, I am ſtill indebted for the *Intereſt* you were pleaſed to lay on them, in giving you my account of them. For your *Cauſſin*, I return you *thanks*, in ſtead of *cenſures*, wiſhing that he were now alive, that our late *Tragedies* might be *acted* over again by his high-flying quill, and be thereby committed to incredulous

credulous posteritie. The *Novum Lumen Chymicum*, I understand, is lately Translated; and indeed it were a wonder, if there were any *New Lights*, that we should not have in *English* in these Times. But, because you told me you lent me that onely to *laugh at*, I shall only tell you, it no whit failed your intention, or my expectation. Now for your *Vaughan*, be pleased to take notice, that he is since answered by one *Moore* learned and better famed than He; and therefore I shall let that Answer be *mine*: Yet withal, that I serve such Books as the good *Bishop* serv'd *Persius*, when he threw him on the ground with a *Si non vis intelligi, debes negligi.* Thus, as the *Hollanders* sometime made money of *past-board*, I make my payment in *Paper*, and in this *coyn* I shall pay you liberally for your *Arithmetick*. Believe me, Sir, 'tis *Homer's Iliads in a Nut-shell*, and so handsomely compacted, that the doggedest Critick cannot fasten on it; onely let me tell you, it is *deficient* in one thing, and that is, that it is not able to help me to *number* the Engagements you have lain upon

Sir, your unmeriting Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

HE's a bad debtor that payes by *halfs*; but he's a worse that *never payes*. That I may not be guilty of that superlative ingratitude, I have sent you two Books of your three. And for *Bacon*, I pray think it not long, if I should keep it till *Lent*; for I mean, to all his *Experiments*, to add *one more* of your friendship. If you expect an account of your *New Book*: know, it is far above my censure, as my praise; I go to that, as to my *Bible*, yet something in *Allegiance*. Certainly, that Portraiture was drawn by a Divine hand, and wrote with a pen pull'd from some Angels wing. If there be one that wrote by divine inspiration since the Apostles times, 'twas *He*, when He pen'd those Meditations. Henceforth his *Pen* shall be his *Scepter*, His *Book* his *Throne*, and the *whole World* his *Empire*: There shall he *live* and *reign*, and be as *immortal*, as some of his enemies malice.

Take a more particular account of your *Balzack* thus: I undertook the reading of him, rather for *penance*, than *profit*; but having read him *once*, that induced me to read him again, and the *second time drew on a third*, and the *third* a fourth; and now I send it you home, lest if I should keep it a little longer, I should transcribe the whole Book. A better Character cannot be given of him, than he gives of himself,

ſelf, take it therefore in his own words, *That his Writings ſmell more of muſk and amber, than of oil and ſweat.* But to ſave time, I have ſent you a *Pamphlet*, that may ſerve as a *foyl* to ſet off *Balzack* the better: Wherein expect neither *Cicero* nor *Seneca*; neither *Howel* nor *Balzack*; neither Learning nor Language; nor any Letters beginning with the ambitious title of *My Lord*, or *Madam*, they are more proud of the name of *Friend*, and, carrying that ſtamp, they preſume to be *currant*, though they be but *braſs*. Not that I intend to make my *private* Letters *publique*, but onely to advance a communitie in friendſhip, and to fulfil a command of yours in a letter (in that particular) yet unanſwered, of ſeeing ſome *pieces* of mine. And truly, theſe are no other than *pieces*; yet, as in the ſeveral pieces of a broken Looking-glaſs, you ſhall in every one ſee the perfect reflection of

Sir, yours in all Offices
of Friendſhip,
T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Honeſt Ned,

RAther had I accuſe the Carrier with negligence, than thee with forgetfulneſſe: Nor can I think the requeſting of a friendly *courteſie*, could ſcare thee into an unfriendly *ſilence*. Sure ye

ye are all ſtruck dumb at *London*, or your *ink*, if not your *affections*, is frozen. The ſerious thought of which, hath made me almoſt believe, that the name of *friend* is but the fabulous birth of ſome Philoſophical Poets, or Poetical Philoſophers, and fitted for Sir *Thomas Moore's Utopia*, or *Plato's Common-wealth*; not for an *Iron Age*, or the dregs of Time. If thou art ſilent becauſe thou haſt no Newes to write, write that thou haſt none: However, let the world ſee there is one *dares* call himſelf a friend, though in ſuch an Age as *this*. And believe it, that the all-ſelf-devouring teeth of time ſhall never eradicate the name of *B.* from out the heart of him, whoſe onely pride is to tell the world who is

Ned, *thine inſeparable Friend*,

T. F.

Poſtſcript.

You may, if you pleaſe, communicate this to all thoſe that call themſelves my friends, and tell them, that till I hear the contrary, I ſhall ſuppoſe their *practice* of ſilence intended for my *pattern*.

Vale.

To Mr. W. L.

Will.

NOr will I accuſe *your* ſilence, nor excuſe my *own*; 'tis ſufficient I have broken the Ice, and adventured to tell thee, 'tis poſſible to be a friend, and ſilent; nor do I deſpair to hear the ſame from you: In confidence of which, I ſay no more now, but tell you, I expect it. To your *Father* thus much. Concerning the re-printing of my *Characters*, and augmenting them, I have had ſome ſerious thoughts, and the reſult is this. I find them, upon peruſal, not ſuitable to the preſent *State*, being Calculated for the Meridian of a *Kingdome*, not a *Commonwealth*, they are now like old Almanacks out of date. And to go to them with the *Arithmetick* of Addition and Subſtraction, with the *Penſil and the Spunge*, were to make my ſelf guilty of what I there condemn. Beſides, they were then my reſolved (and not yet retracted) thoughts: So that I hold it not ſafe for you to print, or me to enlarge them, nor this, farther than to tell thee, I long to hear from thee, and of our deareſt *Ned*. I have a Letter hath been deſigned for him a long time, did I but hope there were a creviſe in his cloſe priſon, that I might peep through to aſſure him that I am his (as thine)

Still conſtant Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

YOur last Letter I met on the way, as drawn thither perhaps by *Sympathy*, like the Magnetick steel, to meet her loved Loadstone. I know love and friendship work *miracles*, and act in *Paradoxes*: It makes the enjoyers thereof *flame* without *consuming*, *present* and *distant* (if that word may be admitted in friendship) all at once. By this I *see* my friend, when *invisible*, and *hear* him, though *silent*. Like the *Philosophers Stone*, of which the *Chymists* so much boast, *Contraria operatur, sed semper in beneficium naturæ.* This is (if any thing) the true *Sympathetick powder*, that works truer, and at a greater distance, than *weapon-salve*. Willingly could I lose my self in this pleasing *Mæander*; but I will rather commend the *Theory* to your more active Pen, and resolve to act the *practick* part my self. For your Verses, I will rather remain in your debt, than pay you with bad coyn. I assure you Sir,

I have no vein in verse; but if I could,
Inclose each word a Mine, believe't I would:
I onely Court her that drops Elegies,
Whilst others Muses sing, mine onely cries.

Yet shall I not refuse what your injunction shall lay upon me, because I am

As really your Friend,

as T. F.

To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

FOr me to attempt an *Anſwer* to your Letter, were to venture at the flights of an *Eagle*, with a *Sparrows* wing. The *Italians* tell me in a *Proverb*, *The higher the Ape climbs, the more he ſhews his nakedneſs.* And truly, ſhould I endeavour to reach the *pitch* you have ſet me for a *pattern*, I ſhould rather imitate *Icarus* in his *fall*, than you in your *flight*. It is enough for me to admire and applaud the happineſs of *your* undertakings, that can at once captive *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, and make the *Triumphs* of former Ages, the *Trophies* of your Pen's victories. Where you profeſs your ſelf *Davus*, I muſt confeſs my ſelf no *Oedipus*: Giving you therefore the libertie the *Civil Law* allows (and I ſhould be uncivil if I ſhould not) to interpret your own words, I will gueſſe at your meaning, and return you, not onely an *Anſwer* to your Riddle, but the *reaſon* of it. Sir, if my leſſe comprehenſive *Genius* deceive me not, you like not *Latine lace to an Engliſh ſuit*; and herein you have light upon an humour, that I have long ſince retracted, and eſteem now as too *pedantical*. But you may perceive they ſavour of the *ferula*, and imagine my then regnant humour; like young ſtomacks, that like *raw fruit*, better than *roaſted food*: Yet muſt I farther confeſs, I have been ſo conſcious of mine own inabilities, and

ſo

ſo *confident* of the Ancients worth, that I have preferred to uſe their *more refined* lines, than my *unfiled* language: So that I diſcover in my ſelf the fancie of the Painters boy, who thinking to ſupply the defect of his skill, by the richneſs of his *colours*, had loaden *Venus* picture with *gold* and *ſilver*, in ſtead of native beauty: For which he met with this cenſure from his *Maſter*, that he had made her *rich*, whom he could not make *fair*. So have I embroidered my courſer cloth with others ends of gold and ſilver. It onely remains that I tell you, that I cannot tell you how much you have won me by that one act of dealing freely with me; and to aſſure you, that you could not have ſtudied a way to oblige me more. And that you may believe my realitie herein, be pleaſed to inform me of the Author of your *Utinam neſcire Literas*; and if it prove the ſpeecch of that *Negro-black* Tyrant, you ſhall find my ſubmiſſion as *humble*, as your conqueſt *noble*. If you think the Frontiſpiece diſcrepant to the following leaves, I ſhall conform the *printed Title* to the *written Book*, not the *written Book* to the *printed Title*: For I reſolve not to change their name, nor alter their propertie of Familiar Letters, for my *private friends*. But I hinder you too long, from what I onely intended, to acknowledge my ſelf

Sir, your conquer'd Servant,

T. F.

To

To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

THat that poor grain of mine hath produced me so *ſudden*, and yet so *large* a return, argues the fruitfulneſſe of the Soyl wherein 'twas caſt, not the goodneſſe of the ſeed, or of the Sowers leſs skilful hand. Hereafter ſhall I believe, what before I took for a fable, *That there is ſome ground ſo fruitful, that the husbandman reaps at night, what he ſowed in the morning.* Your Chriſtning my fancie with the name of a *Thruſh*, might very well teach me the modeſtie of that volatile, who is ſaid to be ſilent, whileſt the Nightingale (chief Chaunter of the aiery quire) produceth her more clear and tuneful note, did I not hope by my *plain Song* to gain your more artificial *deſcant*. Your proclaming my attempt rather *Pheatontick* than *Icarian*, is no more (pardon the boldneſſe of my ignorance) than for a man to be killed with a *ſilver ſword*, rather than an *iron dagger*, the only preheminence being in this, that he periſhed like the other, but with this addition of honour (if it be ſo) of falling under the burthen of more bold attempts. Where before I but *confeſs'd*, I now *profeſs* my ſelf no *Oedipus*, nor made I any riddles, but gueſs'd onely at the meaning of yours, and therefore am not apprehenſive of your Analogie of the *Cobler* (whom I leave to maintein his more ambitious title of a *Tranſla-*

tor) unleſſe you intended your picture of your friend, like *Horace's* monſter, which begins with a fair womans face, and ends in a foul fiſhes tail at laſt. But it was your *Phaetons* fate, to meet with ſo dangerous a fall, from the Chariot of the Sun to a Shop-window. Nor need we any *Sphinx*, to unriddle this repugnancie in terms, whoſe part it was to make them. At what words of mine you admire, I know not, 'tis my endeavour to avoid that *Soleciſme Auguſtus* found fault with in *M. Antony*, of writing ſuch things as men ſhould rather *wonder* at, than underſtand. I applaud the happineſs of your *Genius*, who can coyn words with *your own* ſtamp; onely I ſuppoſe, that of *unæpodize*, would be no whit leſſe currant, were it ſhorter by the *firſt* ſyllable. Of that *Socratick* vice you ſpeak of, I have not ſo much in me, as to defend it: Far be it from me, to adopt the quarrel of thoſe great *Clerks*; it is enough for me, if I may boaſt my ſelf their, and Learnings unworthieſt ſervant. To your confirmation of *Nero's Utinam*, I now yield my full belief, and ſhould do ſo, you affirming it, though all *Hiſtorians* denied it, and withal, my promiſed ſubmiſſion: Only give me leave to cleave the hair, and tell you, that it was the ſpeech of *Nero*, though *not then* a barbarous tyrant, having *then* but newly entred his *Quinquennium*, ſo much by all extoll'd, whileſt reteining his Maſter *Seneca's* more than Philoſophical inſtructions. And ſo I leave him, when I have told you, I ſhall accept thoſe unmerited *Encomiums* you impoſe upon me (with that then good Emperors ſpeech to the Senate giving

giving him thanks) *Cum meruero.* Sir, I do, and ſhall (I think) perſiſt in confining thoſe poor papers from the eye of the world, not daring to let them goe abroad in this ſuper-fine Age, in ſo homely a dreſs; nor herein can I apprehend my ſelf guilty of that ὕστερον πρότερον, you *Propheſie* me guiltie of, unleſs it be, in that I have anſwered your letter *before* I had returned you the due thanks & praiſes the worth of that would juſtly exact from the moſt ſullen ingratitude. Believe me, Sir, you are Maſter of an *Imperial* pen, and would you once break through the veil of derogating ſilence, your beams would be ſufficient to create a day, even in the nightie *Chaos* of *my* duller intellect. to caſt a cloud upon all former names, and benight poſteritie. But I ſhall rather chuſe an admiring *ſilence*, than an undervaluing *commendation*, becauſe I deſire to make good to a tittle the title of

Sir, your faithful Servant,

and not unfaithful friend,

T. F.

To Mr. T. L.

Sir,

THat you may ſee how willing I am to comply with every occaſion that may put me in capacitie of ſerving you, I ſhall now anſwer your command, with my opinion of *Speed*, and

his *History.* For the *History*, it is a work of deſerved commendations, and without any exception. For the *Author*, I cannot ſo well aſſure you; but if *Speed* be not too much wronged in the relation, he was but the *Journeyman-Taylor* in the buſineſs: It was (ſay ſome) *cut out* by abler workmen, he onely *made it up*, and in that hath merited the commendations of a *very good workman*, beſides what we are indebted to him for the *faſhion*, the *lining*, *facing*, and *preſſing*; but for the laſt, I believe we are more beholden to the *Printers preſs*, than to his *gooſe*. This preſents me with a fair occaſion of preſenting you with a Copie of Verſes, not unworthy your reading, upon *Speeds* Chronicle, ſent from a Son to his Father.

God be my Speed, ſo I began, 'tis true,
And now 'tis time to wiſh a Speed to you:
Then briefly thus, as long as life endures,
God be my Speed, and let my Speed be yours.
If great books be great evils, loe a ſhift,
To turn this Speed into a leſſer gift.

Take but ſome vowels out, and then 'twill be but an Epiſtles Preface, *S. P. D.*

Excuſe me, for once, if I make it the *Epilogue*, and with it conclude my ſelf

Sir, your real, though
remote Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mr. C. F.

Parvus amor loquitur, ingens ſtupet.

Sir,

WOuld you meaſure my love by my ſilence, you could not pronounce it *ſhort*. Oft hath my pen been on the paper to write to you, and as oft been taken off, with a conſideration of the rudeneſs of my *ruſtick* ſcribling, which is now *worn* into ſuch an *habit*, that you will willingly *retract* whatever ſuſpition you have formerly had of any *ingenuity* in me. However, leſt a continued ſilence ſhould caſt me *in* (and *out* of) your affection I am reſolved to ſay ſomething, though it be but to confeſs my ſelf guilty of that moſt unpardonable offence in friendſhip, *Ingratitude*. Yet am I not without ſome excuſes, which would be ready to *plead* in my behalf, did I not rather wiſh to receive a *new life*, of happineſs by your pronouncing my *pardon*. I am your *priſoner*, deal with me as you pleaſe, onely grant me my *liberty*, without which, I cannot make good, as I deſire, the title of

Sir, your though rude, yet

real Friend and Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. D. P.

Sir,

PResuming *your goodneſs* will pardon the *rudeneſs* of the addreſs, I have ſent a brace of Pamphlets to kiſs your hands. Being conſcient to themſelves of their own unworthineſſe, like trewant Scholars, *they durſt not appear without an Apologie*; neither ſhould *they*, or *this*, but that I know you daily meet with ſuch *Exerciſes* of your patience, and that I know you have indulgent charitie enough to cover the faults of thoſe you love. Pleaſe you to ſuſpend your ſeverer thoughts, and to make a ſmall truce with your nobler employments, I ſhall humbly beg their pardon in a very few words. That they came no ſooner, was out of *neceſſity*; that I ſhall crave you will vouchſafe to indulge; that they come now, is out of *duty*, and that I ſhall promiſe my ſelf, you will deign to accept. Sir, I hate to be officiouſly injurious to my friends, and therefore I will not *increaſe* my fault, in *excuſing* theirs: only let me impetrate one thing more, which, I conceive, will deceive your expectation. It is not that you will correct their faults, *that the world knows you can do*; nor that you will forgive them, *that your wonted candor flatters me you will doe*; but, that having atteined *your hands* (which are the bounds of their ambition) they believe they have obteined their *end*, and they deſire not to *out-live* that hap-

happineſſe; but that you will condeſcend, as I have made them an *offering*, to make them a *ſacrifice*, be you the *Prieſt*, your harth the *Altar*, and their *Urne*; and beſides the courteſie you ſhall do your ſelf, in ſaving the reading of ſuch *nugacities*, you ſhall thereby anſwer their *deſert*, and my *deſire*, who am ſo far from craving their *reprieve*, I would my ſelf be the haſtener of their puniſhment. Here would I ceaſe, but I am loth to leſſen the noble office of your mercie; by what impulſe of ſpirit I know not, but ſuch is the tendencie of my deſires, to expreſſe the realitie of their profeſſions to your ſervice, that to ſay I love you, is beneath the ardor of my affection: I am ready to proteſſe, with that *old Roman*, who proclamed, he was not onely in love with *Cato*, but *inchanted* with him. Onely here is the defect, that, as the *Italians* ſay, *He that paints the flower, cannot paint the ſmell:* So, in profeſſing my ſervice to you, I cannot diſcover the realitie farther than you will pleaſe to give me credit, and believe that I am

Sir, your moſt real Friend,

and Servant, T. F.

To Mr. T. J.

Sir,

WHat in Superiors is counted *gift and bounty*, in Inferiors amounts to no more than *ho-*

mage and *grætitude*: And well it is, if, in ſtead of *abating*, it *increaſe* not the *audit* of their *Obligations*. Such is the nature of the preſent; and though it pretend not to acquit the leaſt part of that debt your civilitie hath involved me in, yet ſhall I hope it may arrive at the tender of a grateful acknowledgment; and I wiſh my thanks may prove but as *large*, as you were *liberal*. Think it not ſtrange that I have been thus long ſilent, nor account me an unclean beak, if I ſtill chew the chud in a thankful remembrance. Sir, the noble entertainment you vouchſafed to me, a *ſtranger* hath cheriſhed the incloſed pamphlets into a confidence, that you will deign them not onely a favourable acceptance, but that your goodneſſe will alſo grant them the benefit of the late *Act of Pardon*, without which, they will ſeem as much ſtrangers to our Common-wealth, as their *Author* was to your ſelf, who ſhould now too much wrong your noble nature, if he ſhould not profeſſe himſelf,

Sir, your moſt indebted

Servant, T. F.

To Mr. C. A.

Sir,

I Being of late *arreſted* at the ſuit of ſome importunate occaſions, which would willingly be called *neceſſary*, I have been ſo much their

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priſoner, that till I had ſatisfied the utmoſt minute, I was ſo far from a poſſibilitie of being your *ſervant*, that I was not my own *Maſter*. Now muſt I *compound* with you, and intreat, that if my ſo long ſilence deſerve not to be anſwered with a repeated act of that dormant pardon you long ſince pleaſed to grant me, yet, that you will at leaſt, accept of this as *Intereſt*, till opportunitie ſhall enable me to diſcharge the *whole*. I ſhall now begin to turn the weekly hour-glaſſe of our Commerce, and hereafter meaſure my *life* by my *letters*: For, though I have intermitted my conſtant courſe, you are in no more likelyhood to be rid of this trouble, than you have hopes of loſing your *Ague* by the alteration of the *fits*. If *friendſhip* be the incorporating of two bodies, by an union of ſouls making but one of two: Me thinks, this conſtant correſpondence fitly anſwers to that deſervedly applauded notion of the *Circulation of the Blood*. It ſhall be my care, that no ſtop be made on my ſide, that we may preſerve the life of our Friendſhip, during the life of

Sir, your Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

BEſides the natural *Antipathy* of my *Genius* to Controverſies, I have been of late ſo *divor-*

ced

ced from my ſelf and my own thoughts, by the motion of an higher wheel than my own occaſions, that I am altogether diſcouraged to give you any account of this piece, upon ſo *tranſient* a view, that I fear I ſhall give you as ill an account of *it*, as he did of *Venice to King James*, that told him, He knew nothing of it, for he *rode poſt* through it: Yet, to ſatisfie your command, againſt all theſe diſcouragements, I ſhall adventure a few haſty lines to your more ſetled judgment. Sir, did not the *Authors* worth out-poize thoſe petty exceptions that might be taken in advantage, as the ſcarce ſenſe of the *title*, and ſome other inconſiderate expreſſions in the *whole*, that ſeem to claſh one againſt another, I ſhall onely commend to your conſideration theſe few thoughts. The Proverb is common (wherein wit and experience club, to ſay much in a little) *That marriages are made on Earth, but matches are made in Heaven.* I am eaſily induced to believe, that the omniſcient providence, which deſcends to take care of the *falling of a ſparrow*, and the *number of our hairs*, ſhould much more take care of that grand *Climacterical Action* of a mans life, the *reſtoration of his loſt rib:* I ſhall therefore not fear to affirm, that a man hits not upon his mate by *chance* or *caſualty*, but by the undeclinable fate of Gods *pre-determination*: And having laid down this for a *ground*, I ſhall adventure this *Superſtructure*, that it is not in the power of a man to *diſ-joyn* himſelf from the companion which providence hath *joyned* him to, in ſo indiſſoluble a link of amitie, that one member is not more

more truly a part of a mans body than his *Wife*; and therefore he ought rather to *undergoe* with patience what God hath ordained him, perhaps for other reaſons than he can underſtand, than to *forgoe* it with wilfulneſſe. I remember it was the reſolution of a compleat man, *That he took the untowardneſs of his wife as a School of patience.* Yet, to purſue the *Allegory*, though I would not have a man to cut off a limb for a curable diſeaſe, yet if it out-face art and nature in a remedy, then *Enſe reſcidendum eſt.* And having done ſo, I cannot ſuppoſe it lawful (though I ſhould grant all his aſſertions for indiſputable truth) that ſuch a man ſhould admit another member, *like a wooden leg*; and, if I miſtake not (to help him a little) the weight of our Saviours argument, lies *in the laſt clauſe*, that whoſoever puts away his wife for other cauſe than adultery, commits fornication, *If he marry another.* To come as near therefore as I can, to comply with your Author, I ſhall lay down this *Poſition*, that it is altogether unlawful for a man or wife to divorce, *If both parties be not equally agreeing to it, and if either of them marry again.* And to this I ſhall add this *inconvenience*, that being parted, they muſt not expect that the *Devil*, who is the *Father* and *Factor* of diviſions, will be leſs active in ſo *wide* a breach, that is ſo ready to widen the *leaſt* cranny of diſcontent into his advantage: He that will creep in when the doors are *ſhut*, ſhall we imagine him to be leſſe willing to enter when they are *wide open?* This farther, I muſt confeſs, there are ſome natures ſo *Hetrogenious*,

genious, that the ſtreighteſt, and moſt gordion knot of Wedlock is not able to twiſt, of which the *Epigrammatiſt* ſpeaks my mind better than I can my ſelf:

Non amo te Sabide, nec poſſum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo te.

Take the Engliſh, is the words of a Gentleman to his wife.

I love thee not Nel,
But why, I can't tell:
But this I can tell,
I love thee not Nel.

So that I muſt confeſſe I cannot but afford them my pitie, that are thus joyned in you know whoſe phraſe, like a *Spread-Eagle*, with *one body, but two heads*: But whether this *diviſion* ought to make a *Divorce*, I had rather ſubſcribe to *your* judgment than tell you *my own*, who am

Sir, wholly at your diſpoſe,

T. F.

To Dr. S.

Sir,

NOt to confeſs your favours, were a ſullenneſs beyond the ſin of ingratitude; they were *too late to be forgotten, and too large to be requited*: Civilities, that might very well conſtitute a *Turkiſh Paradiſe*: A debt beyond my mean-

meanneſſe to diſcharge, ſo that you have paid me *before-hand* for all the ſervices I ſhall ever be able to do you: And it ſhall be my endeavour, that my performances of your commands, may be as *ſwift* as *Lightning*, or the flights of that *Bird*, which is happy to make his neſt in *your Arms*. My thanks will bear the better *weight* (for they are too *light* of themſelves) if you pleaſe to tender them to Mr. *L.* whom it were a Soleciſme to put *laſt*: To your ſelf *varyed*, and your ſelf *multiplied*: And give me leave to kiſſe *your hands*, as I give you *mine*, that I am

Sir, your much obliged Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. C. A.

Sir,

IT was once *my miſerie, and your good fortune*, that I have had, of late, no leiſure to diſcharge my weekly tribute, which indeed amounts to no more, upon your *audit*, than the *product* of a conſtant trouble. Aſſure your ſelf, I take no pleaſure in being my own enemie: For how many rare fiſh might my courſe bait happily have taken! But truly, I have been ſo *crampt*, or rather *cripled* with ſome not unneceſſary diverſions, that

that my pen hath been forced to *wander* from the *direct road* of your ſervice. Now, having *retrived* an opportunitie of inhappying my ſelf, by this literal exchange, I ſhall take leave to tell you, that I will not forgive my ſelf, till you pronounce my pardon. And I cannot but indulge my hopes, with confidence that you will once more exerciſe that noble virtue, from the many repeated acts of which goodneſſe, I am apt to plead *præſcription*. Though, having dealt ſo unworthily with you, I am ſomething ſuſpitious you will retract that title of *worth*, your friendſhip hath formerly faſtned on my *unworthineſs*, and no longer vote thoſe lines for *jewels*, which in the midſt of Summer, preſent you with conceits as *cold as ice*, or our *modern charity*. However, in obedience to the Sovereignty of your Judgment I ſhall reſolve to eſtimate my ſelf by your valuation of me, and make your opinion the *Standard*, whereby to meaſure my abilities to your Service. And, as we meaſure our hours by minutes, and thoſe by the minuter atoms of ſand, may my ſeveral Letters but run into *Syllables*, by which together you may read me (though imperfectly)

Sir, your very faithful

Servant, T. F.

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

PArdon the baſhfulneſſe of my Pen, that hath been hardly drawn to the preſumption of endeavouring an anſwer to your ingenious lines. Had *my* fancie been *better*, or *yours worſe*, you had long before this time received an *Anſwer*. But ſuch is the unequal fate of the *greateſt* merits, that they alwayes meet with the *leaſt* returns; ſtupendious worth exacting from our *ſurprized* ſenſes, but *admiration* (at beſt) in ſtead of *praiſe*; and admiration is never ſo well *dreſs'd*, as when 'tis cloathed in ſilence. Sorry I am that you ſhould waſte your ſo *great* reſpects upon one that deſerves ſo *little*, and that hath nothing to *return* you, but the *proteſts* of a moſt real affection. The *Gentleman* you ſpeak of, I have not yet ſeen, nor heard of, but in your relation: Whenever he comes, aſſure your ſelf he ſhall be as welcome as his own worth and your commends can render him: But he ſhall pardon me, if I wiſh rather it had been *your ſelf*. It is an *Age*, me thinks, ſince I enjoyed you, and I grow old in my unhappineſſe: 'Tis in your power to create a *Spring* in my ſoul, and to make thoſe faculties live again, that have hitherto been buried in a ſilent grave of negligence. One line of yours will be *ſtrong* enough to draw me from that depth of dulneſſe into which ſome late melancholly thoughts

thoughts have thrown me, though it were as profound as the pit wherein Truth lieth hidden. The *fire* that ſhines in your expreſſions is onely able to call forth that *quondam* ingenuitie you accuſe me of: If ever I *enjoyed* any ſuch thing, 'twas when I enjoyed you; and that *left me, when I left* London: Like *inſects* in Winter, retired to their firſt nothing, as reſolving to enjoy no life, in the abſence of the *Sun* their Father. Since I cannot encircle you in *perſon*, let me embrace your *picture*, and let your *pen* ſupply the ſilence of your *tongue*. If you will ſometimes vouchſafe me this happineſs, I ſhall quit *ſcores* with my wiſhes, and reſolve to be no happier in this unhappy Age. Thus, becauſe you have expected it *long*, I have at length returned you a *long Letter*, to aſſure you that I am, and moſt ſincerely

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. C. A.

Sir,

THis Letter muſt *begin*, where yours *ended*: becauſe, what you commend to me as an *object* of my pitie, hath been the *ſubject* of my thoughts; for it is impoſſible my friends ſhould ſuffer any loſs, and my ſelf not be ſenſible of, and ſorrowful for it. If the ſtream of your grief may be *ſubſtracted* by *diviſion*, I refuſe

not,

not, and that willingly, to take my part, that yours may be the leſs. The cauſe that challengeth our grief (for now 'tis *mine* as well as *yours*) ſpeaks it ſelf in the loſs of a *Friend*, of a *Mother*. To begin with that ends all, *Death*, me thinks, I can find as little cauſe to lament, as to wonder at it, it being ſo general a neceſſitie, that none ever *did*, or ever *ſhall* avoid it. We were born to live, and live to die. It is the onely thing we can here expect, without a *fortaſſe*, the onely *certainty* of which we cannot be deprived. *Epictetus* wondred no more to ſee a mortal man dead, than to ſee an earthen pitcher broken. And as wiſe a *Philoſopher* as the former, entertained the newes of his Sons deaths, with no more but a *Scivi eos mortales eſſe natos*; As being a greater wonder that they ſhould have *ſo long*, than that they died *ſo ſoon*. Why ſhould we wonder, or grieve, to ſee one goe before us, the ſame way that we our ſelves muſt follow. *Vale, vale, nos te ſequemur*, was the ſolemn leave the Ancients took of their deceaſed friends; and, if we believe the *Grammarians*, from thence we call a Funeral *Exequiæ*, the ſame being noted not without a ſilent leſſon in our common cuſtome, of the Coarſe's *going before*, and the attendants *following after*. It is *Seneca's* obſervation, Nature hath ordained that to be *common*, which we account ſo heavy, that the *cruelty* of the fate may be leſſened by the *equality*. But 'tis the *death* of a *Mother*, and here nature and affection will put in a *plea*, and plead *preſcription* for our grief; yet may we entertain our fortune with dry eys.

We know she was *mortal*, and so liable to the common fate; a *mother*, and so by the order of nature to goe before her children: She was *before* them, that they might be *after* her. It was thought *ominous* among the *Jewes*, and not without the re-mark of a punishment, *for the Father* to burie the *Son*, as if it were an inversion of the course of nature, and not to be seen without a *Prodigie*. But I remember what the Schools teach: *That an Angel of an inferiour, cannot enlighten a superiour Hierarchy:* Yet I presume you will excuse the rashness of the attempt, since it proceeds from the affection of one devoted to be in all relations

Sir, your ready servant,

T. F.

To Mr. C. A.

Sir,

THat a discourse of *death* from a *sick* person, and *firm* arguments from an *infirm* and shaking brain, should have the good hap to rout, or, at least, to prevent the triumph of your sorrows, was certainly to be ascribed to the benevolent *Planet* that co-operated in their *production*; or rather, to your own more favourable *Aspect*. I shall not pursue a *flying* enemy, nor torture that argument to a *martyrdome*, that is already a willing *Confessor*. Your quoted Author hath expressed himself *Fuller*, than the smal-

ſmalneſs of my reſerve pretends to. That the death of *one*, breaks *anothers* heart, is not ſafe to contradict, ſince it hath obteined the general vote of a *Proverb*. But I ſhall humbly adventure to lay the Scene at a greater diſtance, and date it from that *Golden Age*, when hearts were ſo entwined, they could not part without breaking, when that *Gordian knot* of amitie was not to be untied, till it were cut by the Sythe of him that out-conquers *Alexanders* ſword. Were it not to *upbraid* the preſent Age by the *compariſon*, I could willingly venture at a *Character* or *Encomium* of that venerable *Friendſhip*, the *Imitation* of former, and *Deſpiar* of later Ages. But I ſhall do the ſubject more right to commend it to your more commanding Pen, and ſtudy always to make good the preciſe value you are pleaſed to put upon

Sir, the meaneſt of your ſervants,

T. F.

To Mr. D. P.

Sir,

WHether this ſhould be an *Apologie* for my *former*, perhaps too frequent *viſits*, or my *latter*, as uncivil *forbearance*, I know not, ſince both have been equally liable to the piquant cenſures of detracting tongues; and in ſo loud an accent, that I queſtion not but they have long ſince arrived your eares. It is not my intenti-

on to make this paper guilty, by relating those ſtories which would be *tedious* for me to write, and *troubleſome* for you to read. Had they been vented with as much *innocence* as *falſhood*, I could have looked upon them as ſome pretty *Romances*, and at once both *laugh'd* at the Relation, and *pitied* the Relator. But finding them ſo loaded with the over-weight of *ſcandal*, as well as *ſlander*, I ſhould belye my own thoughts, if I ſhould not ſay they have touched the moſt ſenſible part of my ſoul. That I have hitherto been *ſilent*, and contented my ſelf to be an *auditor* onely, was, that ſo, if it had been poſſible, they might have found a *grave* in their *birth*: And it is a common ſaying among the *Jewes*, *That lyes have their feet cut off*; they cannot ſtand long to what they ſay. But ſince I ſee (by what deſigne I know not) that they have already *out-lived* the common age of a *wonder*, though I know you are too wiſe to take up any ware upon truſt from ſuch *walking-pedlers* (for ſo I am informed the *original* ſpeaks a *Tale-bearer*) I am not altogether diffident of your pardon, if I ſhall enter my proteſts (which is all the *re-action* I ſhall endeavour) that whatever ſome have *fancied*, or others *reported*, I never propounded any other end to my ſelf (either in a direct or collateral line) in my approches, than to make my ſelf happy by the enjoyment of your *ſocietie*. This was the cauſe that *inducted* me into your acquaintance, and I am not conſcient to my ſelf of any *Apoſtacy* from my firſt reſolutions, or that thoſe real intentions have ſuffered any *dilapidations*. I muſt

con-

confeſs, 'twas my ambition to *rival* your goodneſs. and to make my reſpects (it it had been poſſible) as infinite as your merit; and I have read, that exceſſes in friendſhip are not onely *tolerable*, but *laudable*. But that what I thought obedience, ſhould be interpreted impudence, is a *falſe conſtruction* of the *Syntaxis* of my intentions. 'Twas not your *fortune*, but your *favour*, that I have courted; were you as poor as *Codrus*, I ſhould love you *no leſs* than I do; and were you as rich as *Crœſus*, I could love you *no more*. I conceived my ſelf obliged by my *Profeſſion* to wait upon you as a *Scholar*, and by your *courteſies*, engaged to love you as a *friend*; and if this be a *crime*, I bluſh not to confeſs my ſelf *guilty* in a very high meaſure: But if any of my words have been *wrack'd* by others, to make them *depoſe* any thing contrary to what I here profeſs, believe them not. I liſt not to enter the *pitch'd field* of a *diſpute*; nor will I retreat to the common intrenchments of *excuſes*, I lay down my Arms at your feet: And, as I can have no other *witneſs*, I will have no other *Judge* but your ſelf; reſolving to be either *innocent*, or *guilty*, as you ſhall pronounce me. It was no ſmall commendation *Paterculus* gives of *Pompey* the Great, where he affirms, that he was: *Amicitiarum tenax, in offenſis exorabilis, in recipiendâ ſatisfactione facilimus*: Of this I believe your continual practice an exact *Tranſlation*. What though the *Comical* Speech of *Florence* be *Canonical*, *Mulier aut amat, aut odit nihil eſt tertium*; it would be as *falſly* applied to you, as *truly* to the Sex 'tis ſpoken of. And

for

for my part you ſhall do me but *right* to believe that I ever was, am, and will be

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. C.

Sir,

NOt out of any uncivil *diſ-reſpect* to your commands, nor any *unwillingneſs* to ſerve you (ſo far as the *too ſhort line* of my abilities will *ſtretch*) have I hitherto been ſilent. Could I have wrought my ſelf to that *height* of preſumption, as to think any thing of mine of merit enough to *arreſt* your ſight, you had *long ſince* had an anſwer, and perhaps *as long as your expectation*. It was not that I thought a letter *loſt* to me, but becauſe I knew it would be *loſt* to you; and hereof this is too ſufficient a witneſs. Yet, Sir, leſt you ſhould think I am either too full of *buſineſs*, that I cannot, or of *idleneſs*, that I will not write to you, I have ſent theſe lines to kiſs your hands, and to aſſure you, that you have infinitely obliged me by your late letters you vouchſafed to honour me with: So full fraught were they of your wonted ingenuitie, that (to tell you the truth) I could ſpare no time from reading of them, to return any anſwer to them. But now, ſince you are pleaſed to deſcend ſo far below your ſelf, as to *entreat* for what you might *command*, I ſhall no

longer

longer *diſpute*, but *obey*: Yet will I not *tire* my ſelf with *troubling* you, farther than to re-aſſure you that I am

Sir, your very humble

Servant, T. F.

To Mr. C.

Noble Sir,

HAving already confeſs'd the debt, your late ingenious Letters have engaged me in, I ſhall take leave to pay you (ſince you are pleaſed to grant me that favour) as *unſolvent debtors* do their *patient creditors*, by ſmall ſums weekly. I would willingly ſpeak my *gratitude* in as loud an accent as you have done your *goodneſs*: But, as you have honoured me beyond the utmoſt of my wiſhes, and placed my meanneſs on ſo high a pinacle of happineſs, as my moſt ambitious thoughts durſt never aſpire to; ſo you have onely left me modeſtie enough to bluſh at my own unworthineſs, and to promiſe you, that I ſhall hereafter lay hold on every handle of time, and court all opportunities to ſerve you. But, Sir, I wiſh you have not *undervalued* your judgment, by *over-valuing* thoſe looſe lines you undertake to call moſt choiſe *jewels*; which ('tis my fear) will prove but *pebbles*, or *Briſtow-ſtones* at beſt: If they carrie any thing of *jewels* in them, it is onely this, that they have nothing of *worth*, but what your *valuation* puts

upon them. However, since it cannot be admitted as *History* of what I am, may it prove a *Prophecie* of what I may be, and that my endeavours may *overtake* the mark your charitie hath already *anticipated*, that you may not repent that you have owned me for

Sir, your very Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. J. S.

Sir,

SO long it is since I received your Letter, that I should be ashamed to confess it, did I not believe that I have hitherto done you a *courtesie*, by not troubling you with my rude lines: yet dare I no longer maintein that opinion, lest you should vote that for a *neglect*, which I have thought a *favour*. You would *pardon*, if not *pitie* me, did you know how I have been rack'd with diversions, neither *pleasant*, nor *profitable*, but as vexatious as the tediousness of the *law*, and the much business of the *Lawyers* could render them. But, I am now in hope that my Cause will *hang* in suspence no longer than till the next Assizes. The old rule was, *Inter arma silent leges*: I shall alter it, and say as truly, *Inter leges silent literæ*. I must hope my friends will forgive *me the Lawyers faults*, since they have rob'd me of the most necessarie functions of my life: nay, I am in doubt whether I may put this last year into

into the account of my *life*, since I have not had time to tender you the services and respects due from

Sir, your humble servant

T. F.

To Mr. C. M.

Sir,

YOur civil reception of the tender of my endeavours to your service, hath made me presume, that your goodnesse will maintein your *first* favour with a *second*; and, if occasion serve, to mention my desires to those noble Gentlemen in *conjunction* with you; from whom I cannot despair of a favourable *Aspect*, being represented by so happie a *Medium* as your selfe. But I should be too injurious to the *publick good*, to detein you longer from your more noble employments. I shall onely beg the happinesse of a room in your memorie, in qualitie of

Sir, your most humble
Servant, T. F.

To

To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

HAving long ſince received your *Letter* and not receiving *any anſwer*, you might juſtly think I either *not received*, or *ſlighted* your command. But, when you have read this, you will believe that my ſilence was neither out of *ſloth*, nor *ſlighting*; it being much againſt my will that I have deprived my ſelf of the pleaſure I take in ſerving you. The reaſons that obliged me this delay, were *more juſt* than I wiſh they had been: For, this *vagrant Pamphlet* that now attends you, was *ſtraged* from me, and much time paſs'd before I could procure a *Paſs* to ſend it home to the place of its birth. Since when, I underſtood that your occaſions called you to a greater diſtance, which rendred me uncapable of ſerving you. Thus, Sir, you ſee it was not out of any covetous or envious humour, or a fear of the expence of a few lines; which when you have them, are ſo *worthleſs*, that I might have done you a greater *courteſie* to have *forborn them now*. Onely this rudeneſs may ſerve to let you ſee how much I eſteem you my *friend*, in that I have taken no more care to entertain you with that ſtudied reſpect which I ſhould, to any but my *Familiar*. I ſhall not Apologize for the rudeneſs of this undreſt Pamphlet, which now waits upon you in obedience to your call; nor tell you, that I

deſire

desire you would read it to *your own ears onely*; nor that I shall long to see it again: But onely desire you to remember what place you hold in the number of his *first friends*, who is

Sir, your old Friend and

Servant, T. F.

To M. C. F.

Sir,

I Have heard of those *men-moles*, that *Nero*-like, rip up the *entrails* of their *Mother Earth*, to plunder her of her hidden *Excrements* (who many times dig so long under ground, that they meet with their own graves before they are willing) though none of the *best men*, yet have they this *good* qualitie, that they are continually calling and talking to one another, that if a sudden *damp* should surprize any of them, the rest may speedilie be readie to help and assist them. It is no shame for the *best* to learn what's good, though from the *worst* of men. Considering therefore the many clouds and vapours that continually are readie to overwhelm and stifle us in this *vault* of earth (where we are but *day-labourers*) it is a necessarie dutie of friends to be frequent in these Offices of friendship. How unhappie had I been, had that boisterous wind blown down your earthlie tabernacle, and deprived me of a *friend* without any warning! And though my *eyes* and *ears* were late-

lately the happie witneſſes of your recoverie: Yet, me thinks, I know not how to credit them, till you vouchſafe to give it me under your *hand and ſeal*, and confirm to *me* the continuance of *my* health and happineſs in *yours*. Certainly, there is more intended in theſe viſits, than common cuſtome and complement. *Letters* are the lawful *Spies* and *Intelligencers* of amitie; the honourable *Leigers* to continue a good correſpondencie amongſt friends. And, if, as our late Phyſicians hold, moſt diſeaſes and diſtempers of the bodie are occaſioned by the ſtopping of the bloods *circulation*, ſurely, the omitting of theſe correſpondencies, breed no good blood, but, like the *intermitting pulſe*, proclame the *decay*, if not the *death* of friendſhip. It is not enough that you are *alive* and *well*, unleſs you *tell me ſo*, and communicate *your* happineſs to *me*, by the information. I cannot ſafely ſay I *am well*, unleſs I know my friends are ſo, who are *my ſelf*. Let your Letters ſometimes tell me how I do, and be at once my *phyſick* and *Phyſician*; and I ſhall duly pay you the *Fee* of being

Sir, your officious ſervant,

T. F.

oT

To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

HAving founded a *retreat* to my ſelf from my former, perhaps too familiar converſe with the world; being able by experience to confirm the wiſe mans cenſure, that it is not only *vanity*, but *vexation of ſpirit*. I have confined my ſelf to my own home: Yet, becauſe man is *Animal ſociale*, and God himſelf thought it not fit for Him to be *alone*, I have undertaken (that lawful *Negromancie*) to converſe with the *dead*; the beſt and moſt impartial inſtructors. I ſhall make bold (in obedience to your command) from your well-furniſhed Market, to borrow ſome ſupply: For knowledge is truly *pabulum Animæ*, and Books the beſt *Caterers* of that entertainment. Had I time, I would venture at an *Encomium* of thoſe beſt of *Companions*. But the meſſenger ſtayes, and I cannot. Let me therefore (without a Preface) crave the priviledge of your *Fuller*; from whoſe *Piſgath*, I am ambitious to take a view of that *Holy Land*. for which, and your many former favours, I muſt ſubſcribe my ſelf

Sir, yours obliged,

T. F.

To Mr. T. L.

Sir,

AMongst the *ill* turns of my crosſ fortune, it was not the leaſt, that I could not attein the happineſs of ſeeing you, when laſt in *London*; though your goodneſs often endeavoured it, and I was not idle in the like returns. If you will pardon me my *City-misfortune*, in recompence, I will enjoyn my ſelf the *penance*, or rather the *happineſs* of a twelve miles *pilgrimage*, to kiſs your hands, at your *own home*, when the weather and the way ſhall ſo far be-friend me. In purſuance of that ſervice I owe you, I have now ſent, *&c.*——I ſuppoſe you expect, and I preſume, as good and as cheap as you could have bought them: For I would willingly obtein your belief, that my ſervice to my friends is not *mercenary*; and that I look not to be *paid again* for thoſe acts of dutie which your courteſies have paid me for *before-hand*. This is no complement, but the *real*, though *ex tempore* dictates of my Heart.

Sir, your humble ſervant,

T. F.

To Dr. S.

Noble Dr.

THe ingenious *Italians* have three ſignificant phraſes whereby they character a work exactly done. They ſay, it was performed, *Con diligenza, con ſtudio, & con amore.* Without any ambition, I muſt crave leave to tell you, that in order to the content I take in ſerving my friends, and eſpecially *your ſelf* (to whom I am bound by ſo many repeated acts of friendſhip) I have not failed in any of thoſe particulars in my ſearch for——. For, to have enjoy'd the pleaſure of ſatisfying your expectations, I uſed all the diligence and care that could be thought on: For I think I left not a ſhop unviſited, though yours were my onely errand, and, but for one place, I muſt have returned with a *non eſt inventus*. Sir, your goodneſs makes me apt to believe, that you will not cenſure the *Act* by the *Iſſue*; and I ſhall live in hope, that ſome other command may render me more happy in the performance. Let the ſhortneſs of my time and paper excuſe this abrupt tender of my thanks and ſervice to your ſelf, your good bedfellow, and the reſt of your happie Familie; and do me the *favour*, or rather the *juſtice*, to believe me to be

Sir, your very ready and

real ſervant, T. F.

To

To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

AS needie debtors pay one ſum, but with an intent to borrow a bigger; ſo I ſend you home *three* Books, with a requeſt to borrow a *fourth*. Thus doe I link your courteſies, and my engagements together; and knowing the undoubted fertilitie of your friendſhip, I ſhall make every former favour the *Parent* of another. So that, if it be a fable that *Pliny* tells of ſome Mice in *Caria*, that are ſo fruitful, that the young ones are with young in their Dams belly: The pregnant acts of your Friendſhip may be the *Moral*. I ſhall therefore requeſt the uſe of your *Plutarch's Morals*, which (I doubt not) will inſtruct me how to return you due thanks for your many courteſies, whereby you have ſo many times bound me to be

Sir, your thankeful Friend

and Servant,

T. F.

To

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

OF all pleaſures, reading is the beſt: of all readings, thoſe *Antelucanas Lectiones* are to me the moſt pleaſant and profitable. And ſurely there is ſomething in it, that *Lectus* and *Lectio* are of near affinitie. Theſe are the onely *Curtain-Lectures*. Not long ſince I faſtened upon Sir *Richard Bakers Soliloquie*, or, as he calls it, *Pillar of thoughts*; deſervedly ſo ſtyled, for the *ſolidity* of the compoſition, the *rareneſs* of the materials, and *height* of the fancie. There, amongſt other choiſe notions, he falls upon the *immortality* of the Soul, and hath ſo well diſcharged himſelf in it, that he hath left no place for a *Sceptick* to reſt in: Onely I could not ſee (for indeed my candle is not of the largeſt ſize) how he doth clearly evince the *Original* of the rational ſoul, but (with St. *Auguſtine*) refuſeth to determine whether it be *propagated, or infuſed*. I dare not *reſolve*, where ſo great men *doubt*, and wherein the ſoul it ſelf is ignorant, or ſilent; as if it had drank of *Virgils Lethe*, before it came into the bodie, forgetting how it came there. Weighing the arguments of both ſides, my reaſon holding the *ballance* with an equal hand, the arguments for the *Traduction*, in my eye ſeem to be moſt weightie. Perhaps becauſe I know not how to anſwer them. When I conſider the births of *baſtards*, and other ſuch

like irregular productions (the *Anomalies* of nature) I cannot (me thinks) ſalve Gods *juſtice*, who, if the ſoul be not *ex traduce*, muſt favour thoſe irregularities, ſo much againſt his *Holineſs*: And what hath the poor innocent ſoul done, to be impriſoned in a ſinful polluting bodie? For, if the ſoul be not *propagated*, then the *bodies* of Infants *onely* have ſinned, and are *onely* liable to the puniſhment of *Original ſin*. Now certainly, it cannot be properly ſaid that the *bodie* ſinneth, for the bodie is but the *ſouls* inſtrument, and what evil hath the ſoul of a young dying Infant committed, if his ſoul were not *derived* from *Adam*? And if the ſoul be *infuſed*, who doubts but that it comes *pure and unſpotted* from the hands of God? It was an errour reckoned upon the ſcore of the *Arrians*, that our Saviour took onely *fleſh* of the Virgin, but not the *ſoule*: But it is the opinion of the *Church of England*, that Chriſt took *mans nature* upon him in the Virgins womb; whence it muſt neceſſarily follow, that he took *both body and ſoul*, ſince either, without the other, make not perfect man. Yet, if this be evaded, as extraordinary, in the Hiſtorie of the Creation, when God took *Eve* out of *Adams* ſide, it is not ſaid, that He *breathed into her* the breath of life, as before He did to *Adam*: Perhaps (and if ſilence may be interpreted conſent) to intimate that her *ſoul* was derived with her *body* from the man. But, that the ſoul, which Philoſophers call *Anima*, compoſed of the *vegetative* and *ſenſitive* faculties, is *ex traduce*, is yielded; the onely queſtion being about the *Spiritus*, which, they ſay, is the breath

breath of God, infuſed in the third, or fourth, or ſixth moneth; or, to ſay truth, they know not when. Now, if this *Spirit* be *infuſed* before the birth, why ſee we not the effects and workings of this Spirit? But it ſeems as *dull* as the body is *feeble*; whereas, experience tels us, *Chickens as ſoon as hatch'd, fall to pecking, ducklings to padling, the colt fals to ſucking as ſoon as foald, the lamb as ſoon as faln*; whereas this Spirit in man is not ſeen, till almoſt the third part of his life be ſpent, and perhaps not at all. Let a child be brought up in a *wood*, or a *wilderneſs*, what difference will appear between *him* and a *beaſt*? So that this Spirit ſeems to be encreaſed by, if not derived from civil ſocietie, and liberal education; whereas, if the ſoul be infuſed by God, that it muſt come perfect from his hands, who makes a queſtion? Theſe things my *faith* can eaſily *leap over*, and turn theſe *mountains* into *mole-hils*; but my reaſon is at *a ſtand*, and craves the favourable aſſiſtance of your courteous hand, becauſe I know you will doe it, and that *dexterouſly*. If you have the good fortune to rout theſe light arguments, which I ſend out as my *forlorn hope*, I have yet a *reſerve* left, which may tell you, that a man may be *victus in prælio*, and yet *victor in bello*. But, I leave you to your good fortune, with aſſurance that your *enemy* is no other than

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.

D. P. B.

INfandum (Philippe) *jubis renovare dolorem.* Dolorem ſub *ſigillo ſilentii* ſignandum eſſe, vel *lachrymis* potius quam *verbis* exprimendum. Nefandâ illâ nocte, flagranti amicitiâ fluenti eloquentiâ, medio de fonte leporum, ſurgit *amari* aliquid. A Cacumine montium ſum *dejectus*, è Paradiſo *ejectus*; in orbem *iturus*, *rediturus* nunquam: fœmininæ linguæ *gladius verſatilis* regreſſum prohibet.

Heu! quæ nunc tellus, quæ me æquora poſſunt accipere, aut quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat? *Silentium* olim pendidit *Amyclas*, jam vana *loquacitas* perdidit *Amicos*. Nunc ſeriò, ah nimis ſera! illud *Comici*, *Mulier aut amat, aut odit, nihil eſt tertium.* Tu tamen vale & conſtanter Ama.

Conſtantiſſimum tuum Amicum,

T. F.

To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

CHriſtian moderation is the beſt *reconciler* of all controverſies; for it hath been too often found by ſad experience, that in the heats of diſ-

diſputations, men have ſought *victory*, rather than *verity*, Truth being often loſt by an over-hot and haſty ſearch: Witneſs the many, and too eager Diſputes concerning *Admiſſion to the Lords Supper*; to which ſome men, by a too haſty, and leſs charitable *zeal*, have excluded *all*, though never ſo worthy, leſt they ſhould loſe the authoritie of *Examination*, which the Scripture no where *commands*, nor hardly anywhere *allowes*; it being not poſſible for any man to know what is in man, but the Spirit of man which is within him. The *Apoſtle St. Paul* therefore layes the injunction upon every man to examine *himſelf*, not ſending him to another to uſurp the power of *Auricular Confeſſion*, which they condemn in the *Papiſts*, yet would exerciſe *themſelves*. I denie (under ſubmiſſion) that any man can ſhew any one direct place of Scripture that commands or enjoynes the Miniſter to examine his Pariſhioners; it being his Office to teach them their duties, to reprove them *for*, and convince them *of* their errours, and it is left to the people to examine and reform themſelves by that glaſſe which the Miniſter holds out unto them. We accuſe the *Romaniſts* (and juſtly) of *grand Sacriledge*, for denying the *Cup* unto the people, whileſt we are deprived not onely of *part*, but of *all*. How juſtly, let the *Scripture*, and the practice of all Ages (till ours) ſhew. It is denied that *Judas* received the Sacrament with the other diſciples, though *three* Evangeliſts abſolutely relate it, and the *fourth* doth not denie it. It is alſo denied, that the Sacrament is a *converting*

Ordinance, becauſe the Scripture doth not ſay ſo in expreſſe terms: By better reaſon we ſay *it is*, becauſe the Scripture no where denies it, and reaſon it ſelf ſpeaks the uſe of it to be *verbum viſibile*, it ſetting forth Chriſt and his Paſſion to our *eyes*, as the Word preached doth to our *eares*; and we have alwayes been taught, that the Eye is the apteſt Scholar. If it be not a *Preaching action* now, it is becauſe we have it not to ſee; elſe to what purpoſe did our Saviour command us to uſe it in remembrance of him? That all ſhould receive the Sacrament of the Supper, becauſe all have been Baptized, is an argument framed onely by the Confuters thereof; for none (that I know) who plead for a *free admiſſion*, but make ſome *exception* from this *general rule*, as *infants*, *fools*, and *excommunicate perſons*; for that all have a right to eat, is an argument never maintein'd, the onely queſtion being *who have* this right, and *who have not?* That *Infidels*, *Ideots*, and *Children* have not, all agree, for reaſons too plain to be queſtioned. That *ſcandalous* perſons have no right, we denie not neither, onely ſay, they are not to be accounted ſo, till *excommunicated*: Nor can that man be lawfully accounted *guilty* in the ſence of the Law, till proofs have convicted, and ſentence determined him to be ſo: For to denie a man the priviledges his birth allowes him, till the Law determine that he hath *forfeited* them, is an injuſtice, and no command of *Chriſt* or *Scripture*. Sure I am, the Maſter in the Parable reproved not his ſervant for admitting him without the wedding garment, it

was

was their part to *invite all*, and if any would preſume to come unfitted, it lay upon *himſelf* to bear the ſentence of their Lord; the *Apoſtle* telling us, as it is a dutie upon every one to examine himſelf, ſo he comes upon his *own peril*, to eat and drink his *own* damnation. And becauſe he that eats and drinks unworthily, eats and drinks his own damnation; yet it followeth not that the Sacrament ſhould be denied them: For who knows not, that though a man *have been* looſe and careleſs in his converſation, yet God may work a change in him in *an inſtant*, even in the *very act* of Adminiſtration: And certainly, no meanes ought to be *denied* any man, that may *conduce to*, if happily not *produce* that good end for which all the Ordinances of the Goſpel are ordained. But I forget, I intended a *Letter*, not a *Diſpute*, ſince *without controverſie* I am

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

I Am not at all infected with that *itch* of Diſputation; how contrary it is to my more peaceable temper, all that know me can witneſſe. But having routed the *main body* of your arguments, I ſhall now ſcatter *your reſerve*. It is ſaid the *Church of Epheſus* is commended for

trying and judging of men: But it is clear by the next words, that this trial was of their *doctrine*, not of their *lives*; and that they were found *false Apoſtles*. Neither can this (if it were as is pretended) authorize a *particular Miniſter* to that, which may be lawful to the *Church*, it being too tender a thing to be truſted with *one man alone* to determine; for what inconveniences would thence follow, may eaſily be imagined. The *Prieſts* indeed (as you ſay) were commanded to make a ſeparation between the *clean and the unclean*, but it was of *beaſts for the ſacrifices*, as the Texts expreſs themſelves. And St. *Peter* ſaith God had ſhewn him, that he ſhould not call any man *common and unclean*: And St. *Paul* tells the *Corinthians*, that he had no power to *judge* them without. That *Chriſt* gave the Supper *onely* to his *Apoſtles*, is plain, but it is as plain that one of them was a *Judas*; and what *ſelect* company was ever in this world, wherein was not ſome cloſe *hypocrite*? and *no Devil to the white Devil*. I have done with your arguments, and ſhall now ſound a *retreat* to my ſelf, and reſolve to *draw* my pen no more in this quarrel: For I know not whether this kind of *duelling* be not forbidden by the *late Act*; if it be not, I wiſh it were, for I love not to *contend* with my friends with any other *weapons* than love and ſervice. When you conquer me at *thoſe weapons*, I muſt forget your merit, or that I am

Sir, your friend and ſervant,

T. F.

To

To Mr. T. F.

Sir,

HAving lately (not without pleaſure and profit) read your *Church-Hiſtory*; by which, you have not only indebted our Church in *particular*, but the whole Common-wealth of Learning in *general*; my memory continually upbraided me with ingratitude, till I found out this way to convey my reſentments. For, though our *Returns* of thanks ought to be large and univerſal, as your merit, yet your goodneſs (I hope) will not refuſe the ſingle gratitude of private perſons. In that number (though the laſt, and the leaſt) I am bold to tender my *mite*. A task indeed better befitting a more equal pen, ſince none is able to do it but your own. But I know your *modeſty* is as great as your *merit*, the *higheſt* worths being always accompanied with the *loweſt* humiltie. May your name ever live, who have rais'd ſo many to life, and reſcued their memories from the tyranny of oblivion. Amongſt many others, I am particularly obliged to your courteſie, in the remembrance of that good man Mr. *Udal*, whom by kindred I am ſomething related. One, of whom we have this tradition, that he was the firſt man King *James* asked for when he came into *England*; and being anſwered, that he was *dead*, the King (whoſe judgment was an exact ſtandard of learning & learned men) reply'd, *By my ſal, then the greateſt Scholar in Europe's dead.* And certainly, by his own party (if they may be admitted for com-

competent Judges) it is not yet resolv'd, whether his *Learning* or his *Zeal* were greatest; and they think they justly boast him a *Confessor*, if not a *Martyr* for that *Cause*, which since hath paid those scores with *Interest*. Now, though I am no *heir* to his *opinions*, yet a small *affinity* to his *Person*, makes me embrace the opportunitie of proffering you that *Intelligence* you complain to want, the rather, because (perhaps) no man can now do it but my self; and I have a *Relation of all his Trials, Censures, and Sentence, written by himself*; which (I doubt not) may give you a satisfactorie account in what you desire. If you please to command it, I shall be ambitious to serve *you*, and the *truth* therewith. But I could wish you would review that passage in the 31 *Sect. After the Execution of* Udal, *&c.* for he died at the *White-Lyon* (just as his pardon was procured) and was buried at St. *Georges Southwark*. And so I leave him to his Rest, wishing his *good name and doctrines may survive his discipline*. Sir, you have not onely engaged *Learning*, but *Religion*, to perpetuate your labours. Fame is much in arrears to your Desert, and therefore cannot in justice but continue that veneration in *length* to your memorie, which it yet wants in *breadth*. Those *Religious Houses*, erected by a better devotion, than that which destroy'd them, are more beholding to your Pen, than to their Founders, or Materials; you having made them a task for the remembrance and admiration of future Ages, so long as Time shall hold a Sythe, or Fame a Trumpet. I would say more, if the univer-

sal

ſal applauſe of all knowing men had not ſaved me a labour. And (to pay you in ſome of your own coyn) *It is no flattery to affirm, what envy cannot deny.* Did I not fore-ſee that the relation would ſwell my diſcourſe beyond the *limits* of a *Letter*, or the *length* of your *patience*, I ſhould aſſume the libertie to inform you, that my neighbourhood to the place, acquaints me with ſome *Relicts* of *Religious Houſes*, at and near *Maldon*, bearing ſtill the name of an *Abbey*, a *Friery*, and a *Nunnery*. And, if we may judge of *Hercules* by his foot, of the whole piece by the remnant, and of them by their Remaines, I ſhould ſuppoſe them not behind many in *England*. As yet, I know little of them, but their ruines; but, if you vote it convenient, I ſhall endeavour to improve my preſent ignorance into a diſcoverie of them. I ſuppoſe it will be no hard task; I am ſure it ſhall not, when in relation to your command. I muſt now take pitie of your patience, which had not run this hazard of abuſe, did I not know I have to do with ſo great a Candor, from which I can expect no leſs than *pardon*. And in that preſumption I crave your leave to be, as I ſubſcribe my ſelf

Sir, your moſt aſſured ſervãnt,

T. F.

To M.——

Madam,

WEre I ſure of the *cauſe* of your malady, I could eaſily hope the *Cure*; but, being to *gueſs* at the *one*, it will be no wonder, if I *miſs the other*. Of all *diſeaſes*, thoſe of the *mind* are worſt, of thoſe, that of *melancholy*: of *melancholies*, the *religious*. I know not by what unhappy wit, the the badge of melancholy hath been faſtned upon the ſpirit of *Calvin*, that Patriarch of *Presbytery*. This I know, ſince that unhappy Planet hath reigned over us, we have too ſenſibly felt all thoſe unlucky effects that an ill-boading Comet could produce. What wars, what blood-ſhed, what ruines have we ſeen in the State? What factions, what fractions in the Church? What envy, what hatred, what diviſions amongſt private perſons? What doubts, what feares, what diſtractions in all mens minds? In a word, what not?

Gladly doe I remember thoſe happy dayes (now happy onely in the remembrance) that *Golden Age*, wherein we had but one Truth, but one Way, wherein men walked lovingly together, without contentious juſtling one another. When thoſe *Silver Trumpets* of the Sanctuary gave no uncertain ſound; when the way to Heaven was, though a *narrow*, yet a *plain and direct* path; not block'd up by envious cenſures, by diſtracting clamours. But now

now I ſadly ſee, and ſigh to ſay, our *Rents* are like to prove our *Ruine*, and our *diſtractions* our *deſtruction*. I remember a Storie of a *knaviſh Painter* (ſo my Author calls him) who, being to make the Picture of ſome goddeſs for a Citie to worſhip, drew the *Counterfeit* of his own *Miſtris*, and ſo cauſed her to be *courted*, that (perhaps) better deſerved to be *carted*. I wiſh this *tale* were not too *true* of our times. It is too obvious to conceal the *Parallel*. Do we not daily ſee *Religion* dreſt up in the ſeveral ſhapes of every ones fancie, and obtruded upon the eaſie multitude, as the onely Deitie for their adoration and obſervance? our *faith* made as changeable as our *faſhions*? And, what's the miſerie of our miſeries, none are ſo eaſily deluded, as the well-meaning, ſimple-hearted, honeſt Chriſtians; who, out of an *exceſſe* of Charitie, are ready to believe all men mean truly, becauſe they doe ſo themſelves.

If this be your caſe (and I am to ſeek if it be not) let me give you this Caution, Beware of that evil which commeth *near* to the ſhew of good; none can ſo eaſily deceive you, as thoſe *Hyæna's*, who have learn'd your voice, to draw you out of the way. Take heed of thoſe ſerpents of the colour of the ground. Let St. *Paul* beſeech you to mark them which cauſe diviſions and offences: *Contrary to the Doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them.* I am miſ-inform'd, if the ſame word which we read *Contrary*, doth not alſo import *near*. There are no opinions ſo dangerouſly contrary

contrary to the truth, as they that ſeem very near it.

Let me aſſure you, it is the *old way*, which is the *good way*, wherein you ſhall find *reſt*. There ſhall you find a direct road, without any turnings and windings of private intereſt or faction: No briars and thorns of quarrelling diſputes; no ſoul-deſtroying doctrines, under the oſtentious titles of ſoul-ſaving truths. It is no ſuch long and melancholy way, as we ſee now chalk'd out by thoſe who have found out new paths to heaven, that our Fathers never dream't of. There ſhall you find *gravity* without *moroſity*, and *mirth* without *madneſs*; Chriſtian cheerfulneſſe as well commanded, as commended. Religion is no ſuch frowning fury: *Pſalms* and *Hymns* are her daily practice, as well as *prayers* and *teares*. The ſame Holy Spirit that commands us to *pray alwayes*, enjoyns us alſo to *rejoyce evermore*. We ſin, if we rejoyce not: There is not more errour in falſe mirth, than in unjuſt heavineſs. Can they be ſad, who have a *God to defend*, a *Chriſt to ſave*, and an *Holy Ghoſt to comfort them*. It is for thoſe that know not God, or know him diſpleas'd, to droop, as men without hope.

An humble practice of thoſe *Common truths*, alone neceſſary to ſalvation, is far more ſafe, more happy, than all the towring and lofty ſpeculations of unquiet Heads, and too buſie Brains. There is ſome reaſon in the old Scotch Rithme.

Rob. Will. *and* Davy,
Keep well thy Pater noſter, and Ave,
And if thou wilt the better ſpeed,
Gang no farther than thy Creed:
Say well, and do none ill,
And keep thy ſelf in ſafety ſtill.

Our way is not tedious, nor our burthen heavy; why then ſhould we add length to the one, and weight to the other, by an un-neceſſarie ſadneſs? *Whileſt hypocriſie lies under the clouded brow of a Phariſee; a cheerful countenance is the badge of innocence.* It is a diſparagement to our *Maſter*, and his ſervice, to follow him ſighing, I have done. Pardon me this (perhaps un-neceſſary) length, and believe me, however the *Phyſick* chance to work, it is tender'd with an hand ayming onely at your happineſſe; and that would gladly wiſh no better employment, than to ſtrew your way to heaven with *Roſes*. This is the height of his ambition, who is

Madam, your moſt humble

Servant, T. F.

To M. D. P.

Sir,

THe *Italians* ſay in a *Proverb*, *That words are but females, deeds are males.* I can allow them to be females, ſo they be fruitful in theſe maſ-

maſculine productions, and not ſubject to miſcarry of thoſe fruits, with which they often ſeem ſo big. I have endeavoured my promiſe ſhould not prove abortive; but it hath ſtaid ſo long by the Carriers Midwifry, that what you expected as a *gift*, will amount to a *purchaſe*; for, *a courteſie delay'd, is dearly bought.* Beſides, I cannot expect it ſhould ariſe to the merit of a *gift*, ſince it will hardly amount to the leaſt mite that I owe you. Your courteſies have been ſo many, your favours ſo large, and the continuance ſo long, that I deſpair of diſcharging the *Intereſt*, ſhould your goodneſs abate me the *Principal.* But if a thouſand thanks, and ten thouſand good wiſhes may paſs for *pay*, you ſhall never have cauſe to call me ingrateful; for herein I can be as liberal as your ſelf. I remember the *Dutch Hiſtory* tells us, that at the Siege of *Alcmar*, the ſouldiers within, being without pay, the Magiſtrates cauſed dollers of tin to be coyned, of three ſhillings a piece, with promiſe, that the Town being delivered, they would redeem them for good ſilver at the rate. I will wrap up this poor preſent with a faithful promiſe, that when propitious Heaven ſhall tranſmute my *tin and copper* into *gold and ſilver*, payments ſhall be more proportionate to your merits, and my obligations, by which I ſtand firmly bound to profeſs my ſelf

Sir, your Servant,

T. F.

To

To M. J. W. *on ye Death of her Daught*

Madam,

NEither out of *sloth*, nor *slighting*; not out of *forgetfulness*, nor *unwillingness*, have I hitherto delay'd this debt of duty, which you may justly have expected sooner. Believe me, I have not yet forgot those *many*, *many* favours whereby you have perpetually bound me to serve you. My silence thus long, hath been not out of *negligence*, but *designe*. I was not willing to meet your sorrow in its full careere, resolving rather to await the turning of the tide, and expect an *ebb* of your passion; lest in stead of a *lenitive*, I had brought a *corrosive*; and in stead of abating, encreased your grief. By this time, I hope, your *Reason* hath subdued your *Passion*, and *natural affection* given place to *Religion*; which, as it allows a moderate sorrow for the death of our friends and relations, so it appoints bounds to our tears, and commands us, *Not to weep as those without hope*. When my thoughts reflect upon your losse of so *dutiful a daughter*, *so good a wife*, *so pleasant a companion*, *so true a friend*, in the fair flower of her youth, in the pleasant Spring of her age; me thinks, I could mingle my tears with yours, and forget what I intended. But when agen I consider the miseries of this life, the troubles of this world, the losses and crosses, the corroding cares, the doubtful fears that attend us here: when I bal-

lance *our loſs* with *her gains*, the *miſeries* ſhe is paſt, with the *happineſſes* ſhe enjoyes, I can find ſo little cauſe to mourn, that I muſt confeſs we have infinitely more reaſon to rejoyce. Alas! what is our life but a ſea of troubles, a pilgrimage of dangers, a race, a warfare, a baniſhment; the world a priſonfull of chaines and captives, at beſt an Inn, no habitation? Death is our quiet harbour, an end of our journey, a concluſion of our warfare; that brings us from *exile* to our *native home*; that gives us a *Kingdome* for a *priſon*, *crowns* for *chains*, and for this poor baiting-place of earth, an everlaſting habitation in Heaven. Shall we then grieve for thoſe are gone before us, who are releaſed from the evils *preſent*, and ſecured againſt thoſe to *come*, who are taken from *labour* to *reſt*, from *expectation* to *fruition*, from *death* to *life*. Is it not unjuſt? Is it not envious? The *Philoſopher*, who was asked; *Which was the beſt ſhip?* wiſely anſwered, *That which is ſafely arrived*. Shall we weep for thoſe, who have already made their voyage, or rather for our ſelves, who are ſtill toſſed upon the waters of ſtrife, who are ſtill ſubject to thoſe ſtorms and tempeſts, which they have happily paſt? They are not *loſt*, but *gone before*; not *periſhed*, but *perfected*; not *dead*, but *departed*. A long-ſick man commanded this *Epitaph* to be written upon his grave, *Here I am well*. *Fortune* (they ſay) moſt *hurts*, whom ſhe ſeems to *favour*; *Death* moſt *favours* thoſe he ſeems to *hurt*. Nor may we account an *early* death *untimely*: The fruit which to our apprehenſion is blown down *green* and *untimely*, is gathered

thered *full ripe* in Gods providence. The faireſt flowers ſooneſt fade. The *Sun* and *Moon*, the moſt bright and glorious of theſe heavenly bodies, fulfill their courſes in a *ſhort* ſeaſon, whileſt the dimmer and duller Planets are *longer* time wheeling about. It is ſometimes the *happineſs* of *young John*, to out-run *old Peter* to the Sepulchre. This is Gods will, and therefore not to be *reſiſted*, not to be *repined* at. It is their happineſs, therefore not to be *lamented*. Can our teares profit them where they are, or bring them back to us? I could allow you to be laviſh of your ſighs, to be prodigal of your tears, were they not *unfruitful*, were they not *unlawful*. I can eaſily believe your loſs *of* her, to be as great as your love *to* her; but your meeting again will be more *joyous*, than your parting was *grievous*. But what do I do? I forget that I write to one, whoſe Chriſtian carriage hath (I doubt not) already *prevented* me this office; and whoſe excellent parts are able to *anticipate* whatſoever I am able to ſay. Give me leave onely to kiſſe your hands, and once more to aſſure you, that I am ſtill as much as ever,

Madam, the moſt humble,

and the moſt real of your

Friends and Servants,

T. F.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

IT is informed from ſeveral parts, that the Butchers have knock't down the Exciſe-men, and cut the throat of the Exciſe upon meat: And they have ſo generally thrown off that yoke, that it is believed they will hardly be brought to admit the putting of it on again. Whither do theſe confuſions tend! Where will they end! We are like the poor *Aſs* in the Fable, who often changed his Maſter, but alwayes for the worſe. Will not all theſe miſeries yet open the eyes of the blinded multitude! I would be-ſpeak them in the words of *Ananus*, one of the *Jewiſh* Prieſts, inciting the people againſt the factious *Zealots*; amongſt other paſſages (which you may find in *Joſephus*) he thus queſtions them,——*But why ſhould I exclame againſt the tyrants? Did not you your ſelves make them great, and nouriſh their power and authority by your patience? Did not you, by deſpiſing thoſe who before were in authority, being but a few, make all theſe, who are many in number, tyrants over your ſelves?*

When *Conſuls* ſucceeded the Roman *Kings*, the *Hiſtorian* ſayes, they changed *gold* for *braſs*, and loathing *one King*, ſuffered *many tyrants*, ſcourging their folly with their fall, and curing a feſter'd ſore with a poyſoned plaiſter. Do we not plainly ſee the Fable *moraliz'd* by our ſelves? The Serpents *Tail* would needs one day

day fall a quarrelling with the *Head*, saying, that she would by turns goe *before*, and not alwayes come lagging *behind*; which the *Head* having yielded unto, was the first that repented it, not knowing how, or whither she should goe; and besides, was all rent and bruised, being forced, against nature, to follow a member that had neither *seeing* nor *hearing* to conduct it. Our factions, fractions, and lawless liberty, render us like the poor *Bactrans*, of whom it is said, that they are *Sine Fide, sine Rege, sine Lege*. But whither is my pen running? Since I began with the Excise in *England*, I will waft you over into *Holland*, where it first began, and was invented; there you shall see how ill the *Dutchmen* at first relished this Tax upon their drink: It occasioned this Libel in Dutch, which you shall read in English:

I wish long life may him befall,
And not one good day therewithal;
And Hell-fire after this life here,
Who first did raise this Tax on Beer.

With this *Postscript*, The Word of God, and the Tax on Beer, last for ever and ever.

But it is no wonder the Dutchman should be so angry with this charge upon his drink, since you know it is said, *Germanorum vivere, est bibere*. And they account the turning of *water* into *wine*, the greatest Miracle that ever Christ did; which miracle onely made one of them wish that Christ had lived in their Country. No more now, but that I am still as always,

Sir, your Servant, T. F.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

WE have now (thanks to our Preſerver) liv'd to ſee thoſe men confuted to their faces, who would needs determine *the end of the world*, before *the end of the year*; and upon no better ground, that I could hear from any of them, than this, becauſe (ſay they) the old world was drowned in the year from the Creation, 1657. And I find the Learned *Alſtedius* fathering of this fancie, becauſe he found the ſame number of yeares in the *Chronogram* of *Conflagratio Mundi*. How miſerably, and yet how often have the too credulous vulgar been deluded by the vain *Predictions* of ſuch idle *Aſtrologaſters!* I remember *Hollingſhed* tells a ſtorie of the *Prior* of St. *Bartholomews London*, who built him an houſe on *Harrow-hill*, to ſecure himſelf from a ſuppoſed flood foretold by an Aſtrologer: But at laſt, he, with the reſt of his ſeduced company, came down again as wiſe as they went up. Such is the fate and folly of thoſe *falſe prophets*, that they often live to ſee themſelves confuted. It is a witty jeer the *Cambro-Britannian Epigrammatiſt* puts upon the Scotch *Napier*, who more wiſely had determined the end of the world at a farther diſtance.

Cur

Cor mundi finem propiorem non facis? ut ne ante obitum mendax arguerere: Sapis.

Thus, as is well obſerved, by a late and Learned Author, Aſtrologers have told of a ſad and diſcontented day, which would weep it's eyes out in ſhowers, which when 'twas born proved a *Democritus*, and did nothing but laugh at their ignorance and folly.

Infinite are the Stories upon Record of the madneſs of thoſe men, and the vanitie and credulity of the eaſie multitude: Strange, that they ſhould be ſo groſſely, and yet ſo often cheated with the ſame bait! But I conclude with a more ſerious obſervation of *Ludolphus*, of the two deſtructions of the world: As the firſt, ſayes he, was by *water*, for the heat of their luſt; ſo the ſecond ſhall be by *fire*, for the *coldneſſe* of their love. In hopes that *ours* is not yet grown *cold*, I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir, your loving Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. E. M.

Sir,

BOdin the Frenchman, in his *Method of Hiſtory*, accounts *Engliſhmen barbarous* for their *Civil Wars*: But his Countrymen, at this time, have no great reaſon to caſt dirt in our faces, till

they have wash'd their own. They who have hitherto set us on fire, and warm'd their hands by it, are now in the like flames themselves. It hath been one of their *Cardinal* Policies to divide us, lest our union should prove their ruine. It was the saying of the D. of *Rohan*, a great *States-man*, *That* England *was a mighty Animal, and could never die, unless it kill'd it self.* Certainly we have no worse enemies than our selves, as if we had *conspired* our own ruine: For *Plutarch* calls the ardent desire of the *Grecians* to make *Civil Wars* in *Greece*, a *Conspiracy against themselves.* But well may the winds and waves be Pilots to that ship whose interest our Mariners have thrown their Pylot over-board. *Dum ille regnabat, tranquillè vivebamus, & neminem metuebamus*, said the people of the Emperour *Pertinax*. We remember the time when we lived in peace and plenty, till we surfeited of our happiness; and as our peace begat plenty, so our plenty begat pride, and pride brought forth animosities and factions, and they, if not prevented, will be delivered of our ruine and destruction.

In times past (layes *Cornelius Tacitus* of our Countrymen) they lived under a *Monarchy*: now, that they are subject to divers Masters, one can see nothing but faction and divisions amongst them. This was spoken of our forefathers; and our Posteritie will think it meant onely of us. The God of union re-unite us, and out of this *Chaos* of confusion, create an happy concord amongst us, before our rents prove our ruine, and our distractions our de-

struction.

ſtruction. This is the conſtant and hearty prayer of

Sir, your aſſured Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

I Muſt tell you, you are not *juſtly* troubled at the *injuſtice* of our new Judges, ſince they have thereby rendred thoſe brave men *Martyrs*, which otherwiſe had died as *Criminals*. *Socrates* his wife exaſperated her grief by this circumſtance, Good Lord, ſaid ſhe, how *unjuſtly* doe theſe bad Judges put him to death! What, wouldſt thou rather they ſhould execute me *juſtly*? replyed he to her. The *injuſtice* of the Judges ſentence, declare the *juſtneſs* of the condemned's cauſe. It is not the being a *Judge* that makes his ſentence *juſt*, or the priſoner guilty: There have been thoſe, and we have ſeen them, who have committed *murther* with the Sword of Juſtice, and *executed Juſtice* as a *malefactor*. Not have the friends of thoſe happy *Martyrs* any cauſe to be aſhamed of, or grieved for their death, or manner of it: *Damnari, diſſecari, ſuſpendi, decolari, piis cum impiis ſunt communia*: (ſayes *Eraſmus*) *Varia ſunt hominum judicia, Ille fœlix qui judice Deo abſolvitur.* The old Martyrs have accounted *martyrdom* the way to heaven on horſ-back. The firſt man that di-

ed went to heaven, but the first man that went to heaven died a Martyr, suffered a violent death by the hands of a cruel and unmerciful *brother*. We have lived to see that politick principle of *Periander* put in practice, who being consulted with how to preserve a *tyranny*, bid the messenger stand still, whilest he, walking in a garden, topt all the *highest* flowers, thereby signifying the cutting off, and bringing low of the *Nobility*. Yet will not this do with us; it is but like *Cadmus* his sowing of serpents teeth, which will raise up *armed men* to revenge the quarrel of those brave spirits: For though our *Curfew-bell* hath been rung out, and the fire of our zeal rak'd up in the ashes of *Acts* and *Orders*, yet it is not extinguished: Witness those *Sparks* who have revenged the *death* of their Sovereign with the hazard of their own *lives*.

By this time, I doubt not, but they who most endeavoured his *Majesties* death, have seen cause enough to wish him alive again, and are ready to engrave that *Motto* upon his Statue (which they threw down with contempt) which was set upon the Statue of the *Roman Brutus*, *Utinam viveres*. It is yet some comfort that we can mingle sighs, and assist one another with mutual counsels and courtesies, which shall never be wanting from

Sir, your assured Friend,

T. F.

To

To Mr. T. L.

Sir,

BEing lately at our *New Court*, there I ſaw his *Highneſſe*, ſo environed with his guard, as if he had been their *priſoner*, and wondred how he durſt venture himſelf amongſt ſo many dangerous weapons. I was ready to have ſaid unto him, as *Plato* did to *Dionyſius* the tyrant, when he ſaw him compaſſed about with many ſouldiers of his guard, *What, haſt thou committed ſo many evils, that thou ſtandeſt in need of ſuch a guard of armed fellows?* To ſee the difference betwixt fearleſſe innocence, and fearful guilt! *M. Aurelius*, that good Prince, never had any guard; for (ſayes my Author) he ſtood not in fear of his ſubjects. Innocence is the ſureſt guard, as *Pliny* told *Trajan* the Emperour: *Hæc arx inacceſſa, hoc inexpugnabile munimentum, munimento non egere. Fruſtra ſe terrore ſuccinxeret, qui ſeptus charitate non fuerit. Armis enim arma irritantur.*

White-hall is now become *Black-hall*, with the ſmoak of coals and matches: But it would make one ſad and ſigh to ſee what havock is made of his Majeſties goods and houſhold-ſtuff, and to whoſe uſing his houſe & furniture is faln. It minded me of a ſtory in *Q. Curtius*, who ſays, *Alexander* (that great robber, as the petty Pyrat call'd him) ſitting in *Darius* Seat, which was not fit for him, but higher than ſerved for his

his ſtature, his feet could not touch the ground one of his Pages put a board underneath for him to tread upon; whereat one of the *Eunuchs* that belonged to *Darius*, looked heavily, and fetch'd a deep ſigh, whoſe ſadneſſe when *Alexander* perceived, he enquired of him the cauſe? He anſwered: That when he beheld the board whereon *Darius* was wont to eat, employed to ſo baſe an uſe, he could not behold it without grief. Who can ſee thoſe brave horſes which uſed to draw his Majeſties Coach, now drag in enemies cart, without pity & indignation? But enough of this, and for this time I am

Sir, your very Friend,

Servant, T. F.

To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

HAving now retrived my rude draught of that *excellent*, but *loſt* virtue of *friendſhip*, I ſend the *pitture* to you the *pattern*, that it may be corrected by the *compariſon*. It cannot be expected that it ſhould be an exact piece, or that I ſhould draw it to the *life*, which hath been *dear* to us poor mortals; eſpecially having had ſo *little light*, and at ſo great a *diſtance* as we are removed from that golden age wherein friendſhip flouriſhed. I cannot but admire, that ſo noble a ſubject hath found ſo few *friends*: For, except that *Triumvirate* of Eloquence, the Roman *Cicero*,

Cicero, our Engliſh *Seneca*, and that great *Dictator* of Learning Sir *Fra. Bacon*. I have found few or none, who have written any juſt diſcourſe of it: From their *trine* Aſpect hath my diſcourſe received ſome light and augmentation. Yet have I not altogether trod in their ſteps, nor made any better uſe of them, than *admire* thoſe I could not *imitate*; neither have I uſed any gay or painted language, but plain and ſimple, like the ſubject I handle. I have laboured to make it *like*, rather than *handſome*. An Embaſſador comming to Treat with the Roman Senate, having his head powdered, and his face painted, *Cato* told them, they could not expect any *truth* from *him*, whoſe very locks and looks did *lye*. I have therefore ſtudied to repreſent his Lady, *ſine fuco, ſine fallaciis*, without the dreſſings of any artificial handſomneſs, or auxiliary beauty. If you like it, love it; if not, draw the curtain of your charity over it, and let it lie, till ſome abler workman ſhall take the pencil in hand. It is enough for me, if it can but ſpeak the Author

Sir, your true Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. J. A.

Sir,

Did not the ſame peremptory buſineſſe that preſſed me *down*, ſtill keep me here, I ſhould (at leaſt) have prevented the Office of this Paper, and not been beholding

to

to a mute *proxie* for the delivery of a meſſa
I ſhould *rather*, if not *better*, have done in per
ſon. Since fate will have it thus, let me crave
your credence, that what you ſhall here read
is not ſo much the *dictate*, as the *tranſcript* of
my heart. Sir, I left not my careful thoughts
with your *line of Communication*; they have
been, and will be my conſtant companions.
Hæret lateri lethalis arundo; and I deſpair of a
ny other cure, than the *dictamen* of your friend-
ly counſel. I am confident your goodneſs will
doe me not onely the *courteſie*, but the *juſtice*
to believe that my receſſe was rather *retreat*
than a *flight* from the negotiation we had in
hand, A buſineſſe (if my thoughts deceive me
not) too weighty to be carried to the end with-
out a reſt. Pardon me, if I am willing to *look*
before I *leap*.——But after the verdict of my moſt
conſiderate and ſerious thoughts, I muſt pro-
feſſe I have a large and long experience of the
skill and *fidelity* of *you* my *leader*: Nor doe I
fear a miſcarriage where you are pleas'd to be
my guide. To ſay nothing of other circum-
ſtances I am not forgetful of, though ſilent in,
allow me the liberty to tell you, *Spem de futu-
ris foveo: principium liquet*; and it ſhall not only
be my wiſh, but the moſt earneſt of my endea-
vours, τὰ τέλη τῶν ἀρχῶν σύναφαι. I have hither-
to but tythed my thoughts, which ſhould I al-
low my pen the liberty to *write*, would be too
tedious for you to *read*. In a word therefore
(to doe you the courteſie of concluding) I ſhall
promiſe, that one line from——(if he pleaſe to
maintein his *firſt* favour with a *ſecond*) will
eaſily

easily and quickly draw me from the most earnest of my engagements to tell him *Vis à vis*, that I am what I ever was, and still hope to be accounted

Sir, your very very Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. R. H.

Sir,

IN my addreresses to my friends, I do always intend too much *reality*, to be beholding to a *Complement*, in this to you, if an excess of affection should unawares transport my pen to an extravagant flight, *your* merits to *me*, and *my* obliged respects to *you*, may sufficiently secure me from the guilt of a suspitious *hyperbole*. When I have said all I can, I shall be so far from thinking it *too much*, that I must confesse it to be *too little*. I could rather have contented my self to have been still your *silent debtor*, than by the adventure of a few hasty lines to stand in need of your pardon. To think to quit scores with you, by any thing I can *say* or *doe*, is beyond the most confident of my *hopes*; and had not your command exacted it, I should not now have put you upon a new exercise of that goodnesse, to which I am already so much indebted. In the large Catalogue of those whom your repeated civilities, and constant courtesies have purchased to be your friends, I dare affirm,

affirm, you have none more ſeriouſly ſenſible of your favours, or that doth more really wiſh your welfare, than my ſelf. May ſucceſs and proſperitie wait upon all your undertakings; may health and happineſs be your conſtant attendants; and may the ſame good Angel that carries you from us, guide you in your journeys, and return you in ſafety.

Let not your dear Conſort (the beſt of wives and women) think that I have all this while forgotten *Her*: She is too much *your ſelf* to be divided from you in our good wiſhes. Sir, I am equally, and at once *her* and *your*

Moſt obliged Friend,

T. F.



FINIS.

LOVE'S LABYRINTH;

OR,

The Royal Shepherdess:

A

TRAGI-COMEDIE.

By THO. FORDE, *Philothal:*

Quid Melius desidiosus agam?

Fata viam invenient.
Comica festina gaudet sermone Thalia.

LONDON,

Printed by *R.* and *W. Leybourn*, for *William Grantham*, and are to sold at the Signe of the Black Bear in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1660.



To his Worthy Friend Mr. *Thomas Forde* on his

LOVES LABYRINTH.

TRue Friend, *while others me out-vie, and grace the* e
(*As* thou *doſt* them *far more*) *I ſcarce can* trace
I many thouſand miles do wander (*thee*
Of Pilgrimage *in thy* Mæander,
Till by the golden thred,
Of Love *I'm* ſafe *through led.*

Thy Wit *is far beyond the* Serpentine;
Thy wreathings chequer-work *and* warp divine;
Thy curious inter-woven *Plots*,
Rich twine, *ty'd all in* Lovers-knots:
Thy Skill *is* exquiſite,
To untie *and* unite.

Thy Tent-works *in-let pleaſes me ſo well*,
I'de have none out-let: *I'de rather* dwell.
I love *thy* labyrinth, *and approve*,
That thou ſhouldſt labyrinth *my* love:
There I poor well-hous'd *elf*
Might ſafely loſe *my ſelf.*

I ſee, work-women *a'n't above* workmen;
How far ſhort comes the needle *of the* pen!
Thoſe Damoſels, who are ſo devouts
In pricking little holes *in* clouts,
Thy lively Tapeſtry-ſtory
Out-ſtrips their painted glory.

Let ſpleen *it ſelf judge eithers* manu-tract: (*Alt.*
Their female works *can*'t ſpeak, *thy* male-words
A drop *of this* your *art* (Sr.) paſſes
Beyond an Ocean *of* † *the* Laſſes † *allusivè*
Their by as-ſtitch *doth* ſquint, *ad gr.*
But thine's down-right *in* print. θαλάσσης.

Nay all thou do'ſt would be ſuch *ne'retheleſs,*
Though it ne're ſaw *the* light, *nor* felt *the* preſs.
Thy laſt *impreſſion comes* behind,
The firſt *and* chief *is in thy* mind:
Thou'art beyond the reſt,
Thy firſt *Edition's* beſt.

None living *can* (*I probably conjecture*)
No not thy ſelf) *repair* this Architecture.
Each line's *right* perpendicular,
Reaſon *thy* Plum, *and* Truth *thy* Square:
Each full-point *may be ſead,*
A nail *driv'n to the* Head.

But I could wiſh there were no period,
That (*though all's* even) *yet ſomething ſtill were* od;
That after all Exits *might begin*
Still more freſh Intrats *to come in.*
The whole frame *ſo* divine *is,*
Nought vexes me but FINIS.

N. C.

To my ingenious Friend, Mr. *Thomas Forde*, on His *LOVES LABYRINTH*.

WHo truly will thy Labyrinth commend,
Shall find it hard, both to begin, and end:
Yet thou haſt ſpun a thred, with which t'untwine
The wandring Lover, though all things combine
To ſtop his paſſage: Such a flowing Style
Thou uſeſt too, as did my ſenſe beguile:
For whileſt I read, I neither Scæne nor Stage,
"*Could think were feign'd: I ſaw an Active Rage*
"*Appear in* Damocles, *which to my eye*
"*Not Acted ſeem'd, but real Tyranny.*
"Sepheſtia's *love and doom; the better fate*
"*Of* Pleuſidippus, *not more fortunate:*
"*For he Loves Labyrinth did alſo tread,*
"*And Court inceſtuouſly his Mothers Bed.*
"*And ſo her father, husband too (none known)*
"*Yet he by ſympathy did claim his own,*
"*And had a grant, which mov'd the Tyrants ſpleen,*
"(*Since he could not enjoy her for his Queen*)
"*To kill e'm both; their deſtinies prevent,*
"*As loth to have deſtroy'd the innocent.*
"*Yet at the laſt each thing ſucceeds with good:*
"*Though the foundation ſeem'd t'be laid in blood.*
"*And then the harmleſs ſhepherds rural ſport,*
"*Whoſe innocence makes every place a Court.*
And all things in ſo conſonanat a dreſs,
Makes more the ſeeming, not the being leſs.
That (credit me) there is not in't a line,
(*'Tis all ſo rare*) *but I could wiſh were mine.*
And as before, ſo I ſay now of this,
Thou haſt thy skill by Metempſychoſis.
Proceed then Worthy Friend, and may thy Fame,
Like Laureat Johnſon, *ever ſpeak thy Name.*

Edw. Barwick.

Perſons Perſonated.

Damocles, King of *Arcadia*. Father of *Sepheſtia*.

Agenor, King of *Theſſaly*. Father of *Euriphyla*.

Maximus or *Melecertus*, } Prince of *Cyprus*, who married *Sepheſtia*.

Pluſidippus, Son of *Sepheſtia* and *Maximus*.

Menaphon, the Kings Shepherd.

Doron, a ſilly Shepherd.

Lamedon, Brother to King *Damocles*.

2 Lords of *Arcadia*.

Romanio, *Eurilochus*, } 2 Pyrats of *Theſſaly*, who found *Pluſidippus*.

Artaxia, Queen of *Arcadia*, mother of *Sepheſtia*.

Sepheſtia, or *Samela*, } wife to *Maximus*, and mother of *Pluſidippus*.

Euriphyla, daughter to *Agenor*, who loved *Pluſidippus*.

Peſana, ſiſter to *Doron*, in love with *Menaphon*.

Carmila, ſiſter to *Menaphon*, in love with *Doron*.

The Scæne Arcadia.

Loves Labyrinth.

Act. 1. Scæne 1.

Enter King Damocles *with two Lords, and* Lamedon.

King.

CAn this be true?

1 *Lo.* My Liege, as truth it ſelf.

King. And will neither the power of a King,
Nor precepts of a father over-ſway
Her fond affections; but that thus ſhe will
Run head-long to her ruine? Let her go.

1 *Lo.* Yet ſhot ſhe not at rovers, but a Prince
He is, young and deſerving; therefore ſince
Sh'has hit the mark, it will now be in vain
To give her aym, or make her ſhoot again.

King. Was ſhe ſo haſty, that ſhe could not ſtay
To take our Fatherly advice with her?
No wonder if ſhe wander in the Labyrinth

Of love, without the clew of our counsel. (done
La. Come brother, come, she's not the first has
Amiss; her own affections were the surest guide
Unto her own content: she chose to please
Her self, not you; come, let this anger cease.
1 Lo. 'Tis now too late for to recal what's past,
The match is made, and that so surely fast,
'Tis past dissolving now; a Grandfather
You are alreay: From their conjunction hath
This influence proceeded, a fair boy
Hath given them earnest of succeeding joy.
Kin. How! a boy! and shall that base brat enjoy
My crown? no, no, I'll take a course for that.
La. Why brother, 'tis a Prince by birth, & why
Not born to Reign?
Kin. Ay, mischief's on my head,
But I'll prevent the plot and storm, we'l send
Them far enough from troubling of our state:
Distance and danger shall they first subdue,
Before they gain our Crown; the slavish waves
Shall be their subjects: let them go and and win
The tryden of great *Neptune*, waters King.
I mean to set them forth.
1 Lo. What means my Liege? (more
Kin. Nay, I'm resolv'd, since that they do no
Regard my favour, they shall feel my frowns.
O ye Cœlestial Deities! where are
Your power and wonted justice now become?
All things run head-long, and the feet forget
Their duty to their Head, and traitors turn,
Breaking the bonds of government; that now
A Princes power, or Fathers care's contemn'd,
And only recompenc'd with slight and scorn.
Law. But Sir, though she her duty do forget

To

To you, yet is she still your child, and may
Be easily reclaimed. Shall one misdeed
Forfeit all former loyalty? She us'd
To be more ready to give, than you
Could be to ask. Come, let the weight of that
O're-poize your anger, and this light offence.
Kin. I'll hear no more, all pity now is gone,
And anger hath the castle of my breast
So strongly fortified, whole valleys of
Requests can never move: cease then your suit,
To which my ears are deaf, and tongue is mute.
1 *Lo.* Heaven is not so impregnable, but that
Entreaties may both siege and conquer it:
If that your daughter hath run on the score
Of one offence, will nothing cancel it?
Kin. My resolution's writ in Adamant. (out?
1 *Lo.* Dread Sir, and may not tears then blot it
Kin. Nor all the liquid drop the sea contains
Shall quench my rage; for now I have forgot
All pitie of a father, and that wretch
Shall feel what 'tis to lose a fathers love.—
Since she will needs slight and contemn our care,
I'll have a Bark provided, without oar,
Or sail, or pilot, but the wilful wind,
And wayes, true emblemes of their giddy act,
And therein with her brat, and mate imbarqu'd,
Shall seek their fortunes: And see you it done
Without delay, our Will admits no time,
T'expostulate, no more than alteration.
1 *Lo.* O good my Lord command my service in
Some nobler act than this and do not try
My faith in that, for which I'de rather die,
Than do't. What heir shall succeed your self
In the Arcadian Diadem, if thus you drown

The

The Sun of all our hopes, which muſt
Supply your place, when as your Sun ſhall ſet
In darkeſt clouds of death, muſt night enſue,
And ſeize upon our Horizon? —O let
Some pity of our drooping ſtate prevail.
Kin. All will not do. I'll have it done; then go
Or ſtay and pull my vengeance on thy head.
Will you turn traytor too, to our commands?
As you tender our favour, or your ſafety,
Go execute my will without delay.
1 *Lo.* And muſt my ſafety prove their ruin? ca
They not live, but I muſt die? I'll do't.
Perhaps the tyrant-waves may prove more kin
Than is their King My Liege I'l eaſe your mind.
Lam. And muſt they, & they only prove (poo
A ſacrifice to fury for their love? hearts)
I'll be companion of their fortune. We
Will leave this curſed land, which is nought elſe
But a dry ſea of miſeries, in which
We dayly float; the ſea can never be
More mercileſs. O what a maze of woe
Do lovers tread (dire fate) that for their love,
Are recompenc'd with hatred. Farewel world,
Thou ball of fortune banded to and fro,
And never quiet; we will try what fate
Awaits us in the ſea, it can't be worſe
Than here we ſuffer by our deareſt friends.
Kin. Well brother, ſince you are ſo weary of
The world, pray take your ſhare with them, and
Of her: I leave her unto you, and to (care
The mercies of the waves, and ſo adieu.

Exit.

Scen. 2.

2 *Lo.* Was ever man ſo reſolute to undo,

What

What an whole age can't recompence again?
To caſt away a Lady of that worth,
That bankrupt nature cannot furniſh forth
Her Parallel; A beauty that would tempt
The gods to luſt: But guarded with an eye
So modeſtly ſevere, it would ſtrike dead
All luſtful hopes of the hot raviſher.
See where ſhe comes, like *Phœbus* newly roſe
From *Thetis* bed: Little doth ſhe ſuppoſe
The cruelty of her once happy Father,
In having ſuch a daughter, now not fit
T'enjoy a bleſſing which he values not.
Seph. What news my Lord? Is the ice of my fa-
Anger broken? Hath the ſun of counſel (thers
Thaw'd his frozen breaſt?
1 *Lo.* Ay, into a flood——
Seph. What meanes this paſſion? Speak man, for I am
Prepar'd; it can't be worſe than I expect.
1 *Lo.* Why then it is——
Let me firſt drown my ſelf
In mine own tears, and vent my mind in ſighs:
Madam, you may gueſs ſooner than I can tell.
Seph. Prethee torment me not thus with delays,
More tedious than the thing can be, what e're
It is. Come, I am armed with the ſhield
Of patience, my breaſt is miſchief-proof.
1 *Lo.* 'Tis eaſier far to tell than execute:
I wiſh my task were done with telling it.
Madam, He hath made me the ſad Over-ſeer
Of that dire act, which he ſo fears to ſpeak.
Silence will not relieve, it may protract
The doing of that horrid fact, which who
Shall hear, will loath the name of father, for

Your

Your fathers ſake, who when perhaps y'are gone
By's want will prize your worth the more, and
You better than he ever did before. (love
Thus are we taught to value of the light,
By the dull ſilence of the darker night.
Sep. But to your ſtory, and my doom, which ſure
Muſt needs be great, that it can find no vent.
Come eaſe your ſhoulders of this burthen, lay
It on mine, who have deſerved it.
1 *Lo.* Lady, wonder not at our unwillingneſs
To tell what we had rather wiſh our tongues
Out, than to be th'unhappy meſſengers
Of ſuch ſad news, the truth whereof muſt rob
Arcadia of it's richeſt, choiſeſt Gem,
That doth adorn her Princely Diadem:
By venturing all our hopes to the mercy
Of the cruel waves, He hath preſt to be
Your only Pilot; being ſhip't alone,
With your dear babe and husband, without ſail,
Or oar, to contradict the lawleſs ſeas,
In their unbounded raging tyranny:
Whoſe heedleſs rigour yet may hap to prove
More kind unto you than your fathers love.
Sep. Heavens will be done: But had another hand
Inflicted this, it would have lighter ſeem'd:—
Yet is there comfort in his cruelty,
That hath not parted me from him, for whom
All this will be but light; his company
Will ſweeten all my ſorrows, and convert
My mourning into mirth: Can I be ſad,
Enjoying him will only make me glad?

Enter Lamedon.

Lam. I cannot win my brother to reverſe
His cruel ſentence, but it muſt be done.—

Dear

Dear Neece, I'm thy companion; misery
Shall never make my friendship to turn edge,
But at the lowest ebb of fortune shall
My love still flow: the sea shall never quench
That flame which virtue once hath kindled in
My breast, nor shall it meet, or be put out
With any cold extinguisher but death.
If many shoulders make griefs burthen light,
Then so shall ours: and may mine cease to be,
When they shall cease to bear their equal part,
And sympathize with thee, as doth my heart.

Seph. Uncle, my thanks. How rare it is to find
A friend in misery! Men run from such,
Like Deer from him is hunted with the dogs,
As if that misery infectious were.
Men fly with Eagles wings away, (lend.
But creep like snails, when they should succour
I cannot therefore chuse but prize your love,
Who dare be true unto your friend; a name
Nearer than that of kindred, or of blood:
This is th'effect of noblest virtue, which
Ties firmer knots than age can e're undo:
Such is the knot my *Maximus* and I
Have tied, spight of my fathers anger, it
Shall hold, when envy's tired to invent
Mischiefs, in vain, to cut the knot in two,
Which heaven hath knit too fast to loose again.
Alas fond man! who thinks to unravel what
The gods have wove together.—'Tis in vain.

Scan. 3.

1 *Lo.* Lady, time cals upon you not to stay,
Lest by a fond delay you call upon
His fury to convert into some worse,

And

And ſudden puniſhment, which may deny
All hopes of future ſafety; of all ills
The leaſt is always wiſely to be choſen.
Seph. Go and prepare that floting grave, which
Devour's alive, I will attend you here. (muſt
Before when will my deareſt find his grief,
In finding me thus loſt without relief. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sepheſtia.

Why doth my Love thus tarry? ſurely he
Forgotten hath the place, or time, or elſe
He would not ſtay thus long; but can I blame
Him, to be ſlow to meet his ruine? I
Could wiſh he would not come at all, that ſo
He yet might live, although I periſh; but
How fondly do I wiſh to be without
Him, without whom alas! I cannot live.
'Twere as impoſſible as without air:
He 'tis for whom I ſuffer, and with him,
All places are alike to me.—See where
He comes, who is ſole keeper of my heart.

Enter Maximus.

Max. My dear!
Seph. Ah, dear indeed, for whom thy life
Muſt pay the ſhot of cruelty enrag'd.——
Max. What meanes my love? is't ſhe, or do I dream?
Sure this cannot be ſhe, whoſe words were wont
To be more ſweet than honey, ſoft as oil:
Theſe words, more ſharp than daggers points, ne're came
From her I know—What ſayſt thou my ſweet?
Seph. The ſame—truth will not ſuffer me to ſpeak

Other;

ther, leſt I ſhould injure her.—O that
were poſſible ſo to diſpenſe with truth,
ot to betray our ſelves—I know not what to
ſay.—
Max. Heavens bleſs us, what a ſudden change
is here!
ove, who hath wrong'd thee? tell me, that I may
hrid their lives upon my ſword, & make their
ead trunks float in their own blood, till they
bluſh
t their own ſhame: Tell me my heart, who is't?
Seph. Alas poor ſoul! thou little dreamſt what
ſad
ews do's await thine ears; my tongue doth fail,
ot daring once to name the thing muſt be
ur loves ſad end, and dire *Cataſtrophe.*
y fathers fury?—Oh that that name
once delighted in, ſhould odious be
o mine affrighted ſenſes!—But for thee
lone, it is I grieve, not for my ſelf.—
Max. Be't what it will, ſo that it be but in
elation to thy love, I will embrace,
nd hug, and thank that malice too, that ſo
nvented hath a means whereby I may
ut teſtifie my loyalty to thee:
or whoſe ſweet ſake I would encounter with
egions of armed furies; ſacrifice
y deareſt blood unto thy ſervice, which
more eſteem, than all the wealth the world
an boaſt of: 'Tis thee alone I value,
bove whatever mens ambitious thoughts
an fathom with their boundleſs appetites.
Seph. This flame of love muſt now be quench-
The foaming ſea; we are deſign'd a prey (ed in

Unto

Unto the fury of winds and waves.—
The deadly Barque's providing, which muſt be
Our moving habitation; the ſea
Muſt be our Kingdom, and the ſcaly frie
Our ſubjects:—This, this, the portion is
Of fortunes frowns, and fathers fiercer hate.
Fly, fly, my deareſt *Maximus*, and ſave
My life in thine; oh ſtay no longer here. *weeps*
Max. Why doſt thou torment thy ſelf before
Thy time? wilt thou anticipate the ſea?
And drown thy ſelf in tears? Deny me not
To ſhare with thee in ſuffering, as well
As I have done in pleaſure; 'tis for me
This ſtorm is rais'd, were I once caſt away,
His rage would ceaſe. I, I have wrong'd thee,
And I'll be juſt to thee, and to my word. *draws*
I'll ope the ſluces of my fulleſt veins,
And ſet them running, till they make a flood,
Wherein I'll drown my ſelf— *He offers to kill*
Seph. Thine heart lies here; *himſelf. She*
'Tis here, lock't up ſecurely in *ſtays his hand.*
my breſt:
Firſt open that, and take it out; for death
Shall ne're divorce me from thy company:
I will attend thee through thoſe ſhady vaults
Of death, or thou ſhalt live with me.—Doſt think
This body poſſible to live without
A ſoul? or without thee? Have pitie on
Thy tender babe, whoſe life depends on thine,
And make not me widow, and him orphan,
With unadviſed raſhneſs.—Sheath thy ſword.
Max. Mine eyes will ne're endure it, to behold
Thee miſerable, no, no, death firſt ſhall draw
A ſable veil of darkneſs over them.——

Pardon

Pardon my rashness, I will live with thee,
And tire thy fathers rage with suffering,
So he'l but suffer thee to live in mirth,
The greatest sorrow shall not make me sad.
Seph. Here comes my father, cerainly his rage
Will know no bounds: I fear it will
Break forth into some desperate act on me.
Max. Although he be a King, which sacred name
Ireverence, and as a mortal god (name
Adore; he shall not dare to injure you
Before my face: first shall he wear my life
Upon his sword, if he but dare to touch
Thy sacred self.——

Scan. 4. *Enter Damocles.*

Kin. How now light-skirts? have you got your Champion
To shield you from our anger? know I have
Not yet forgot the name of father, though
You thus have slighted it; but as a King,
We must be just to punish your contempt.
Did you so well know your beauty to be
Proud of it, and yet so little value it,
As thus to throw it all away at once?
Well, get you gone.—Since that you have esteem'd
A strangers love before your loyalty (steem'd
To me, or my care to you, a stranger shall
Inherit what you were born to, had not
Your fond affections forc'd this vile exchange.
Max. Sir—for your fury will not suffer me
To call you father; think not your daughter
Undervalued by her love to me:
Her love ran not so low, as to be stoop'd
To meet with crime, who am a Prince no less

Than is your ſelf: *Cyprus* my Kingdome is.
Kin. What drew you hither then? you muſt
needs know
It is no leſs than treaſon for to ſteal
An heir to our crown: what drew you hither?
Max. Hither I came, drawn by that forcible
Attractive, for to offer up my ſelf
A ſacrifice at th'altar of her love.
Toſt with a ſea of miſeries, I came
To anchor in the haven of her heart:
And if this be treaſon, I ſhall not bluſh
To be eſteem'd a traytor. But if not,
Then pardon me, if bolder innocence
Doth force me tell you, 'tis not juſt in you
Thus to oppoſe what Heavens have decreed.
Believe me, Sir, it's neither ſafe nor juſt,
For you to violate the lawes of fate. (that
Kin. Let not your pride ſo far tranſport you,
You tax our juſtice. I ſhall ſcourge your haſte
Into a leiſurely repentance, when (th'wind
The ſea ſhall teach you that your teares, and
That ſighs become your headlong raſh attempts
Max. Great Sir, lay what you will on me, I
ſcorn
To crave your favour for my ſelf; but yet
Let Nature prompt you to be merciful
To her who is a chief part of your ſelf. (ſ
Kin. No, as ye have joyn'd your ſelves in mirth
Will I joyn ye too in mourning; and becauſe
Two no good conſort make, my brother ſhall
Bear a third part in your grave harmonie.
Seph. Father, let me the heavy burthen bear
Of this ſad ſong alone: let all your fierce
Juſtice center in my breaſt.——

K

Kin. No more,
Our ſentence is irrevocable, nought
Shall ſatisfie me elſe: I'll have it done.
1 *Lo.* My Liege, the barque is ready, and attends
Your pleaſure; the commands of Kings are not
To be gain-ſaid, or broken; for the will
Of heaven is obey'd in doing them.
Seph. We do obey it then, and willingly,
Father, for yet I can't forget that name,
Although theſe injuries would raze it out
My memorie; I will not now diſpute,
But readily obey your will: and know
The pleaſures of your Court ſhould not entice
Me ſhun this comming terrour, which will be,
More welcome to me by my companie.
And thus I take my leave. Here *She kneels.*
may you find
That happineſs you wiſh, and we ſhall want
Whileſt that we prove our ſelves loves Confeſ-
If not his Martyrs.——. (ſors,
Kin. I will hear no more.
Away with them, my Lord, you know the place,
Our ſentence and the time, I long to ſee
Me, and my Kingdom from theſe monſters free.
Max. Arcadia adieu! Thou haſt before
Been famous for the happineſs of loves:
Now miſchief hath uſurp't the ſeat, and may
It be the object of the gods hatred,
Since Love's the ſubject of their crueltie.
Come deareſt, let us winde our ſelves ſo cloſe,
That envie may admire, and ſo deſpair
To enter here, where love poſſeſſion keeps.
Exeunt.

Scæn. 5.

Kin. Now ſhall I live ſecure, for now there is
None left, whoſe nearneſs to our blood might
edge
Their hopes, by killing us to gain our Crown.
Kings lives are never ſafe from thoſe that wiſh
Their ends, which muſt initiate them into
Th'enjoyment of a Kingdom; this ſame crown
Is ſuch a bait unto ambitious ſpirits,
'Tis never ſafe upon the wearers head. *Enter*
Why weeps my dear? *Artaxia*
Art. Ask why I do not weep. *weeping.*
(Poor *Artaxia*) are my tears denied me!
Ask why I do not rave, tear my hair thus,
Why ſuch a weight of ſorrow doth not rob
So much of woman from me, as complaints!
Or rather, why do I not cloud the skie
With ſighs; till at the laſt with one bold ſtab
My own hand take from inſulting fortune,
This miſerable object of her ſport.
Ask why I do not this, not why I weep!
Kin. Or ſtint thy teares, or mingle mine wit
By a relation of their cauſe; theſe eyes (them
Truſt me *Artaxia*, are not yet drawn dry,
Nor hath ſtrong ſorrow e're exhauſted them,
To make them bankrupt of a friendly tear,
But not a fond one. Why *Artaxia!*
Why doſt thou haſten thoſe that come too faſt
Sorrow and age, clear up thy clouded brow.
Art. Ah *Damocles!* how haſt thou loſt thy ſelf
And art become a monſter, not a man,
Thus to deprive me of my onely joy,
The onely ſtay and comfort of mine age,
Which

Which now muſt fall. Break heart, and give
My ſorrows vent. Ah! my *Sepheſtia*'s gone,
For ever loſt unto the world and me.
Kin. Content thy ſelf, not I, but juſtice hath
Depriv'd us of her: Juſtice, that is blind
To all relations, and deaf to intreats
Of fond nature, or fonder affection.
Art. Ah cruel juſtice! Juſtice! no tyranny,
This is: Death, be my friend, & joyn once more
My dear *Sepheſtia* and me—I come *Stabs*
Sepheſtia I come; curs'd world farewel. *her ſelf.*
Kin. Help, help, *Artaxia*, my dear, help, help,
Sepheſtia doth live, ſhe is not dead.
Art. Oh, 'tis too late—oh-oh-oh— *She dies.*

Enter 2 *Lords.*

2 *Lor.* Heavens! what a ſight is here? (do?
The Queen, ſhe's dead, ſtark dead, what ſhal we
This wretched land is fruitful grown of late,
Of nothing elſe but miſeries and woes.
Jove ſends his darts like hail-ſhot, no place free:
Kin. Ah miſerable man I am, a wretch,
Who thus have loſt two jewels that the world
Can't recompence: I know not what to do.—
Now could I tear my ſelf in pieces, that I have
Thus parted friends, & left my ſelf alone. *Offers*
I am reſolv'd, I will no longer live. *to kill himſelf*
2 *Lo.* Stay, good my Liege, live, & repent of what
Y'have done, you have killd enough already.
Kin. If I ſhould kill my ſelf, and loſe my crown,
I were better live.—Call us a Council quickly,
But my wife, my deareſt *Artaxia*!
That I could breath life into thee again,
Or elſe were with thee!
2 *Lo.* He's not yet ſo mad.
Kin. O ye powers above! what mean ye thus

To wrack us mortals with ſuch blacker deeds
Than hell it ſelf! or remove them, or take
All ſenſes from us. Bear the bodie in,
And ſummon all our Lords with ſpeed t'attend
Upon us, that we may find out from whence
It is we ſuffer this ſad influence. *Exit.*

2 *Lo.* Unhappy King! he hath undone himſelf,
And all the Land. His ſublimated rage
Hath ſowne a crop of miſchiefs, which no age
Can parallel; great-belly'd time is big
With ſorrows; and our next ſucceeding times,
Muſt reap the harveſt of his bloody crimes.
Exit.

Finis Actus primi.

Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

Enter Menaphon, *and* Doron.

Men. HOw mad a thing is Love? It makes us loſe
Our ſenſes; whileſt we wander in a maze
Of endleſs torments: ſometime with his ſmiles
The cunning thief doth flatter us with hopes,
And tantalize our expectations, when
Strait our winged joyes are gone, and we
Do wrack our ſelves with future coming fears:
A miſtris frowns doth cloud our clearer skie.

1.

Fond love no more,
Will I adore
Thy feigned Deity.
Go throw thy darts,
At simple hearts,
And prove thy victory.

2.

Whilst I do keep
My harmless sheep,
Love hath no power on me;
'Tis idle soules,
Which he controules,
The busie man is free.

Enter Doron.

Dor. Ah *Menaphon*, my Sister *Pesana*, a pies On her, I had almost forgot her name, with Thinking on her business. (come.

Men. VVhy what's thy business, *Doron*? tell me,

Dor. My business, 'tis none of my businesse, I 'Tis my sister *Pesana's* business. (tell you,

Men. VVell, what's her business then? I pre- thee tell.

Dor. Ah Sir! she's sick.

Men. VVhat is she sick of *Doron*? let me know.

Dor. VVhy, truly Sir, she's sick of you.

Men. She sick of me? why, am I a disease?

Dor. I mean--I mean--she is sick for you.

Men. That's kindly done of her, *Doron*, that she Will be sick for me: I'll make her amends.

Dor. Will you make her amend, said you? I am Afraid you'l make her end first; but truly

Menaphon I have a ſuit for you.

Men. Haſt thou a ſuit for me? Is it a new one?

Dor. I ſay I have a ſuit to you.

Men. To me? well, and what is your ſuit made of?

Dor. In good ſooth, Sir, I muſt intreat you will Love my ſiſter as well as you have done.

Men. No, *Doron*, love and I are fall out, and he Will not let me love thy ſiſter or thee either.

Dor. Nor my ſiſter, nor me neither. Out thou Caterpiller, thou weaſel, thou hedgehog, I will make you love me, and my ſiſter too.

Men, You are out of your ſuit now *Doron*, and I fear you will catch cold, now you are hot.

Exeunt.

Scan. 2. *Enter* Maximus *ſhipwrack't.*

Max. Where am I now? Sure 'tis *Arcadia*. A land happy in giving birth to my *Sephestia*; Ah my *Sephestia*! —— But now not my *Sephestia*, ſince the waves Have raviſh'd her from me, and all my hopes Are prov'd abortive; why do I now live? Since ſhe is gone, whoſe life & mine were both Twiſted on one thred? Ye fatal Sifters! Why did not your cruel knife cut my life In twain, when hers was broken by the Rude waves & buſtring wind, which ſtrove which ſhould (robb Gain her from each? But both from me have Her? now may the ſea well boaſt, and out-vie The begger'd earth; ſince it hath her who was The earth's whole ſtock of riches. O ye gods! Why did ye once make me ſo happy To enjoy her, and now ſnatch'd her again To make me thereby the more miſerable?

Yet

Yet is she not quite drowned; for her heart
Is here: 'tis mine the sea doth prey upon.
Well, my *Sephestia*, oh that name doth ravish
Me: This body shall a monument be,
And my whole life a continued Elegie,
Both consecrated to thy memorie.
I'll drown thee once more in my tears,
Which I will daily pay, as tribute to thee.
Cyprus adieu, greatness also farewel.
I see, those who are lifted highest on
The hill of honour, are nearest to the
Blasts of envious fortune, whilst the low
And valley fortunes are far more secure.
Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
Of flowers, when hills melt with lightning, and
Anger of the clouds. I will retire from (rough
The front of honour, to the rear of a
Shepherds life: where whilst I do daily tend
The harmless sheep, will I sing forth sad notes
Of their blest happiness, and my misfortune.
I will no longer keep this miserable name
Of *Maximus*, but clad in sorrows weeds,
Will I wear the name of *Melecertus*.
No more *Maximus* Prince of *Cyprus*, but
A poor shepherd will I be: when you see
Those weeds, and hear *Melecertus* name,
I am that wretched he, who, like the snake,
Have cast my former coat by creeping through
The hole of miserie, and got a new. *Exit.*

Scen. 3. *Enter* Doron.

Dor. My *Carmela* is comming, and I'm provided to cast
A sheeps eye at her. *He flings at her.*

Now

Enter Carmela.

Car. Now I see how Love came blind, he flung
His eyes at me in stead of a love-dart.
Dor. Ha, my *Carmela*, let me kiss thy hony-
suckle lips. (behind.
Car. You kiss so hard, you'l leave your beard
Dor. By my troth, *Carmela*, swains cannot swear,
But--I do love thee--by our great god *Pan*
I love thee.
Car. You said you could not swear, and yet you
Swear you love me.
Dor. Love, I have stared so long at thee, that I
Am now grown blind.
Car. Then shall you be led, like blind beggars
With a dog and a bell, or else be beholding
To the glasier for a new pair of eyes.
Dor. I know not what you mean eyes, but I am
Sure that I am off the hooks. You tell me of
Eyes, eyes, but 'tis your no's that torments me.
This blind god, that the Poets call *Cupid*, has seen
To hit me with his dart, I know not how,
But as the blind man kil'd the crow. (Loves
Car. Then you are one of the wanderers in
Labyrinth, I prethee let me lead thee.
Dor. Ay, so we may both fall; but no matter,
For if you fall first, I'll fall on thee.
Car. Fie, *Doron*, fie, are you not asham'd?
Dor. Asham'd? of what? marry better falling
Falling out. (in, than
Car. You'r very merry *Doron*, where's your
musick?
Dor. Let me play on thee, my pretty bag-pipe,
And I know thou wilt sing, loth to depart.——

Car.

Car. And I'll try that, now follow me. *Exit.*
Dor. Nay, when you came to the ſnuff once, I thought
You would quickly go out.

Scen. 4. *Enter* Menaphon.

Oh *Menaphon*, hark, I am undone, as a man
Should undo an oyſter.
Men. Why *Doron*, what's to do with thee now?
Dor. Why man, thy ſiſter *Carmela* is grown proud,
And is juſt ſuch another as thy ſelf, ſhe ſlights
And ſcorns poor *Doron*; and yet becauſe I love her,
As my ſiſter doth thee, ſhe laughs at me. Well,
I will be even with her: for if ſhe won't love
Me with a good will, I'll love her againſt her will; and I think I ſhall be even with her there.
Men. Come, *Doron*, come, count love a toy,
As I do, who take far more joy to view (frown,
My flocks; here's my content; when heavens
I think upon my faults; and a clear skie
Puts me in mind of the gods gracious love:
Envie o're-looketh me, nor do I gaze
So high as tall ambition; and for love,
I feed my ſelf with fancies, ſuch as theſe.
Venus (the Poets ſay) ſprang from the ſea,
Which notes to me th'inconſtancie of love,
Changing each day with various ebbs & tides,
Sometimes o're-flowing the banks of fortune
With a gracious look from a lovers eyes,
Ebbing at other times to th'dangerous ſhelf
Of cold deſpair, from a Miſtris frowns.
Your *Cupid* muſt be young, to ſhew
He is a boy, his wings inconſtance tell:

He's

He's blind, to note his aym is without rule,
Or reasons guide; such is the god ye serve.
Dor. Treason, treason against the god of love:
Menaphon, though you be my friend, I will (well
Have you articl'd against at the next meeting
Of the Shepherds.
Men. Lovers sorrows be like to the restless
Labours of *Sisyphus*.
Dor. Like thy tongue then.
Men. Your Mistris favour's honey mixt with
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all, (gall
That forceth reason to be fancies thrall.
Then love who list for me, if beauty be
So sowr, then give me labour still. *Exit.*
Dor. How I would laugh to see *Menaphon* once
Manacl'd with loves fetters, that he might repent
His blasphemy against the shepherds deitie. *Exit.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter* Sephestia *shipwrack't, with her Uncle* Lamedon.

Seph. Ah cruel fortune, but more cruel father,
Most wretched I, who thus am rob'd of all
My pregnant hopes, my springing joyes blasted
With winter frowns. *Jove* send a flaming dart
Into my breast, to melt my frozen heart
Into a flood of tears, that I may drown
My self in them, since that the waves have prov'd
Unkindly courteous to preserve my life,
But to prolong my miserie, and he
Is drownd who was my lifes preserver.
Ah ye enraged deities! could ye
Be so unkind to draw my life's thred out
Thus long, to survive him who was my life?
Why did ye not, or save his life with mine,

Or

Or destroy mine with his, that so I might
Enjoy his companie in life or death?
Lam. Ay, in the gods time, Neece, but not before.
Seph. And oh! my dearest *Plusidippus!* could
The waves be so hard-hearted, as to crop
Thy blooming youth, to send thee to thy grave
Before thou wert a man? Had they but left
Me thee, it would have eas'd thy fathers loss,
If I had had his transcript to have view'd
In thee, who wert his perfect Image. Now
In stead of heir to the *Cyprus* crown,
The cypress grove shall be Joynter, where
I'll sadly spend the remnant of my life,
To weep my losses, and my own sad fate,
Which thus I will revenge; my *Maximus*
Shall live still fresh within my memorie,
There fixt too sure for all the briny waves
To wash away. Nor shall I e're forget
My son, my *Plusidippus*. I could feed,
My self unto eternitie with these
Sweet names, which do as far out-vie
The *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* of the gods,
As pearls do pebbles. I can hold no more,
My heart's so full, 'twill break, or over-run
The sluces of mine eyes.—I'll weep the rest.
Lam. Why dost thou thus torment thy self in vain?
Thy tears will not recover them again.
Fates dart is shot, and cannot be recall'd,
Nor is there any salve for fortunes wounds,
But patience; therefore seeing me
Partaker of thy sorrows, now lean all
Thy cares on me, it is some relief,
In sorrow to have fellows of our grief.
Seph. My husband and my son are gone, and I

Sur-

Survive alone unto their miſerie. (time
Lam. Chance is like *Janus*, double-fac'd; ſome
With ſmiles ſhe comforts us, ſometimes
With frowns ſhe caſts us down again; A calm
Succeeds a ſtorm, and a ſharp winter doth
Precede a pleaſant ſpring.
Seph. Oft turnings tire
The weary traveller; and love doth loſe
His followers, in a wild Labyrinth
Of woes. How am I faln from all my hopes!
(An exile in my native Country;) and
The crown hope ſeem'd to place upon my head:
Baniſhed from the pleaſures of the Court,
Parted for love from him I could not chuſe
But love, from *Maximus*, who hath for me
Suffer'd as many miſchiefs as malice
Could invent, and now all ſum'd up in death.
Lam. What of all this? after the ſtorm that rent
Our ſhip, we found a calm that brought us ſafe
To th' ſhore, whilſt *Neptunes* mercie was beyond
The envious blaſts of *Æolus*; and thus
The gods do recompenſe us with their favour,
For the diſ-courteſies of your father.
Seph. Sweet *Lamedon*, once partner of my joyes,
Though now partaker of my wants; I ſee
You are as conſtant in my ſad diſtreſs,
As you were faithful in my richer fortunes:
Though friends ſeldom prove friends in poverty
Misfortune hath not chang'd your mind, but you
Temper my exile with your baniſhment:
Your aged years ſhall be my ſole directors,
Your will the ruler of my actions.
If you perſwade me to content, *Portia*
Shall not exceed *Sepheſtia's* patience:

If you will have me ſtrike my ſails, I will,
And ſteer my courſe by th'compaſs of your care.
Lam. Since hope is all the portion we have left,
Let's thank the gods that ſav'd our lives, and reſt
Our cares on them, they can return us more
Than we have loſt, or fit our minds to bear
Our preſent ſtate. Contentment gives a crown,
Where fortune hath denied it: patience
Makes all things eaſie to an humble mind.
Cares are companions of the Crown, the Court
Is full of buſie thoughts, and envious ſtrife,
Whilſt peaceful ſleeps attend a Countrey life.
Seph. Then *Lamedon* will I diſguiſe my ſelf,
And with my cloaths will change my former thoughts,
Meaſure my actions by my preſent ſtate,
Not by my former fortunes. *Sepheſtia*
No more: Alas! I know not where, or how
We ſhall beſtow our ſelves: Surely this is
Some un-frequented place, no harmleſs ſheep
Do feed, nor ſhepherds tend their thriving flocks.
Enter to them Menaphon.

Scæn. 6. Sepheſtia, Lamedon, Menaphon.

Men. Heavens! what a ſight is here! Such ſtars (appear
But rarely in our Country Hemiſphere,
I am ſo Planet-ſtruck with one ſhort glance,
I neither can retire, nor yet advance.
What reſolution is of proof againſt (ſum'd
Such charms as theſe! Some goddeſs hath aſ-
An humane ſhape to tempt us weaker mortals.
Cupid, I cry thee mercie now, although
I were an Atheiſt unto thee before.
Thou art the Deitie I will adore.

Sue

Sure they are in distress, those pearly tears
Furrow her cheeks with cruel strife
Which shall run fastest, are no sooner dried,
New sighs, like the warm southern wind pro-
claime
A fresh approaching showre. I fear they are
Some passengers late shipwrack't, for I saw,
(When walking by the shore)some floting parts
Of a torn ship, contending with the waves.
Lam. Courteous shepherd, if distressed persons
Fortune hath rob'd, and the sea favoured
(If it be a favour to live and want)
May crave your aid so far, as to direct
Us to some place may rest our wearied bones,
Our charges shall be paid, and you shall have
For recompence, such blessings as the gods
Use to bestow on hospitable men.
Men. Strangers, your qualitie I know not, nor
Shall now dispute; but if a country cell
May not too disparage you, here is
Hard by my cottage, and your home.
Seph. Kind Sir, your courtesie is much beyond
Our merit, and our present hopes below
A suitable return; please you accept
Our thanks, as earnest of that larger debt
Future abilitie may see discharg'd.
Men. Lady, I have no curious hangings to
Adorn my walls nor plate to shew my wealth:
Yet do I live content; and you shall find
Such welcome as a cottage can afford.
Lam. Sir, blame not our wills, but present want,
which now
Makes us thus plentiful only in thanks. *Exeunt.*

Stan.

Scan. 7. *Enter* Doron, Carmela.

Dor. Carmela, by my great bel-weather, *Carmela*,
I'm over the tops of my high-shooes in love,
And there shall I stick and starve, if thou dost
Not pull me out.—Where hast thou been
This live-long hour? (water?
Car. What, does the mouth of your affections
Dor. Water? No, it fires. I'm so all a-fire, that I
Not go amongst my flocks for fear, lest (dare
I should burn up all their pasture, if thou
Dost not showre down some dew of
Comfort to cool me.
Car. I shall soon cool your courage, *Doron*; for
I cannot, may not, will not love thee.
Dor. Out you gossip, not love me? go, get
You spin on *Ixions* wheel.
Car. No, Lovers spin on that, and so must you.
Exeunt.

Scan. 8. *Enter Menaphon.*

Men. How fond was I, when I as vainly strove
To keep my heart against the god of Love!
I little thought his power; when I resolv'd
To live, and not to love: Nature I see
Cannot subsist without loves harmonie.
In vain I shut the door, and bolted it
With resolution; strait the thief,
Thorough the casements of mine eyes got in,
And stole away my heart; as once of old
He serv'd the merry Greek *Anacreon*;
Whose fancie fits my fortune: Here it is.

Loves Duel.

Cupid all his Arts did prove,
To invite my heart to love;
But I alwayes did delay,
His mild ſummons to obey;
Being deaf to all his charms.
Straît the god aſſumes his Arms.
With his bow and quiver, he
Takes the field to Duel me.
Armed like Achilles, *I,*
With my ſhield alone defie
His bold challenge, as he caſt
His golden darts, I as faſt
Catch'd his Arrows in my ſhield,
Till I made him leave the field.
Fretting, and diſarmed then,
The angry god returns agen,
All in flames; 'ſtead of a dart,
Throws himſelf into my heart.
Uſeleſs, I my ſhield require,
When the Fort is all on fire.
I in vain the field did win,
Now the Enemy's within.
Thus betray'd, at laſt I cry,
Love thou haſt the victory.

Alas! what heart's ſo fortify'd, to prove
The ſev'ral batteries of the god of love! (void
What ear's not charm'd with th'rethorick of
Whoſe ſingle note would ſilence all the Quire
Of the Aërial feather'd Choriſters!
What eye would not be blinded to behold

Thoſ

Thoſe eyes which caſt a cloud upon the Sun,
And bring his light under diſparagement.

Enter Sepheſtia.

Witneſs that face, whoſe Shrine hath made me (blind.
How fares my faireſt gueſt?
Seph. The better for
Your courteous entertainment, may the gods
Be favourable to your flocks, as you
Have friendly been to us.
Men. May I preſume
To crave your name, and to enquire how
Hard-hearted fortune could be ſo unjuſt,
To injure innocence? Signe ſhe is blind.
Seph. My name is *Samela*, my parentage
But mean, the wife of a poor Gentleman
Of *Cyprus*, now deceas'd: How arriv'd here,
Pray do not now enquire; time may reveal,
What preſent ſorrows force me to conceal.
Men. I will not preſs your yet freſh bleeding wounds,
With a rude hand; 'tis time and patience
Muſt work the cure; the gods allow a ſalve
For ev'ry ſore, but we muſt wait on them:
Their time is beſt; for when we ſtrive to heal
Our wounds too faſt, they do but feſter more.
Reſt here content; a Country life is ſafe,
Fortune o're-looks our humble cottages (want,
We are not pain'd with wealth, nor pin'd with
Our ſheep do yield us milk for food, and wooll
To make us cloaths; hunger & cold we ſlight:
Envie hath here no place, we'l friendſhip keep,
Free from all jars, and harmleſs as our ſheep.
Sam. O happy life! would I had never known
Other than this, which by compariſon,

Renders mine odious to my memorie. *Exit*
Men. Sorrow ſits heavy on her *weeping.*
heart, but ſhews
More lovely in her face; thoſe tears appear
Like chryſtal dew upon the bluſhing roſe.
Beauty thus veil'd, is more inviting, than
Shining out in it's unclouded ſplendor.
Fortune, I hate thee, for thy ſpight to her,
But thank thee for thy courteſie to me,
In ſending her for ſhelter to my houſe.
Kind love aſſiſt me now, and I will be
Her conſtant ſervant, and thy votarie. *Exit.*

Finis Act. 2.

Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

Romanio *and* Eurilochus, *with* Pluſidippus.

Rom. THis preſent to the King of *Theſſaly*
Will gain us both reward and pardon (too
For all our former Pyracies upon
His ſeas and ſhips.
Eur. Ay, he hath ne're a ſon,
For to inherit the *Theſſalian* Crown:
Hereby this lad may gain a Kingdom, whilſt
We ſeek but our liberties and lives,
For time to come, and pardon for what's paſt.
This is the place the King doth oft frequent,
When publick cares oppreſs his Royal head,
Here he unloads the burthen of his thoughts,
And changes cares for recreation.——
See where he comes! God ſave your Majeſtie.

Rom.

Rom. Long live *Ageror*, King of *Theſſaly*.
Enter King. (are ye?
Kin. What meanes this bold intruſion? who
That dare preſume into our private walks?
Eur. Pardon, great Sir, we come not to offend
Your ſacred Majeſtie, but to preſent *Shews* Plu-
You with this living gift. ſidippus *to*
Kin. This is a gift *the King.*
Indeed; where had ye him, or what's his birth?
Rom. Pleaſe you, dread Sir, grant us your par-
don then,
We ſhall declare unto you what we know.
Kin. Take it, we freely pardon ye. Now ſpeak.
Eur. Then be it known unto your Majeſtie,
VVe the two famous Pyrats are, you have
So long laid wait to take, but all in vain.
Roving upon the coaſts of *Arcady*,
VVe found this beauteous youth upon the ſhore,
VVhom (we ſuppoſe) the ſeas had wrack't, but
ſav'd
His life, which we have nouriſh'd ever ſince,
And now bequeath unto your Majeſtie:
For which we beg no recompence, but this,
To ſeal our pardons for our former faults.
Kin. Look that for time to come ye honeſt be,
And for what's paſt we freely pardon ye. (lives
Rom. Thanks, Royal Sir, the remnant of our
VVill we ſpend in your ſervice, and ſo give
Again, our lives which you have given us,
VVhen they were forfeit to your laws and you.
Exeunt.
Kin. This is a welcome gift. VVhat a divine
Beautie doth ſparkle in his countenance!
Surely he cannot be of mortal race

Deſcended, but *Jove* himſelf hath ſent him,
To be the happy heir of my Kingdom.
Immortal *Jove!* I thank thee for this gift.
Thou couldeſt not have ſent a welcomer.
My pretty lad, where wer't thou born? canſt tell?
Plu. I know not, Sir,—my name is *Pluſidippus.*
Kin. Come, follow me, now have I found at (once
An husband for my daughter, & an heir
For the *Theſſalian* Crown. Thrones are ſupplied
By *Jove*, who, when the root is withered, (forth,
Can make more heav'nly branches to ſprout
Which may in time grow mighty trees to ſhade,
And ſhelter all their liege-ſubjects under. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. Menaphon *ſolus.*

Strike home, great *Cupid*, with thy flaming dart,
As yet thou doſt but dally with my heart:
'Tis rather ſcratch'd than wounded: I do hate
A luke-warm love: give me a love flames high,
As it would reach the element of fire,
From whence it came; a low and creeping flame
Befits a chimney, not a lovers breaſt.
Give me a love dare undertake a task
VVould fright an *Hercules* into an ague.
A love dare tempt the boldeſt fate, and die
An honour'd captive, or bold conquerour.
Give me a daring, not a whining love,
A love grows great with oppoſition:
A love that ſcorns an eaſie task, things great
And noble always are moſt difficult.
This is the love (blind *Cupid*) I would have,
A love that brings home trophies, or a grave.
I'll tempt his god-ſhip with a ſong, and ſee
If verſe, not ſighs, will gain the victorie.

1.

No more, no more,
Fond Love give o're,
Dally no more with me;
Strike home and bold,
Be hot, or cold,
Or leave thy deitie.

2.

In love, luke-warm,
Will do more harm,
Than can feavers heat:
Cold cannot kill
So soon as will
A fainting, dying sweat.

3.

I cannot tell,
When sick, or well,
Physick, or poyson give;
Still in anguish,
I do languish,
Or let me die, or live.

4.

If I must be,
Thy Votarie,
Be thou my friend or foe:
If thou wilt have
Me be thy slave,
Hold fast, or let me goe.

Sure *Cupid* hath resign'd his place, and giv'n
His god-head unto *Carmela*, whose eyes
Wound more than ever did his darts.
But what is that, if she have power to hurt,
And wanteth mercie for to heal those hurts.

I fear whilſt I make her my deitie,
I do but thereby make her proud,
And with my own hands place her out of reach.
Yet ſhe is in diſtreſs, and that *Enter* Doron.
ſhould make *Liſtens and laughs.*
Her humble: I relieve her, therefore ſhe
Hath the more reaſon thus to relieve me;
And certain, ſhe will rather love than want.
Dor. Ha, ha, ha, &c. are you catch'd, *Menaphon*?
I'faith, I think y'are fetter'd now, you'l hang'd
Ith' brambles of love, as well as I. You laugh'd
At me before, but now I'll laugh at you.
Men. Ah *Doron!* now I crave thy pitie, for
I never thought an earthly beautie could
So ſoon have fetter'd me; what did I ſay?
An earthly? No, *Doron*, ſhe is heavenly.
Brighter than *Phœbus* in his glittring pride:
Venus her ſelf was not ſo fair a Bride.
Do. How now *Menaphon!* I'm afraid thou wilt
Be a beggar ſhortly, thou art a Poet already.
One of the thred-bare crew, that ragged regi-
Enter Samela. (ment.
Men. See *Doron*, ſee, ſee where ſhe comes, who
Her brighter luſtre can create a day (with
At mid-night, when the Sun is gone to ſleep;
Eclipſe his noon-tide glory with her light:
Her abſence would benight the world, & cloath't
In blackeſt darkneſs, for to mourn it's loſs.
Sam. Good-morrow Hoſt, how thrive your
well-fed flocks? leſs,
Men. My flocks do thrive (Lady) and can't do
Bleſt with the auſpicious ſun-ſhine of your eyes;
And I were too ingrateful, if I ſhould
Deny to give you back again, what I

Enjoy

Enjoy but by your beauteous influence.
Sam. Y'are merry, *Menaphon*, if not prophane,
To rob the gods of what is due to them,
To give it to the object of their ſcorn.
Could I diſpenſe good fortunes, I ſhould not
Forget my ſelf, & chuſe the meaneſt lot. *Exeunt.*
Dor. This 'tis to be in love, how ſpruce is *Mena-*
Become of late, as he were always going (*phon*
To a feaſt? and talks as if he were ſome
Citie Orator. Why can I not do ſo? I'm
Sure I am in love as well as he. But
I'll go hire ſome journey-man Poet, or other,
And he ſhall make me ſome verſes
For my *Carmela*: And that will do as
Well, as if I made them my ſelf; I'll
Set my brand upon them, and then no
Body will queſtion them to be mine, no
More than they do my ſheep that are mark'd.

Enter Melecertus. Scan. 3.

Ay, ay, it ſhall be ſo. Oh *Melecertus*,
Yonder is the fineſt ſhepherdeſs that ever
The moon held the candle of her light to; the
Shepherd *Menaphon* has got her to him, as
If becauſe he is the Kings ſhepherd, he
Muſt have the Queen of Shepherdeſſes. (name?
Mel. Haſt ſeen her, *Doron?* and doſt know her
Dor. Seen her? ay, and ſigh to ſee her too; her
name, I
Think, is *Stamela*——no, no,——*Samela*, *Samela*,
Ay, ay, that's her name, I have it now, I would
I had her too.
Mel. What kind of woman is ſhe, canſt thou tell?
Dor. Ay, or elſe I were naught to keep ſheep.
Mel. Can thy tongue paint her forth to mine
ear?

Dor.

Dor. Ay, ay, legible, I warrant you.
Her eyes are like two diamonds, I think, for
I never ſaw any before; and her locks are
All gold, like the golden fleece our ſhepherds
Tell of. (fleece
Mel. It were good vent'ring for that golden
Doron, as *Jaſon* long ſince did for his.
Dor. Her hands are all ivory, like the bone-haft
Of my beſt knife, her alablaſter, and her
Eyes black as my blackeſt lamb, her cheeks
Like roſes red and white that grow together.
What think you of her now? have I not made
A fair picture on her?
Mel. Ay *Doron*, were this picture painted to
The life, as thou haſt here deſcribed it,
It could not chuſe but make an abſolute,
Rare, and compleat piece of deformitie.
Dor. Nay, nay, if you don't like it, I don't
Care, but I had it out of an old book of
My brother *Moron's*, they call 'm
Rogue-mances, I think: my brother
Ha's a whole tumbrel full on 'm, he's
Such a Bookiſh block-head——
Mel. Nay, be not angry, *Doron*, I believe
Thou mean'ſt a beautie beyond expreſſion:
And ſuch an one I had, till envious fate
Rob'd me of her, and all my joyes at once,
Heavens envying at my happineſs,
Sent death to fetch her from me, and ſhe's dead
Dead, *Doron*, dead,—ſhe's dead to me, and to
The world, and all but to my memorie. *weeps*
Dor. Fie, *Melecertus*, what doſt mean to
Weep? what, wilt thou make dirt of
Her aſhes with thy teares?

Mel

Mel. Well, *Doron*, we forget our flocks, and we
shall miss the shepherds merry meeting.
Dor. That's true, and there will be the shepher-
desses too, and *Menaphon* will bring his fine
Mistris thither; there shalt thou see her,
But first mask thine eyes, lest thou lose
them, and become love-blind, as I am.
Good *Melecertus* take the pains to lead me.

Exeunt.

Scen. 4. *Enter King* Damocles *melancholy*, 2 *Lords.*

King. How wretched am I grown, I hate my self,
And care not now for my own company:
I loath thee light, and fain would hide my self
From mine own eyes; I'm wearie of my life.—
Where shall I hide my self, that there I may
Deceive th'approaches of discov'ring day?
I'll seek some gloomy cave, where I may lie,
Entomb'd alive in shades of secrecie. *Exit.*

1 *Lo.* His thoughts are much perplex't, & black
despair,
May push him on unto some desp'rate act,
If not prevented by our vigilance.

2 *Lo* This is th'effect of rash resolves, when hast
And passion hurry men to do those things
Reason would wish undone, at least delay'd.
Our wills spur'd on by rage, ne're stop, till we
(Blinded with anger) headlong throw our selves
From dangers præcipice, into a gulf
Of black despairing thoughts; and then too late
Repentance lends us so much light as may
Shew us our madness, and our miserie.

1 *Lo.* Ill actions never go unpunished;
They are their own tormentors, and do prove

At

At last, furies to lash the guilty soul.

2 *Lo.* When reason is depos'd,& passion reigns
Nothing but lawless actions do appear:
When passion hath usurp't the helm,
And steers a wild uncertain course, not by
The card and compass of advice, the ship
Will never make good voyage, but be tost
Upon the waves, and all her lading lost.
He by his wilful rage hath cast away
Himself, and floats upon the waves of ruine:
Let's try if we can waft him safe to shore,
Lend him our helping hands, lest he do sink
Into that deep and black gulf of despair.

1 *Lo.* Let's after him, and try what we can do,
In saving him, we save our Kingdom too.

Exeunt

Scen. 5. *Enter* Menaphon, *with* Samela, *and* Pesan
after them, Melecertus *leading* Doron.

Pes. Hey day, what's here, my brother *Doron*?

Mel. Doron conceits himself that he is blind.

Dor. Ay, *Doron*'s as blind as any door: what
Creep I here upon? *Carmila*, oh *Carmila*,
The very sight of thee hath recovered mine
Eyes again. *He stumbles on Samel*

Men. Nay, now I see, *in Carmila's cloaths*
Doron, th'art blind indeed,
That dost not know *Carmila* from her cloaths.
No, no, 'tis *Samela*, not *Carmila*.

Dor. Which is my *Carmila*? good *Melecertus*
Shew me where she is.

Mel. It seems, *Doron*, *Carmila* is not here.

Dor. Why, what do I do here then? I thought
It was something I miss'd, onely I

Mi-

Miſtook; for I had thought it had
Been my eyes were loſt, but now I
See it is my *Carmila* is miſſing, whom
I had rather ſee than my own eyes.
Peſ. This is my corrival in *Menaphon*'s love.
Mel. She is a beautie indeed; and ſince my
Sepheſtia is drown'd, without compare.
I cannot blame *Menaphon*, but envie
Him rather, for his ſo happy choiſe.
O happy! yet to me unhappy beautie!
That doth (as in a glaſs) preſent unto
My frighted ſenſes the remembrance of
My loſs, which, unleſs by this fair piece,
Cannot be recompenced by the world.——
Miſtris, y'are welcome to our company. (come,
Dor. By my troth, Miſtris, you are very wel-
As I may ſay, unto our meeting.
Sam. Thanks ſhepherds: I am a bold intruder
Into your company; but that I am
Brought by your friend, and my hoſt *Menaphon*.
Mel. Miſtris, your preſence is Apologie
Sufficient; yet do we owe him thanks,
That by his means we have the happineſs
T'enjoy your ſweet ſocietie in this
Our rural meeting, when ſhepherds uſe
To cheer themſelves with mirth & pleaſant tales.
Sam. I hope my company ſhall not forbid
The Banes between your meeting & your mirth.
Mel. Then by your leave, fair ſhepherdeſs, I will
Begin with you. If the gods ſhould decree
To change your form, what ſhape would you
deſire?
Sam. I would be careful how to ſail between
The two rocks, of immodeſt boldneſs, or

Of

Of peeviſh coyneſs; therefore to anſwer
Unto your queſtion, I would be a ſheep. (ſheep?
Men. A ſheep? Miſtris, why would you be a
Sam. Becauſe that then my life ſhould harmleſs
My food the pleaſant Plains of *Arcadie*, (be,
My drink the curious ſtreams, my walks
Spacious, and my thoughts as free as innocent.
Dor. I would I were your Keeper. (drawn
Mel. But many times the faireſt ſheep are
Sooneſt unto the ſhambles to be kill'd.
Sam. And ſure a ſheep would not repine at that,
To feed them then, who fed her long before.
Peſ. Then there's more love in beaſts, than conſtancie
In men, for they will die for love, but when?
When they can live no longer, not before.
Men. If they'r ſo wiſe, it is their mother-wit,
For men have their inconſtancies but from
You women, as the ſea it's ebbs and tides (hair.
Hath from the moon.—Your embleme to an
Dor. Menaphon, if you hate my ſiſter, I'll——
Love yours for't in ſpight of your teeth.
Peſ. Your mother ſurely was a weather-cock,
That brought forth ſuch a changeling; for your
Is like the lightning, vaniſhed as ſoon (love
As it appears; a minute is an age
In your affections. You once loved me ——
Dor. Ay, I would you lov'd him no better.
Men. If that I be ſo changing in my love,
It is becauſe mine eye's ſo weak a Judge,
It cannot pleaſe my heart upon trial. (eares
Peſ. If that your eye's ſo weak, then let your
Be open to your loves appeals and plaints,
Sam. Come, for to end this ſtrife, pray let us hear Th'o-

Th'opinion of good *Doron*, who's ſo mute,
As if h'had loſt his tongue too, with his eyes.
Dor. By my fay, fair Miſtris, I was thinking
All this while with my ſelf, whether in being
A ſheep, you would be a ram, or an ewe? (ſh ape
Sam. An ewe, no doubt; if I ſhould change my,
I would not change my Sex; and horns are held
The heavieſt burthen that the head can bear.
Dor. I think then I were beſt be an ewe too,
So I might be ſure to have no horns:
But I would not greatly care to wear horns,
Were I a ram, were it but where you were
An ewe.—— (and gives
Men. VVell, ſhepherds, come, the day declines,
Us timely warning for to fold our flocks. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 6. Manet Melecertus.

VVere my *Sepheſtia* living, I ſhould think
This ſheperdeſs were ſhe: Such was her ſhape,
Such was her countenance; her very voice
Doth ſpeak her my *Sepheſtia*. But alas!
How fondly do I dream! I do embrace
A cloud in ſtead of *Juno*. Yet I love,
And like her, 'cauſe ſhe is ſo like my Love.
VVe love the pictures of our abſent friends:
And ſhe's the living picture of my dear,
My dear *Sepheſtia*. Me thinks I feel
A kind of ſympathy within my breſt.
To like and love her of all women beſt.
Forgive me, my *Sepheſtia*, if thou liveſt,
If I do love another for thy ſake:
Thy likeneſs is the loadſtone which doth draw
My heart to her, that nothing elſe could move.
Exit.

Scen.

Scan. 7. *Enter* Pesana.

Thou most impartial deitie of Love!
Can there be two Suns in Loves Hemisphere?
Or more loves in one heart than one that's true?
Or can the stream of true love run in more
Channels than one? Shall I be thus paid,
For my love to false *Menaphon*? Hereafter,
Venus, never will I adore thee, nor
Will I offer up so many Evening
Prayers unto *Cupid*, as I have done.—
Was ever poor maid so rewarded with
An inconstant lover, as I daily am
With this same fickle-headed *Menaphon*!

Enter Doron.

How now *Pesana*! what's the newes with thee?
Pes. News! marry 'tis the news I complain of.
Were *Menaphon* the old *Menaphon*, that
He was wont to be, I should not complain. (give.
Dor. Come—plain *Pesana* must not grutch to
Way unto fine *Samela*, that hath turn'd his
Heart, and if he do not turn again
Quickly, he'l be burnt on that side; well,
Be content a while, by that time he hath loved
Her, as long as he did thee, he'l be as
Weary of her, as he is now of thee.
Pes. But in the mean time, *Doron*, I must be
A stale to her usurps my right in him.
Dor. Ay, that's the reason he doth not care
For thee, because thou art stale.
Thus do poor lovers run through
The briars and the brambles of difficulties,
And sometimes fall into the ditch of undoing.
Pes. Good *Doron*, be my friend to *Menaphon*.

And

And mind him of his former love to me,
Or I ſhall learn at laſt to ſlight him too.
Dor. Ay, ay, he has a ſiſter, juſt ſuch another
As himſelf, I'm zure ſhe has e'en broken
My poor heart in twain; and if it be
Piec'd again, it will never be handſom. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 8. *Enter* Lamedon.

How happy are theſe ſhepherds! here they live
Content, and know no other cares, but how
To tend their flocks, and pleaſe their Miſtris beſt.
They know no ſtrife, but that of love, they ſpend
Their days in mirth; and when they end, ſweet ſleeps
Repay, and eaſe the labours of the day.
They need no Lawyers to decide their jars,
Good herbs, and wholſom diet, is to them
The onely *Æſculapius*; their skill
Is how to ſave, not how with art to kill.
Pride and ambition are ſuch ſtrangers here,
They are not known ſo much as by their names.
Their ſheep and they contend in innocence,
Which ſhall excell, the Maſter or his flocks.
With honeſt mirth, and merry tales, they paſs
Their time, and ſweeten all their cares: (ſtrife,
Whilſt Courts are fill'd with waking thoughtful
Peace and content do crown the ſhepherds life.

Finis Act. 3.

Act. 4. Scæne 1.

Enter King of Thessaly, and his daughter Euriphila.

Kin. DAughter, it is enough, we will it, see
You shew your dutie in obeying us;
Since I have made choise of him for my Son,
Accept him for your husband: He's a man
Ancient in virtues, although young in yeares:
He's one whose worth is far beyond his age.
Eur. Father, it grieves me that the cross Fates have
Forc'd me to hate the man you so much love:
Cupid hath struck me with his leaden dart,
I cannot force my own affections.
Kin. How's this? you hate him whom I love?
Be th'object of your hate, who is alone
The subject of my love and reverence?
He whom the gods in mercie have design'd
The happy Successor unto my crown,
And to your love? Bethink your self again.
Eur. Great Sir, the gods themselves are subject
That little deitie of love, can I
Withstand his power, or love against his will?
Force cannot work on love, which must be free
And uncompell'd, else can it not be true,
Nor lasting. Sir, urge me no more in vain.
Kin. What a strange change is here! Your will
Freely to stoop to all my just desires; (was wont
Is it now grown so stiff, 'twill not be bent
By my commands? I know thou dost but feign
Eur. I would obey your will, could I command
Mine own affections, or chuse my love.
Kin, Do it, or else by *Jove*, whom I present,

'll punish thy neglect.—I cannot think
Thy words and thoughts agree. Surely to love,
Is natural, why then not to love him,
Whom nature made to be belov'd? He hath
Artillery enough about him to take in
The stoutest heart at the first summons.—Well,
Think on't *Euriphila*, when I am gone,
I'll leave thee here, Lovers are best alone. *Exit.*

Scæn. 2.

Eur. How rarely have I play'd this part, & hid
My love under a mask of hate!—but now,
Me thinks, I feel the fire of love to rage
More fiercely in my breast; for being kept
So close, it will break out too soon: I must
Invert the course of love, and woo him first.
Enter Plusidippus.
He comes, and fitly: *Cupid*, instruct me now,
To war and conquer in this bloodless fight,
That wins the field by flight, and not by force.
Yet must I veil my love still, and seem coy,
Till by a false retreat I make him fall
Into those snares I set, and wish him in.—
What means this bold intrusion? do'st befit
You to intrude into my privacies? (led
Plu. Lady, the fault's not mine, fortune hath
Me to this place: mine ignorance (I hope)
Will plead mine innocence. As I have found
Your Royal Fathers noble favours far
Exceed my hopes, or my requital, let (rais'd
Not your frownes strike dead whom he hath
To life; crueltie cannot lodge within
That tender breast was onely made for Love.

Eur. Dare you presume to talk of love to me?
Am I a mate fit for your choice? Be gone,
And seek some shrub may fit your lowness best.
Plu. Madam, this storm becomes you not. It is
Degenerate from your noble Fathers strain.
I cannot think this should proceed from one,
That is the Heir to his name and worth.
Eur. My fathers ears shall ring with this, that he
Hath warm'd a viper, which would bite him
now,
And entertain'd a guest would rob his host.
Plu. Lady, my spirit tels me that my birth
Is not so base as you conceit. I mean
To try my spirit, and my fortunes in
Mars his Camp, but not in *Venus* Courts.
Since nature's so unkind, as not to let
Me know what honour I was born unto,
I'll win some to my name, by actions, which
Shall speak me noble; I had thought t'have made
You the fair goddess at whose shrine I meant
T'have offer'd up, and sacrificed my self,
And all my services; but cause you prove
So rough, I will not harbour here, but seek
The world through, for an altar worthy of
My labours. So fair proud, farewel. *Exit.*
Eur. Art gone! I did not well to tempt a part
I knew not how to act, to hide a flame
I could not well conceal: for hereby have
I drove him quite away. — *Euriphila*,
Thou wer't too blame. — Well, I will after him,
And try if I can fetter him with gifts,
Whom love cannot entangle: *Mars* is his god,
Not *Venus*; once more will I try, and shew
Him plainly how I love him: *Juno* help,

And

And thou, O little deitie of Love!
Beſiege the caſtle of his ſtubborn breaſt,
Bend all thy batteries unto his heart,
Make it the mark of all thy golden darts.
Let him no more reſiſt, but know thy power,
That *Mars* with all his armour, nor his forts,
Caſtles, or coats of mail, can fence him from
Thy little piercing ſhafts, which wound unſeen.
And I will try what work a womans arts
Can make againſt theſe ſtubborn warriors hearts. *Exit.*

Scan. 3. *Enter* Samela.

I have but one heart to beſtow, and that
Muſt not be *Menaphon's*; mine eyes do fix
On *Meleagrus*, the beſt counterfeit
Of my loſt *Maximus*: I cannot yet
Think on that name, but it doth ſeem to chide
My haſty choiſe, and drown my love in tears.
She weeps.

Enter Menaphon.

Men. What mean theſe ſudden paſſions, *Samela*?
Haſt thou not here all thou canſt wiſh? what doſt
Thou want can make one happy, but content?
Sam. 'Tis true, I nothing want, that a poor wretch
Can wiſh for; but this happineſs doth mind
Me of my fore-paſt happineſs that's loſt.
Is't poſſible the vein of true love can
Be broken, and the wound not bleed afreſh
At every thought! Alas! my heart's ſo full
Of tears and griefe, that ſome will over-flow.
Men. Had thy tears power to raiſe the dead again,

Then were they lawful and commendable:
But ſince that tears are fruitleſs, and your friends
(Like water ſpilt) now paſt recoverie,
It is but folly to weep for the dead.
Purſue no more fled joyes, turn and receive
Thoſe comming pleaſures which do court your hand
To take them. If thou wilt liſten to my love—

Sam. I like my grief much better than thy love.

Men. *Why ſo nice and coy fair Lady*
Prethee why ſo coy?
If you deny your hand and lip
Can I your heart enjoy?
Prethee why ſo coy?
For thy flitting joyes are paſt,
I will give thee joyes at laſt.
Joyes that ſhall create each other,
Make thee both a wife and mother.

Sam. Y're merry, *Menaphon*, but I can't joyn
In conſort with you. Seek ſome other mate;
I have no heart to give, nor hand to take
Your gift. Another reaps what you have ſown,
And like t'enjoy what you have hop'd in vain.

Men. Another reap what I have ſown! Is this
Your gratitude you ſo much boaſted of?
Have I ſupplied your wants with plenty, and
With ſcorn do you repay my charitie?
Did I relieve you in diſtreſs for this?——
By *Pan*, the god of ſhepherds, or return
Love for my love, or be turn'd out of doors.

Sa. My heart ne're knew what baſeneſs meant,
Of thankful thoughts for your civilities; (it's full
If thoſe will ſatisfie, I'll employ all

Th'ex-

Th'exchequer of my breaſt; but as for love,
Alas! that is not in my power to give.
Men. I ſaw your looſe eyes at the ſhepherds feaſt,
Rov'd every where, but *Melecertus* was (gone,
The mark they aym'd at moſt. Well, get you
Expect no more from me, but ſlight and ſcorn.
Exit.
Sam. My grief was ominous, and did preſage
This ſad miſhap; was I not croſs'd enough
Before? when will my ſuff'rings have an end!
Well, I'll go ſeek my Uncle *Lamedon*,
The comfort and companion of my woes. *Exit.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter* Euriphila.

Love bids me go, but reaſon bids me ſtay;
Reaſon! thou haſt no ſhare in love; I'll on.
Love is a paſſion. paſſions know no lawes,
The gods themſelves cannot be wiſe and love. *Enter Pluſidippus paſſing by.*
Friend *Pluſidippus*, hark, who would have thought
You ſo faint-hearted, that a maidens frowns,
Could turn the edge of your affections? (edge
Plu. No, madam, but your ſcorn hath whet the
Of my reſolves, to ſeek ſome other clime
May prove more temperate: *Arcadia* is
The place I aym at, where, I'm told, there dwels
A Lady of that beautie, that the world
Can't ſhew her ſecond; thither am I bound.
Eur. You do but jeſt, I hope, I'm ſure I did
No other; for I love thee with my heart, *Offers him gifts.*
And may theſe ſigns confirm it that I do.
Plu. I muſt not dwell at theſe ſigns, well I may.
Bait for a while, but cannot make a ſtay.

Arcadia is the place I visit must,
That is the center whereunto I tend,
And where my labours hope to find an end.
Eur. What, must a Lady woo you to accept
Her favours? Come, what need *offer him her*
hast thou to seek *gifts again.*
Dangers, and love abroad, who hast at home
The onely daughter of a King, who courts
Thee for thy love? what mean those silent looks?
Hear me, my *Plusidippus*: what, still mute?
Plu. Th'attractive of that beauty I have seen
But in a picture, will not let me rest,
Until I see that creature so divine,
Arcadia is blest withal, to be
The happy casket of so rich a jewel.
Eur. By all the love thou ow'st my fathers care,
I do adjure thee to stay here with me,
And in mine arms I'll lodge thee until time
Shall make thee King of *Thessaly*; mean-while
Let me be happy in th'enjoyment of (thou
Thy company, and seek not toils and care,
When thou mayst live more happy here, than
Canst wish, or find in any other place.
Plu. My *Genius* prompts me, that I must not rest
Here, for the gods do seem to call me hence,
And their decrees I may not break, nor will.
Exit.

Eur. This scorn torments me, yet can I not
Repay his hate with hate; but I do love
Him more. Love, this is tyrannic in thee.

Enter Agenor *King.*

Here comes my Father, may his newes be good.
Kin. Now forward girle, did I for this pro-
vide

An husband for your? do you thus reward
My love to you, to slight him whom I love?
Your scornes will force him from our Court to
And now I hear, he's to *Arcadia*. (flie.
Eur. Believe it, Sir, 'tis far from me to wish,
Or be the cause of his departure hence.
Kin. Yes, yes, your peevishnes I hear's the cause,
Nay, I my self have heard, with shame to think
You so much scorn'd a man, I so much lov'd.
Did I grace him, that you should disgrace him?
Eur. Great Sir, the greatest loss is mine; & none
Can tell with what an heavy heart I shall
Be forc'd to part with him. And therefore, if
You please to use your power to stay him here,
You may so be my father the second
Time, by preserving the life you gave me,
Which, without his presence, is nothing worth.
As you tender the life of a daughter,
Or the welfare of a maid, endeavour
His stay, or I shall follow him to death.——
Kin. I'll find him out, and try what power I have
Upon him; I suppose my kindnesses
To him, may well deserve his acceptance,
They have not been such as should wearie him,
Nor is a Crown a thing to be slighted,
Nor easily obtained; yet his stay
May purchase mine, and 'tis an easie rate. *Exeunt.*

Scan. 5. *Enter* Lamedon, Samela.

Lam. What, Neece, still weeping! cannot curing (time
Invent a plaister for thy wounds, but that
They still thus bleed afresh? what is the cause?
Sam. Dearest Uncle! who hitherto have been
The onely Partner and Physician

Of

Of all my griefs; unleſs your skill can fit
A cure unto my preſent cares, I muſt
Yeild to their ſtrength, for with continued
Batteries they ſo aſſault me now, that
I muſt be forc'd to ſink under their weight.
Lam. Why, what new croſs hath hapned unto thee?
That thus renews thy grief? Come, tell it me;
And doubt not of my readineſs to trie
All means for thy relief; but firſt 'tis fit
I know the cauſe, the firſt ſtep to the cure.
Unboſome then thy grief, and give it vent;
Is *Menaphon* as kind as he was wont?
Sam. That name it is that is my ſorrows ſpring
From whence theſe tears do flow, 'tis he alone—
Unkind and falſe, baſe-minded *Menaphon.*——
Lam. Out with it all, and tell me how he hath
Abuſed thee, and I will try to right
Thee, and requite him for his injuries.
Sam. When as he ſaw I would not ſatisfie
His fooliſh fancie, for which cauſe alone
He hitherto hath entertained us,
And not for to relieve our wants; he ſees
His hopes are fruſtrated, and I deſpiſe
His clowniſh love, he turn'd me out of's doors:
Where ſhall we lie? we are expos'd unto
The mercie of the kinder elements;
The heavens muſt be our canopie, and th'earth
Our bed, the poor flocks our companions.
Lam. Well, fear not, *Sameta*, already I
Have found a way to eaſe thy mind; I have
A little money left, and therewithal
Soon ſhall I purchaſe a ſmall flock for thee:
Where thou ſhalt live ſecure, and free from fear,

Enjoy

Enjoy thy little with content ; there is
A ſhepherd lately dead, whoſe flock I'll buy,
And thou ſhalt be it's Miſtris, *Samela.*
Sam. Uncle, my thanks ſhall ever ready be
For you, as always is your care for me.
But let your haſte prevent my comming griefs,
For griefs have wings, wherewith they flie to us,
Comforts are leaden-heel'd, and move but ſlow.
Lam. Fear not, I will diſpatch it ſuddenly,
The ſhepherd *Doron's* brother's lately dead,
And he hath the diſpoſal of the flock,
As ſoon as I can find him, we will try
If reaſonable price will make them ours,
Enter Doron.
See where he comes preventing me ; *Doron*,
The merry ſhepherd! whither away ſo faſt?
Dor. I'm running for my life, Sir, my brother's
Lately dead, and I'm afraid death will catch
Me too, if I don't make haſte. I'm ſure
Carmela has halt cut the thred of my
Life in twain, with the hook of her crueltie;
Beſides, *Moron's* ſheep are roving to find
Their maſter, and they'l go till they loſe
Themſelves, if I find them not the ſooner.
Lam. Moron! what was he a kin to a fool?
Dor. Why he was my own brother, Sir.
Lam. I thought ſo. *Dor.* I muſt be gone.
Lam. Nay, ſtay *Doron*, what wilt thou take, and
Will eaſe thee of the trouble of thy ſheep. (we
Dor. By my troth Sir, and you ſhall have them,
What will you give me, and you ſhall have (but
His flock,—ay and me too, if you will, for
I think *Carmela* won't. *Gives him gold.*
Lam. Will theſe content thee for thy ſheep?

Dor.

Dor. Ay marry, this is ſomething lik—you
Shall have them Sir, were there as many
Of them as there are hairs on their
Backs.—They talk of a golden fleece,
But I think I have made their fleeces
Gold now. Come Sir, I'll deliver you the ſheep.
Exeunt.

Scan. 6. Enter Menaphon.

Forlorn, forſaken, and the object made
Of all the ſhepherds ſtorms! what ſhall I do!
Love is no god, Fortune is blind, and can
Not help; ſleep flies, and cares poſſeſs my head.
Mirth makes me melancholy, company
Yields me no comfort: when I am alone,
A thouſand fancies do diſtract my thoughts:
And when I try to drown my cares in wine,
They ſwim aloft, and will be uppermoſt.
I'll try if I can ſing my cares aſleep.

Ye reſtleſs cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my joyes in clouds of endleſs woes,
Spare not my heart, but wound it with your ſpight,
Since love and fortune prove my equal foes.

Enter Peſana. *Farewel my hopes, farewel my happy dayes,*
Welcom ſweet griefs, the ſubject of my layes.

Peſ. Now will I take time by the fore-lock, and
Creep into *Menaphon's* breaſt, through the cracks
His minion *Samela* has made in it. *Aſide.*
Friend *Menaphon*, what is your courage cool'd?

Men. Cold entertainment hath my courage cool'd.

Peſ. You know where you might have been let
E're this, without aſſault or batterie. (in, long
But you'r ſerv'd in your kind, for being coy:

Now

Now you have met with your mate (friend) I
hope.

Men. She set my heart on fire by her presence,
That will not be put out by her absence.

Pes. Then I see you mean to follow her with
Your suit and service still, for all her scorn.

Men. No, she hath wounded me too deep, to
Pursuit after her, therefore let her go. (make

Pes. Now then you know what 'tis to be slighted;
So once you slighted me, now I'll slight you. *Exit.*

Men. Ah cruel love! whose musick is compos'd
Of Lovers jars an discords, mixt with sighs!
If I turn traytor once more unto love,
I'll rob him of his deitie, and pull
His little Kingdom down; I'll pull his wings,
And with the quils made into pens, and dipt
In saddest lovers tears, in stead of ink,
I'll Satyres write against his tyrannie. *Exit.*

Scen. 7. *Enter King* Agenor, Plusidippus, *and* Euriphila.

Kin. Why then, my *Plusidippus*, will you leave
us, and your fortunes? It is my resolve
To make you heir to my crown, my Son
And Successor.

Plu. Great Sir, I would not be
Fondly injurious to my self, or you,
Or so prophane unto the gods, to slight
Their and your gifts, when proffer'd me so fair:
I must obey their dictates, and my vowes,
Which call me to *Arcadia*, till when,
I cannot rest. Give me your Royal leave
To go, I will engage my hopes, and all
My future happinesses, to return
In so short a time as you shall limit me.

Kin.

Kin. Then daughter, ſince it muſt be ſo, I can
Not tell how to denie his juſt requeſt:
But ſee you part with him in friendſhip. And
The like Sir, I require of you to her. *Exit.*
Plu. Far be it from me to denie ſo fair
Requeſts. Lady, in ſigne hereof, I take
This parting kiſs, and may it cancel all
Miſcarriages, and ſeal Loves covenants.
And thus I take my leave but for a while.
Ewr. Then take thee this my deareſt heart, and
It with thee; may it be a charm to keep (bear
Thy chaſte affections from a Strangers love:
May your return ſhorten my tedious hours,
Since I neglect mine own content for yours.
Exeunt.

Scen. 8. Enter 2 Lords.

1 *Lo.* It ſeems our Kink hath pretty well out-grown
His griefs; and now he meditates new Loves.
2 *Lo.* The fire of love hath thaw'd his frozen (breaſt,
And turn'd his cold *December* into *May*;
His Scepter's chang'd into a ſheep-hook, He
Is gone on pilgrimage to ſeek a wife
Amongſt the ſhepherdeſſes; there is one
Whom I have ſeen, and he is gone to ſee,
May vie with *Juno* for precedencie:
Who in the habit of a Country laſs,
Carries a Prince-like countenance and grace.
In th'Arcadian Plains ſhe keeps a flock
Of ſheep, whoſe innocence and whiteneſs ſhe
Surpaſſeth, whilſt the ſhepherds daily ſtrive
Who ſhall bid faireſt for this fairer prize.
1 *Lo.* And he'l out-bid them all, if that will do.

But

But what a motley mixture will it be,
To ſee his grey hairs joyned with her green
And ſpringing youth? The ſtrange effects of love!
VVell may ſhe be his nurſe, but not his wife:
VVhat's love in young, is dotage in old men.
2 *Lo.* Love can create an Autumn Spring, infuſe
New ſpirits in the old, and make them young
Beſides, Honour's a bait frail women know
Not to reſiſt: who would not be a Queen?

Exeunt.

Scan. 9. *Enter* Samela.

Once more doth Fortune flatter me, with hopes
Of a contented life: now am I free
From jealous *Menaphon*'s ſuſpitions,
And without fear enjoy my wiſhed love.

Enter Melecertus.

See where he comes, the picture drawn to th'life
Of my dead *Maximus*, my former joy.
Mel. All hail unto the faireſt *Samela*,
And to her happy flock: I envie them
She is their Miſtris, I her ſervant am.
Long ſince my heart was hers, may ſhe but pleaſe
To take that kindly, which I freely give.
Sam. But, *Melecertus*, can I hope to find
You real unto me, whoſe worth I know
Cannot but be engag'd already to
Some more deſerving creature than poor I.
Mel. Lady, my ſervices were never due
To any, but to one, which bould harſh death
Hath cancelled to make me yours alone. (them,
Sam. You call death harſh for freeing you from
And would you be in the like bonds again?
Mel. Your heavenly likeneſs doth compel me

You are the ſame, but in another dreſs.
Let me no longer therefore ſtrive to win
That ſort, I ſo much covet to be in.

Sam. Then *Melecertus* take thy *Samela.*

Mel. Oh happy word! oh happy fate! the gods
If they would change with me, ſhould give me odds.

Finis Act. 4.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter King Damocles, *like a Shepherd.*

THus *Jove* chang'd ſhapes to ſatisfie his love,
He laid his god-head by; my Kingdome I
Have for a time forſaken, and exchang'd
My royal robes for ſhepherds weeds. How light
(Me thinks) I feel my ſelf! having laid by
My crown, with its companions heavy cares!

Enter Pluſidippus.

But who comes here? His paces to me tend.

Plu. Shepherd, well met, but why without a flock?
What, hath the rot conſum'd thy ſheep? or are
They gone aſtray?

Kin. No, not my ſheep, but I, *Aſide.*
So far, I almoſt know not where, or what
I am;—to ſeek, as yet I know not whom.

Plu. This old man dotes, and knows not what he ſayes;
Where is thy bag-pipe, and thy merry layes,
That ſhepherds uſe to have in readineſs?

Sure-

Surely thou art no ſhepherd, but ſome goat
Crept lately into a ſheeps habit.—Doſt
Thou know the field of the fair *Samela?*
Kin. This boy will be my Rival, for *Aſide.*
that name
Sounds like the creatures that I ſeek for.—No,
Go ſeek your *Stamela*, I know no ſuch.
Plu. This is intolerable,—I will ſcourge
Enter Samela *paſſing by.* *Draws.*
Thee into better manners.——But that divine
Appearance makes my ſpirits calm, and ſtrikes
An awful reverence into my breaſt.
This is the beautie of th' *Arcadian* Plains,
Sh'has ſhot her rayes ſo home into my heart,
But partial fame was niggardly and baſe,
In giving but a glimpſe of this rare beautie.
Sam. D'you know me, Sir, or have you loſt
your way?
Plu. I cannot likely loſe my way, where I
Do find ſuch gliſtring goddeſſes as you.
Indeed the force of ſuch a light, may rob
Me of the office of mine eyes, and make
Them dark with too much brightneſs; can I
But gaze upon the Sun, when firſt I ſee't. (chuſe
Sam. I think you loſt your wits, or elſe your
That you miſtake a glo-worm for the ſun, (eys
And make a goddeſs of a ſhepherdeſs.
Plu. Lady, if I have loſt my wits or eyes,
'twas with ſeeking you, whoſe beautie drew
Me hither; for your ſake alone have I
Shook hands with *Theſſaly*, and all my friends,
Onely to joyn my hands and heart with you.
Sam. I ſhould be loth to give my hand unto
So ſudden a concluſion, and my heart

Is neither in my power or poſſeſſion.

Plu. Fair Shepherdeſs, my errand is in love,
To yield my heart into your hands; 'tis yours,
By gift and conqueſt; I'm at your command.

Sam. If that you are at my command, be gone;
I cannot, will not liſten to your words. *Exit*

Plu. And have I left my dear *Euriphila*
For this! I ſee beautie makes women proud,
I would I were at *Theſſaly* again,
There ſhould I welcome be unto *Euriphila*,
Whoſe heart I know's my fellow-traveller,
Her ſalt tears by this time, would make a ſea,
Wherein I might ſwim back again with eaſe.
Exit

Scæn. 2.

Kin. I ſee this youth's repul'ſt, and he is young
And ſtout and well deſerving, how ſhall I
Hope to prevail with her? if lively youth
She do deſpiſe, then much more cripling age:
Nor do I know what arguments to uſe,
Unleſs to tell her that I am a King,
And lay my Crown and Scepter at her feet,
Which ſhe will ſcarce believe: my ſhepherd
Will not be taken for a ſcepter, nor (hook
This poor cap for th'uſurper of a crown.——
I have a way whereby to work my will,
And this young man ſhall be my inſtrument:
There ſtands a caſtle hard by, whither he
Perforce ſhall carry her. I'll work my will
Upon her, when I have her there confin'd.

Enter Pluſidippus.

Plu. I will revenge this ſcorn, if force or wit
Will do, I'll make her pride come down.

Kin. Be wiſe,

Young

Young man, and valiant, and I will tell
Thee how thou ſhalt obtein thy full deſire.
Plu. But tell me how, and then let me alone
To act, what e're it be.
Kin. A Caſtle ſtands
Near by, guarded with crows and negligence,
Thither thou mayſt by force convey her, and
Then force her unto what entreaties can't.
Plu. Old man, if I do gain her by thy means,
Thou ſhalt not want reward: I know the place
Where ſhe doth tend her flock, and I'l watch her,
As ſhe doth them; and when I ſee my time,
I will convey her where you ſhall direct. *Exit.*
Kin. I will attend you here.—Now muſt I plot
To get her in my power, and then I ſhall
Advance her to a crown againſt her will.
But yet, I cannot think Honour ſhould need
An Advocate; womens ambitious thoughts
Do ſwim aloft, they love to be above (height
Their neighbours, envying ev'ry one whoſe
Doth over-look, and ſeemeth to upbraid
Their lowneſs by compariſon; their minds
Are always climbing up to honours hill,
And pride, and ſelf-conceit, are the two wings
Which elevate their thoughs to flie aloft.
Enter Pluſidippus, *with* Samela. (power,
Plu. Now, Miſtris Coy, y'are not in your own
But mine. Old ſhepherd, take thee charge of her.
Exit.
Kin. Lady, you ſee what folly 'tis for you
To denie men what they can take without
Your leave. Now muſt you yield unto the
Of *Theſſaly*.—But if you will be wiſe, (Knight
And ſee a good when proffer'd, you may be

A Queen, by granting of my ſuit, who am
King of *Arcadia*, although thus diſguis'd.
Sam. My father *Damocles*! 'tis he *aſide.*
now ſues
To me his dauughter: He's inceſtuous grown.
Kin. This is too woman-like, to turn away
From your own happineſs.—And it is ſtrange,
That honour doth not tempt her; thou ſhalt have
A Crown and Kingdom at thy ſole command,
And change theſe rural weeds for princely robes,
If thou wilt be my wife, pleaſure for pain,
And plenty for thy povertie. What ſayſt?
Sam. Your potent batteries, and golden baits
Might win (perhaps) on ſome ambitious ſoul:
They nothing move me, to remove my love
Already plac'd on *Melecertus*, He,
He onely doth, and ſhall poſſeſs my heart.
Kin. A ſhepherd. Shall a ſhepherds baſneſſe
In competition, and out-weigh a King? (ſtand
A ſubject be before his Sovereign
Prefer'd? Oh how prepoſtrous are the minds
Of theſe fond women! Come, be well advis'd,
And change that pettie pebble for a pearl.
'Tis in my power to make thee happy, or
With one breath to blaſt the flower of thy hopes
And to repay thy folly with thy ſhame.
Do not go on to kindle ſuch a fire
Within my breaſt, as ſhall conſume both thee,
And all that croſs the current of my will.
Sam. I have already ſad experience of
The wilde effects of his enraged will, *aſide*
Yet ſuch the croſſneſs of my fortune is,
I muſt again be made the ſubject of
His furious tyrannie; but I'm reſolv'd,

Kno

Know Sir, I value more my minds content,
Than all the gawdie ſhows Courts can preſent:
I am too well confirmed in the bliſs,
And ſweet content attends a Country life,
To leave it for the giddy-headed Court.
Beſides, my true affections are ſo riveted
Unto my *Melecertus*, that nor frowns,
Nor flatteries ſhall part my heart from him.
Ceaſe therefore farther to commence a ſuit
Nature forbids me grant, and you to ask.
Kin. And have I with my Kingly robes laid by
My Kingly mind? No, it ſhall ne're be ſaid
A womans will hath contradicted mine.
But 'tis by policie that I muſt work,
Since I have laid my Kingly power aſide,
I'll ſet my brains o'th'tenter hooks, and ſtretch
Them to their uttermoſt abilities,
To win this ſcornful beautie to my wife,
Or elſe revenge it with her deareſt life. *Exit.*

Scæn. 3.

Sam. My life hath hitherto been chequer'd with
Varietie of fortunes; ſometimes with
A white of happineſs, and then a black
Of miſerie; thus loves bright day of mirth,
Is follow'd with a darker night of woe.
How fair of late my fortune ſeem'd to be,
And now, alas! o're-caſt with blackeſt clouds
Of diſcontents, wherein I labour with
Important ſuits, I cannot, may not grant.
No, no, my *Melecertus*, I am firm
To thee, nor ſhall the rain of tears,
Or winds of threats remove me from thy love.
Be thou but conſtant, nay, I know thou art,

I will not wrong thee with ſo foul a thought,
As once to doubt thou canſt be otherwiſe.
Enter Pluſidippus.
Plu. You're from your ſhepherds now, or their (defence,
Preſume not they can reſcue you, 'tis paſt (arms.
Their skill or power, to force you from mine
Sam. Alas, fond boy! I ſcorn thy threats, as much
As I hate thee, or ſlight thy boaſted ſtrength.
Were but my *Melecertus* here, he would
Whip thy rudeneſs into better manners.
Plu. 'Tis well you are a woman (not a man,)
And have no other weapon but your tongue,
Which you are priviledg'd to uſe, and we
To laugh at. But in ſhort, if you'l accept
My love and ſervice, then ſhall you be ſafe,
And happy: Souldiers cannot talk, but with
Their ſwords, and then they ſtrike gain-ſayers
dumb. (ſwords
Sam. All this is nothing; for your words, nor
Shall not remove me from my deareſt friend,
He hath my heart, and I have nothing left
But hate, if you'l accept of that, 'tis all
That I can give, or you receive from me.
Plu. You muſt be dealt with as we uſe to do
With lullen birds, I'll ſhut you up, and then
Perhaps you'l ſing another note, you are
Not yet in tune, you are too high for me,
But I will take you lower. I will plough
Your heart with grief, and then (perhaps) it will
Better receive the ſeed of my true love.
Sam. Sooner the turtle ſhall forget her mate,
Than I my *Melecertus*; and when I
Can't ſee him with mine eys, my mind ſhall rove,
Wing'd with deſire, throughout the ſpacious
world, And

And find no reſt, until it meet with him.
And though our bodies never meet, our ſouls
Shall joyn, and love each other after death.
Thus is true love immortal, and ſhall never
Die but with our ſouls ſhall live for ever.
Plu. Shepherd, who e're thou art, I cannot chuſe
But envie thee thy happineſs, who haſt
So true a love: I cannot but admire
This noble ſoul and love her, though ſhe hate
Me for't; I'll treat her civilly, and if
I can't obtain her for a wife, ſhe ſhall
My goddeſs be, and I'll adore her name,
Though at a diſtance. Lady, will you walk?
Exeunt.

Scan. 4. *Enter King* Damocles.

It is an ill wind that blows no man good;
Though the *Theſſalian* lad have got the prize
In his poſſeſſion, it ſhall not be long,
But I will have them both in mine, I have
Diſpatch'd a letter to my Lords, to ſend
Me ſuddenly ſome ſervants to aſſiſt
Enter Menaphon.
My plot. Now *Menaphon*, what is the newes?
Men. Great Sir, the meſſenger's return'd, and brought
The men you ſent for, they are here at hand.
Kin. 'Tis well; direct them to the caſtle that
I told you of, and give them charge to ſeize
Upon the buzzard and his prey, and bring
Them both to me: mean-time go you, and find
Out *Melecertus*, that I may be ſure
Of him, for he's my rival in my love.
Men. My Liege, all ſhall be done to your deſire.

Kin. Bleſt policie, thou far exceed'ſt dull ſtrength,
That wanders in the dark of ignorance,
Wanting the eye of wiſedome, both to guide,
And to defend it from approaching harms.
Thus art with eaſe doth move the pondrous load,
Which ſtrength could never maſter, or remove.
The Foxes tail muſt piece the Lions skin.
Little *Ulyſſes* with his wit did more
Againſt the foe, than *Ajax* with his ſtrength.

Exit.

Scan. 5. *Enter* Samela.

It is ſome comfort yet that I can change
My priſon, though I am a pris'ner ſtill,
Would I could change my companie as ſoon.
But ah! moſt wretched *Samela*, who wert
Born to misfortunes, and to nothing elſe:
As if that I alone were fortunes mark,
At which ſhe onely ayms her angry darts.
The morning of mine age was clouded with
Miſhaps, and now my noon is like to be
The fatal night unto my miſerie.——
My Gaoler is ſo kind, as it he meant
To bribe my love; but theſe are gilded pills
I cannot ſwallow. Should my Father get
Me into his poſſeſſion once again,
I were as bad, or worſe: I know too well
His paſſion, to hope any help from him.
I'll tell him plainly who I am, and trie
If time have dull'd the edge of's crueltie:
Perhaps the kinder gods may move his heart
To pitie, and convert his rage to love.
He is my father ſtill, and though unkind
To me, yet can I not forget I am

His

His child, and owe a dutie to his name.
He is my King, and ſo I muſt obey
His will; if I muſt ſuffer, let it be
From his, rather than from a ſtrangers hands.
Exit.

Scæn. 6. Enter Doron, *reading.*

I think I am provided now, if Poetrie
Will do't, my *Carmila* is mine; theſe
Wittie knaves, what fine devices they
Have got to fetter maidens hearts?
The Poet *Orpheus* made the *Thracian*
Dames dance after his pipe, and *Ovid*
Charm'd the Emperours daughter with
His Poetrie; there are ſome ſecret *Enter*
Charms in theſe ſame verſes ſure. Carmila.
Let me ſee here what I have got.
Ha *Carmila*, look here, I think
You'l love me now. *Reads.*
Carmila——A Miracle.
Car. A miracle, for what, *Doron?*
Dor. Why, a miracle of beautie, and I think
You'l be a miracle of folly, if you
Don't love me now.
Car. What ſmall Poet have you hired
To make a miracle of my name.
Dor. Nay, I have more yet, and better,
That I found in the *Nichodemus*
Of Complements, that's a ſweet book,
'Tis a very magazine of Poetrie, a
Store-houſe of wit; do but hear
Them *Carmila.*
Car. Let's hear them, *Doron*, are they
Worth a laughing at? Let's hear.

Dor.

Dor. Well, well, it is no laughing matter; but I'm
Sure your laughing ha's made me crie.
Now *Carmila*, you muſt imagine that 'tis
I, and only I, ſay this to you, and none but you
For the unhappy wag ha's ſo fitted my
Fancie, as if 'twere made for no bodie but me.

Excellent Miſtris, brighter than the Moon,
Than ſcowred pewter, or the ſilver ſpoon:
Fairer than Phœbus, *or the morning Star,*
Dainty fine Miſtris, by my troth you are.
Thine eyes like Diamonds ſhine moſt clearly,
As I'm an honeſt man, I love thee dearly.

What think you now, *Carmila*, is not this
Admirable? if theſe ſtrong lines will
Not draw your love, I know not what will.
Car. Had it been your own mother-wit,
Doron, I could have like't it well:
But for you to father the brat of
Another's brain, is too ridiculous.
I like your love much better than your
Hackney lines; but bought wit's beſt.
Dor. If you like not my lines, becauſe they are
None of mine, you will not love my
Heart neither, for that's not mine, but yours.
Car. Yes, *Doron*, if you have given me your
Heart, I will not die in your debt, but
Give you mine in exchange for yours.
Dor. Than welcome to me my new found heart
We'l live, and love, and never part. *Exeunt*

Scæn. 7. *Enter* Melecertus.

Revenge ſhall ſoon o're-take this proud boy, who
Com

Committed hath ſo bold a rape upon
My *Samela* : He had been better to
Have lodged ſnakes in his breaſt, than to ſteal
This ſpark, that ſhall conſume him and his neſt.
Samela! Samela! that name alone
Infuſeth ſpirits into me, inflames
My ſoul with vengeance, till I recover
My deareſt love.

Enter Menaphon.

Men. Now ſhall I be reveng'd on *Samela*,
And on her *Melecertus* both at once :
I'll make her know neglected love may turn
To hate, and vengeance take the place of ſcorn.
Well met friend *Melecertus*, what, alone ?

Mel. I'm ſolitarie ſince my mate is gone.

Men. Your mate has taken flight, ſhe's on the wing,
But I can tell thee where ſhe neſts, and bring
Thee quickly where thou ſhalt retrive the game.

Mel. If thou wilt do this, *Menaphon*, I ſhall
Be ſtudious to requite thy love with mine :
I pay thee ſterling thanks and ſervices.

Men. I will not ſell my favours to my friends,
My work is all the wages I expect.
Come, follow me, I'll lead thee to the place,
Where the freſh gameſters have thy love in chaſe.

Exeunt.

Scan. 8. *Enter King* Damocles *in his Royal robes*, Pluſidippus *and* Samela, *priſoners.*

Kin. Now Sir, you ſee the ſhepherd is become
A King; and though you have deſerved death,
Yet ſince you have but acted our commands,
We here releaſe you, and not onely ſo,

But

But entertain you with all due reſpect,
At once belonging to our neighbour-Prince,
And near Allie, the King of *Theſſaly*.——
Some ſecret power doth force me love him ſo,
That if I had a daughter to beſtow,
I'de wiſh no other Son-in-law, but him.
Now my *Sepheſtia*, what would I give,
Thou wert alive, I had thee, and thou him.
Sam. He little thinks I am ſo near, or that
It is his daughter he would make his wife.
Kin. Thus, Gentlewoman, you are once more
Into my hands, I am th' *Arcadian* King: (faln
Be ſudden therefore to give me your love,
Or elſe forfeit your life for your contempt;
Think on't, and chuſe which you'l rather do.
Sam. Sir, I am ſtill the ſame I was before:
My love, like to a mighty rock, ſtands faſt,
Diſdaining the proud billows of your threats.
Crowns cannot tempt, nor Kings command my
My love is free, and cannot be compell'd. (love,
True love admits no partners, is content
With one, and *Cupids* ſtatute law forbids
Pluralities of loves.
Kin. Since y'are ſo ſtiff,
You will not bow, I'll make you bend, or break.
Enter Menaphon *with* Melecertus.
Mel. I am betray'd by this baſe *Menaphon*.
Kin. Here comes my Rival; when I have diſ-
patch'd
Him to the other world, your plea is ſpoil'd:
My ſword ſhall cut your gordian knot in two;
Your ghoſts may wed, your bodies never ſhall.
I'll be his Executioner my ſelf,
I'll truſt no other eyes to ſee it done.

Sam.

Sam. Now is it time t'unmask, and let him know
He wounds his daughter through her Lovers
sides. *She kneels.*
Father, your furie once expos'd me to
The greedie jaws of death, which yet more kind,
In pitie sav'd my life, you sought to lose.
I'm your *Sepheſtia*, Father, know your child.
Mel. And is it possible, *Sepheſtia* lives,
Once more t'enjoy her trueſt *Maximus*?
Sam. My *Maximus*, I'm thy *Sepheſtia:*
Oh that our *Pluſidippus* too were here!
Plu. And I am he, my name is *Pluſidippus.*
Seph. My deareſt son! 'tis he; now were my joys
Compleat indeed, were but my Uncle here.
Mel. I am so wrapt with joy, I scarce can get
Breath, to expreſs my thanks unto the gods.
Men. What will become of me? I shall be hang'd,
Or lose my place at leaſt; I'll get me home,
Amidſt their mirth they will not think on me.
Exit.
Kin. My onely daughter! Dear *Sepheſtia*,
And you, kind *Maximus*, I ask
Both of you pardon for your injuries,
And for requital, thus I do create
Thee King of *Arcadie*; and may the gods
Requite your sufferings, and forgive my crimes.
Long may ye live, and happy; may your dayes
Be sun-shine all, and know no clouds nor night.
Enter Lamedon.
And that we may not leave one string untun'd,
My brother comes to make our consort full;
The beſt of brothers, and the beſt of friends,
Thanks for your care of her, whom you have
made
Your daughter by a better claim than mine.

Now

Now let the whole land ſwim in mirth, and load
The altars with their thankful ſacrifice
Unto the kinder deities, who through
A ſea of woes, have ſent us happineſs.
Let's in, and hear the ſtrange adventures have
Befaln your heaven-protected perſons; griefs
Grow leſs by telling, joyes are multiplied.
Although againſt them all things ſeem to ſtrive,
At laſt juſt men and lovers alwayes thrive.

FINIS.

Fragmenta Poetica:

OR,

Poetical Diverſions.

WITH

A PANEGYRICK

UPON HIS

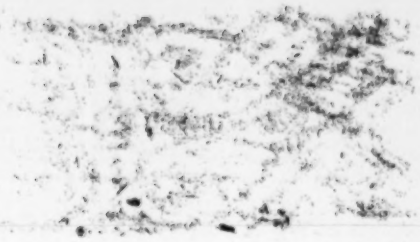
SACRED MAJESTIE'S

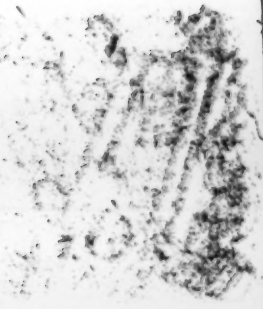
Moſt happy Return, on the 29. *May*, 1660.

By THO. FORDE, *Philothal.*

LONDON,

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Poetical Diverſions.

For Chriſtmaſs-day.

1 *Shepherd.*

WHat, have we ſlept! or doth the haſtie Sun
Bring back the day, before the night be done?
2 *Shep.* What melodie is this that charms our ears?
Is it the muſick of th'harmonious Sphears?

Angels.

Peace ſhepherds, peace; glad tidings we ye bring,
Your *God* hath got a *Son*, and *ye* a *King*:
And he hath ſent us with this newes to tell,
Who late was *Ours*, is *your Immanuel.*
Up, up to *Bethlehem*, there ſhall you ſee
An *Human* ſhape encloſe the *Deitie.*
Behold, a cratch impriſons him, whoſe hands
Have fram'd the earth, and curbs the ſea with bands.
He now *begins* to be, that no beginning knew,
He now begins to live, who being gave to you.
Go ſee th'Eternal *God* a *child*'s become,
The ever-ſpeaking *Word* himſelf lies *dumb*,

Who by his word *feeds* all is *fed* by meat,
Th'Almighty *King* of *Heaven* hath left his ſeat,
And now keeps Court on *earth*: haſte ye and ſee
The *cratch* his *throne*, *beaſts* his *attendance* be.
And all to be your Saviour, and to free
Ye *men* from ſin, and Satans ſlaverie.

Chorus of Angels.

Glory to God on high, and peace on earth,
Good will to men by this our *God-mans* birth.

Shepherds.

Come, let's go ſee theſe wonders which are told,
Let what our ears have heard, our eyes behold.

Soliloquie.

Croud in, my ſoul, and ſee amongſt the reſt,
And by thy ſight, oh be for ever bleſt!
Hark how the Angels ſing, the heavens rebound,
And earth with th'eccho of th'Angelick ſound.
Never till now were the well-tuned Sphears
Heard to make melodie to mortal ears.
Now every pretty bird with's warbling throat,
To's new-born Maker elevates a note.
See how the earth, being big with pride to be
Out-gone by heaven, puts on her liverie
Of mirth, and laughs with joy to hear
Her Maker now will pleaſe to dwell on her.
The whole world was agreed to entertain
The King of peace, who now began his reign:
Mars ſhrunk for fear, *Bellona* hid her head,
When peace was born, all diſcords lay for dead.
Then why ſhould bloody characters deſcrie
The bleſſed day of his *Nativitie*?
O let the pureſt white note out that morn
From all the reſt, when *Innocence* was born.

On the Nativitie.

1.

Hail holy tide,
Wherein a Bride,
A Virgin, and a Mother,
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done,
Except her, by no other.

2.

A Virgin pure,
She did endure
After her Son, or rather.
It may be said,
She was a maid,
And this Son was her Father.

3.

Here riddles vex,
And do perplex
The eye of humane reason;
Heaven did combine,
With earth to joyn,
To consecrate this season.

4.

Hail blessed Maid,
For by thine aid,
Eternal life is Ours,

Thou didst lie in,
And without sin,
The Son of God was yours.

5.

Hail happy birth,
Wonder of Earth
And heaven; the Angels sing
Anthems to thee,
As glad to see
Their new-born heavenly King.

6.

Though thou art poore,
Kings thee adore,
And precious presents bring,
They kneel to you,
And humbly bow,
As to some sacred thing.

7.

Thou that art able
To turn a stable
Into a Temple, come,
Possess my heart,
Cleanse every part,
And take it for thy home.

For Christmass-day,

LEnd me a pen pull'd from an Angels wing,
That I the news of this blest day may sing;
Or reach a feather of that holy Dove,
Wherewith to shew this miracle of love.
Darkness is turn'd to light, mid-night to morn;
Who can be silent when the *Word* is born!
Hark how the Angels sing, they bow, and more
Than *Persians* they this *rising Sun* adore.
The Court's remov'd, and the attendants flie
To wait upon this *humane Deitie*.
He, who was cloath'd with glorious Majesty,
Is veil'd with flesh, the better to comply
With mortal eyes; dis-robes himself of light,
Lays by his beams, stoops to our weaker sight:
And with his other favours this doth give,
That man may see the face of God, and live.
The Son of God becomes the son of man,
That men may be the sons of God again!
Here *God* is *man*, and *man* is *God*, he takes
Our nature to him, not his own forsakes.
A *mortal God*, *Immortal* man in one,
Thus heaven and earth are in conjunction.
See how the shepherds flock, and Kings (as proud
To be his subjects) to his presence croud.
Haste, haste my soul, there's danger in delay,
Since thou hast nothing else to offer lay
Thy self down at his feet; pray him to make
His lodging in thee, as he deign'd to take
Thy nature on himself.—But stay fond soul,
He's puritie it self, thou art too foul

To lodge ſo bright a gueſt, in whoſe pure eyes,
Heavens and Angels are deformities.
Yet ſee, he ſmiles, and beckens thee to come,
As if he meant to take thee for his home,
To waſh thee with his blood; do not repine,
Thy ſins are *His*, *His* righteouſneſs is *thine*.
Hark, he invites himſelf to be thy gueſt,
Whoſe preſence is thy *phyſick* and thy *feaſt*.
Behold he bowes the heavens, and comes down,
Takes up thy *Croſs*, that thou mayſt wear his *Crown*.
And in exchange aſſumes thy povertie,
Pays all thy debts, ſets thee at libertie.
He ſues to ſerve thee, and expects no more,
Thou ſhouldſt give him, than he gave thee before.
His work is all his wages, and his will
Is all his hire; be thou obedient ſtill:
Love him, as he loves thee, and 'cauſe th'art poor,
Give him thy ſelf, thy all, He asks no more.

Lord 'tis not fitting thou ſhouldſt come
Into ſo baſe a room.
Firſt, with thy ſpirit cleanſe my heart,
And by thy powerful art,
Thine and my enemies expel,
Make an Heaven *of my* Hell,
Then for ever in me dwell.

But, Lord, if thou vouchſafe to dwell
Within ſo dark a cell,
Take thou charge of the familie,
And let me dwell with thee.
Thine is the coſt, be thine the care,
That Satan have no ſhare,
For thou wilt find no room to ſpare.

For

For Christmas-day.

Invocat. *The Day, thy* day *is come,*
O thou most glorious Sun,
When thou didst veil thy self, that we
Mortals might thy glory see.
Lend me a ray of light,
That I may see to write,
And Carol forth thy praise,
In ever-living layes.

Thyrsis. WHat made the Sun poste hence away
So fast, and make so short a day?

Damon. Seeing a brighter Sun appear,
He ran and hid himself for fear:
Asham'd to see himself out-shin'd,
(Leaving us, and night behind)
He sneak'd away to take a nap,
And hide himself in *Thetis* lap.
When, loe, a brighter night succeeds,
A night none of his lustre needs:
A night so splendent, we may say,
The *day* was *night*, and *night* was *day*.

Thyrsis. See, *Damon*, see, how he doth shroud
His baffl'd glory in a cloud;
From whence he peeps to see the Sun,
That hath his lusters all out-done.

Damon. But ventring on he spies a star,
More glorious than his *Hesper* far;

Which with a fair and speaking ray,
Told plainly where his Master lay.
Ambitious then to steal a sight,
He saw it was the *God* of light;
Then strait he whips away his team,
The well lost minutes to redeem;
And flies through all the world, to tell
The newes of this great miracle.
It was not long before he came
Unto the lofty house of *fame*,
Where every whisper, every sound
Is taken at the first rebound,
And like an aiëry bubble blown
By vainer breath, till it be grown
Too big to be conceal'd, it flies
About a while, gaz'd at, then dies,
Something he tells, and hasts away,
He could not, and fame would not stay,
To hear the rest; for she well knew,
By mixing of false tales with true,
To make it more. To *Rome* she plyes,
Her greatest Mart of *truths* and *lyes*;
The *gods* (says she) will dwell on earth,
And give themselves a mortal birth.
But they of fame had got the ods,
For they themselves made their own *gods*;
And car'd not to encrease their store,
For they had gods enough before.
To *Solyma* she takes her flight,
And puts the Citie in a fright:
Unwelcome newes fills *Herods* ears,
And then his head, with thoughts and fears.
The *King* of whom the *Sages* told,
And all the *Prophecies* of old,

Is

Is born, ſayes fame; a King who ſhall
Deliver *Judah* out of thrall:
Kings ſhall his *ſubjects* be, and lay
Their ſcepters at his feet; his ſway
Shall know no bounds, nor end, but he
Beyond all time, ſo fates decree.
By this the Sun had croſs'd the ſeas,
And told the newes to th' *Antipodes*.
The aiëry ſpirits pack'd hence away,
Chas'd by the beams of this bright day.
The fiends were in an uproar, hell
Trembl'd with the diſmal yell.
The Prince of darkneſs was in doubt
The Lord of light would find him out;
And that the word of *truth* being come,
His *oracles* muſt all be dumb.
Pale death foreſaw he was betray'd,
That King of terrors was afraid.

Glory be to God above,
For this miracle of love:
Ever bleſſed be the morn,
When the God of Love *was born.*
Love ſo charming that it can
Contract a God *into a* Man.
And by the magick of his birth,
Make an Heaven *of the* Earth.
Ever, ever ſing we thus,
Till Angels *come and joyn with us.*
They *rejoyce with all their powers,*
Yet the Beneſit is Ours.
They with joy the tydings bring,
Shall We *be ſilint when* They *ſing?*

The

The 25. *Cap. of* Job *Paraphras'd.*

Then *Bildad* answers, dominion and fear
(Which rule us mortals) loe his In-mates are.
Can numbers shallow bounds confine his hoasts?
Or does his light baulk any unknown coasts?
Can *man* be *Gods* Corrival to be just?
Can he be clean that is defiled dust?
The Moon in th'ocean of his light is drown'd,
The stars impure in his bright eyes are found.
Then what is man? (alas!) poor worthless span,
Or what's his son? a worm, less than a man.

35. *Cap. of* Job.

Then 'gan *Elihu* speak, vileness dost dare
Thy righteousness with Gods thus to compare?
Thou sayst, what gain will righteousness bring
Or shall I thrive by that more than by sin? (in?
I'll answer thee. Behold, the clouds that stand
His surer guard against thy sinning hand.
Legions of doubled sins cannot assault
Thy God, or pierce his starry-guarded vault.
Nor can thy stock of good encrease his store,
Thy hand may hurt, or help (like thee) the poor. *&c.*

On the Widows 2 *Mites.*

How comes it that the widows mites are more
Than the abundance the rich gave the poor?
Whilst they their worldly goods lib'rally hurl'd
She gave her *heart*, more worth than all the world.

On Christs Cross.

As from a *Tree* at first came all our woe,

So

So on a tree our remedie did grow.
One bare the fruit of death, the other life;
This was a well of *Salem*, that of *ſtrife.*

On Chriſts Death and Reſurrection.

What, can *God die*, or *man live*, being ſlain?
He *dy'd* as *man*, as *God* he *roſe* again.

Gen. 2. 18.

When man was made, God ſent an *helper* to him,
And ſo ſhe prov'd, for ſhe help'd to undoe him.

On the miracle of the Loaves.

This was a miracle indeed, when bread
Was by *ſubſtraction multiplied:*
Why wonder we at this ſtrange feaſt,
When *Gods*'s both *giver*, and a gueſt?

On Chriſt's Reſurrection.

The Lord of life lay in a tomb,
as in the womb,
His Reſurrection was a ſecond birth,
from th'womb of th'earth.

On M. M. *weeping at Chriſts death.*

What, weep to ſee thy Saviour die,
Whereby thou liv'ſt eternally?
But now I know, 'twas cauſe thy ſins
Were the ſharp ſpears that wounded him.

Mark 12.

Give to God, &c.
And to Cæſar, &c,

Give God and *Cæſar* both, how ſhall I do?
Give Gods receiver, and thou giv'ſt him too.

On the world.

That the worlds goods are ſo inconſtant found,
No wonder is, for that it ſelf is *Round.*

Similis ſimili gaudet.

Wherefore doth *Dives* love his *Money* ſo?
That's earth, So's *Hee*, *Like* will to like we know.

On Calvus.

Calvus of late extream long *locks* doth wear:
The reaſon is *Calvus* hath loſt his *Hair.*

On Malfido.

Malfido on his neighbour looks ſo grim,
Proximus is *Poſtremus* ſure with him.

On Will: *who had run through all trades and was now a Cobler.*

I prethee *Will* whither wilt thou ſo faſt?
Thou canſt not farther, for th'art at thy Laſt.

Better fortune.

Whilſt that the *Huntſman* ſtared, he became
Unto his dogs their banquet and their game:
But from *Acteons* fortune I am free,
Becauſe whilſt I ſaw her, ſhe could not me.

On Cornuto.

Cornuto cries Hee's weary of his life,
He cannot bear the *Lightneſs* of his wife,
She wants ſo many Grains, ſhe'l go with loſs;
Yet a *Light* Woman is an Heavie *Croſs.*

Mart.

Mart. Ep. 24. lib. 2.

If unjuſt fortune hale thee to the bar,
In rags, paler than guilty priſoners are,
I'll ſtick to thee; baniſh'd thy native ſoyl,
Through Seas and Rocks I will divide thy toyl.

On one who fell in love with Julia, *throwing Snow-balls at him.*

I'me all on fire; ſtrange miracle of Love,
Theſe Watry *Snow-bals Hand-Granadoes* prove?
If from cold clouds thou doſt thy lightnings dart,
Julia, what Element will fence my heart?

J. *Ceſaris Epigram.*

A *Thracian* lad on Ice-bound *Heber* playes,
The glaſſie *Pavement* with his waight decayes.
Whilſts with his lower parts the river fled,
The meeting Ice cut off his tender head,
Which having found, the Son-leſs mother urnd,
Thoſe to be drownd were born, this to be burnd.

Henſii Epitaph.

Trina mihi juncta eſt variis ætatibus uxor,
Hæc Juveni, illa viro, tertia nupta ſeni eſt:
Prima eſt propter Opus, *teneris ſociata ſub annis,*
Altera propter Opes, *tertia propter* Opem.

Engliſhed.

Three wives I had in ſeverall ages Paſt,
A Youth, a Man, an old man had the laſt;
The firſt was for the *Work*, a tender maid,
The ſecond was for *Wealth*, the third for *Ayd.*

Out

Out of Italian.

My Mistris hath my heart in hold,
But yet 'tis under locks of gold.
In which the wind doth freely play,
But my poor heart doth prisoner stay:
What happier prison can there be?
Confinement is my libertie.

H. Grotius, S. Petri Querela.

Quæ me recondet, recondet regio? quâ mœstum diem
Fallam latebrâ? quæro nigrantem specum
Quâ me sepeliem vivus: ubi nullum videns
Nulli videndus, lachrymas foveam meas.

Englished.

What place will hide my guilt? that there I may
Deceive th'approaches of discovering day.
I'll seek some gloomy cave, where I may lie
Entomb'd alive in shades of secrecie:
There seeing none, nor any seeing me,
I will indulge my tears with libertie.

Out of Italian.

I am a child, and cannot love,
Ah me! that I my death must prove.

Wilt thou that I thee adore,
Cruel thou must be no more.

Torments my heart cannot bear,
Nor must any grief come there.

To Henry *the* 4th. *out of* Bahusius.

O mighty King! glory of Princely race,
Thy Kingdoms safety, and it's chiefest grace:
We wish our Muse worthy thy worth t'adorn,
She nothing more desires, can nothing less perform.
Thou grace of arms, mak'st war a sport to be,
To labour's rest, to wake is sleep to thee. (awe,
Thy call makes souldiers, whom th'hast so in
Thy word is a decree, thy beck a law. (mands,
Thou lead'st them on, thy deeds serve for com-
They learn their dutie from thy feet and hands.
Thou conquer'st e're thou fight'st, fortune's de- (cree
Assures thee triumph, 'fore the victorie.
Thy helmet lawrel, fights all trophies be,
To fight and conquer is all one with thee.
Thy mercie strives thy sword for to reprieve,
And when thou strik'st thy foe, thy self doth grieve.
Though forc'd to fight, to expiate their deed,
Thine eyes do weep, fast as thy foes do bleed.
Pardons are thy revenges, whilst thy sword
Doth wounds dispence, thy hand doth help afford.
Like dreadful lightning to the war thou com'st,
Conquerour, than conquer'd milder thou return'st.
To conquer others were too small, but thou
A nobler triumph o're thy self dost show.

Loves

Loves Duel, out of *Anacreon*.

CUpid *all his arts did prove,*
To invite my heart to love:
But I always did delay,
His mild summons to obey:
Being deaf to all his charms,
Strait the god assumes his arms.
With his bow and quiver, he
Takes the field to duel me.
Armed like Achilles, *I*
With my shield and spear defie
His bold challenge: as he cast
His golden darts, I as fast
Catch'd his arrows in my shield,
Till I made him leave the field.
Fretting and dis-armed, then
Th'angry god returns agen,
All in flames; 'stead of a dart,
Throws himself into my heart,
Useless, I my shield require,
When the fort is all on fire;
I in vain the field did win,
Now the enemy's within.
Thus betray'd, at last I cry,
Love! th'hast got the victory.

With a Letter to *Aglaia*.

Goe happy paper, view those eyes,
Where beauties richest treasure lies;

The quiver whence he takes his darts,
Wherewith he wound's poor mortalls hearts.
But yet, fond paper, come not near
Those all-consuming flames, for fear
Thou perish by their cruell art,
That have inflam'd thy masters heart.

Yet if thou wil't so hardy be,
To venture on a batterie,
On that presuming Castle, say,
Wonder not I have found the way;
For (faireſt Lady) hereby know,
The dart came first from your own Bow.

Excuse for absence.

You need inflict no other banishment,
The fault it selfe's my greatest punishment.
Oft would I pardon crave; but still my Muse
Prompts me, foul weather is a fair excuse.
If that will not suffice; then let this be,
That I have *none*, my best apologie.
Convict me of my crime, and as 'tis meet,
I'le do you daily Penance in a sheet.
But, prove me *absent* first, and then,
I'le write apologies, or burn my Pen. (*move*,
Planets are where they *worke*, not where they
I *am* not where I *live*, but where I *Love*.

With Herberts *Poeme.*

The *Poet's* now become a *Priest*, and layes
His Poem at your feet, expects no *Bayes*,

But your *acceptance*; *kind'le* it with your eyes,
And make this *Offering* prove a *Sacrifice.*
The Veſtal fire that's in your breaſt, will burn
Up all his droſſe, and make it *Incenſe* turne;
And then your ſmile a ſecond life will give,
Hee'l fear no death, if you but bid him live.
Pardon this bold ambition, tis his drift,
To make the *Altar* ſanctifie the *Gift.*
Viſit this *Temple*, at your vacant houres,
Twas *Herberts* Poem once, but now tis *Yours.*

On the death of M. A. S.

Fain would I pay my tribute to thy Herſe,
And ſigh thy death, in never-dying verſe.
But I in vain invoke my Muſe, for ſhe
(Alas!) is dead with him for company.
Like to thoſe Indian wives who count the thred
Of their life ended when their *Mate* is dead.
When ſouls thus linck'd divorce, one cannot (part,
Without the breaking of the others heart.
To vent my ſorrowes yeelds me no relief,
He grieves but little that can tell his grief.
Let others leſs concern'd this truth approve,
And ſtrive to ſhew their *Wit*, more than their *Love*
My grief confutes the Laws of Numbers, I(
Whilſt others *Write*, will *Weep* thine Elegie.
Each line my tears a *Colons* charge defray,
Verſes have *Periods*, but no *Period* they.

Reader ſince *He* my better half is gone,
My heart is but his Monumentall Stone,
On which this Epitaph inſcrib'd ſhall be:
I di'd in him, and yet he lives in me.

Laus

Laus & votum vitæ Beatæ.

Out of Lipsius.

EQuall unto the *Gods* is he,
And much above what *Mortalls* be,
Who the uncertain day of fate,
Nor wisheth nor repineth at:
T'whom impotent Ambition, nor
The hope of gaine's *Solicitor*.
Whom *Princes* thundring threats can't move,
No, nor the darts of angry *Jove*.
But seated in Securitie,
Laughs at the vulgars vanitie.
Whose life's thread's spun so ev'n, that there
Can not be seen th' least knot of care.

O might I but thus far aspire,
To shape my life to my desire:
Nor *Offices*, nor *Wealth* I'de crave,
Nor with white Stee'ds in triumph brave,
To lead along poor Captiv'd Slaves.

I in vast Solitude should dwell,
A neighbour to the *Muses* Well:
Orchards, and Gardens to frequent,
There would I seat my sole content;
So that when as full ripened Death,
Shall put a period to my breath,
Tedious to none, and without strife,
Calmely to end my aged life.

On T. *Bastard, and his Epigrams.*

That thy names *Bastard*, friend, is thy hard fate,
Thy *Births* I'm sure are *Legitimate*.
Well may'st a *Bastard* be, all Common race
To thy diviner wit must need give place:
No, *Jove* himself begat thee, and thy *Birth*,
Gets in us Wonderment as well as mirth.

Momus to Bastard.

The proverb sayes, Bastards (remember it)
Must fling no stones; least they their father hit.

Answer.

Momus stand off, gald backs will winch, tis true,
Here's *Salt*, or we should never hear of you.

Again to Bastard.

Bastard, that is of *best wit*, say the *Dutch*,
Then as thy name is, so's thy nature such:
What if the multitude laugh at thy *Name*,
Know, *their* dispraises do advance thy fame.

To the Reader, Out of Faius.

Who will read these? None. Why? nor mock,
(nor jeere.
Nor Baudry (wisht by many) comes not here,
But one or other hap'ly they may finde,
Preferring *good*, before Jests, he will minde.
But if none read, griefe doth not me assault,
For if none read, then none can find a fault.

Upon

Upon His Sacred Majesties most happy Return, on the 29th. of *May* 1660.

AVVake dull Muse, the Sun appeares,
Open thine eyes, and dry thy teares:
The clouds disperse, and Sable night
Resignes to *Charles* his conquering light
Batts, Owles, and Night-birds flie away,
Chac'd by the beames of this bright day.
A day design'd by Destinie,
Famous to all Posteritie.
First for the birth of *Charles*, and now
'Tis His *Three Kingdoms* Birth-day too.
VVee mov'd before, but knew not how,
We could not say we *liv'd*, till now.
Like Flies in VVinter, so lay we,
In a dull, senceless Lethargie.
Toucht by his healing beames, we live,
His Presence a new life doth give.
Each loyall heart strook by his Rayes,
Is fill'd with gratitude and praise.
Those *Phaëtons* who had got the Raine,
And needs would guide great *Charles* his *Waine*;
Have found their *Folly* in their *Fate*;
And *Phœbus* now assumes his *State*.

The Trees who choſe a woodden King,
To be their ſhade and covering:
Whilſt they iñjuriouſly decline
The fruitfull Olive and the Vine
Conſuming fire from the *Bramble* came;
They read their *Folly* by the *Flame*.
True *Emblems* of our giddy age,
Not rul'd by *Reaſon*, but by *Rage*:
The *tayle* would quarrell with the *Head*,
And no longer would be *Led*:
Th' inferiour *Members* ſoon give way,
And the *Tayle* muſt bear the ſway,
Blind as it was,,('to ur miſery)
With many a *Sting*, but never an *Eye*.
Then were we drag'd through mire & ſtones,
Which bruiſd our fleſh, and brake our bones,
Our Feet and Legs foundred and lame,
We ſaw our *Folly* in our *Shame*.
We praid, but no releif could find,
The *Tayle* was *Deaf*, as well as *Blind*:
Drums, Trumpets, Pulpits with their ſound,
All our intreaties did confound;
Till pittying *Heaven* heard our cry,
And *God* vouchſafes, what *men* deny.
After a twelve years ſuffering,
Juſt Heaven Proclaims Great *Charles* our King:
Free (like *Uliſſes*) from the harms
Of Forreign Syrens tempting charmes.
And now our Joyfull Land doth ring,
With *Iõ Paan's* to our King:
All England ſeemd *One* bonfire, *Night*
Seem'd to contend with *Day* for light.
For *Bells* our Kingdome hath been fam'd,
And the *Ringing-Iſland* nam'd:

More

More truly now, when every Bell
Aloud the joyful news doth tell.
That *Charles* is landed once again,
With *Peace*, and *Plenty*, in his Train.
No more ſhall *brother brother* kill,
Nor *ſonnes* the blood of *fathers* ſpill:
No more ſhall *Mars* & *Madneſs* rage,
Peace ſhall bring back the *Golden-age*.
No more ſhall *Loyalty* be *Treaſon*,
Errour truth, and *non-ſence* reaſon;
Nor will we ſell our *Liberty*,
For a too-dear bought *Slavery*.
No more ſhall *Sacriledge* invade
The *Church*, nor *Faction* make a trade
Of *Holy things*; nor *Goſpel* be
Loſt in a *law-leſs* liberty.
No more hope we to ſee the time
When to be innocent's a crime.
No more, no more ſhall armed might
Though *Wrong'd*, o'recome the weaker *Right*.
Now ſhall all jarring *diſcords* be
Drown'd in the pleaſing *Harmony*
Of peaceſull lawes, whoſe ſtiller voice
Shall charme the Drum & Trumpets noiſe,
The *Church* ſhall be *Triumphant*, more
Than it was *Militant* before.
The withered Lawrell, and the Bayes
Revive to crown our happy dayes
Theſe, and all other bleſſings we
Great and *Good Charles*, Expect from thee:
VVhoſe *Vertues* were enough *alone*,
To give Thee *Title* to the *Crown*.
You *Conquerd* without *Arms*, Your *Words*
VVin hearts, better than others *Swords*.

Pardons

Pardons are Your revenges, we
Joy in Your *Boundless* Victory.
What others use to do with *blowes*,
You by *Forgiving* kill your foes:
Your mercy doth your Sword reprieve,
And for *their* faults, *You* most do grieve.
Your *Martyr'd* Fathers charity
(His last and greatest Legacy)
You most do prize. Could we but tread
That pace of virtue which you lead,
How quickly should we all *agree*,
To live in *Love* and *Loyalty*!
VVhilst others their rich Presents bring,
All I can give's, *GOD SAVE THE KING.*

FINIS.

Errata.

In the *Panegyrric.*

Page 9 *Line* 32 *Read* infortunately, *In the first Elegy on K. C. I.* *p*, 2 *l*, 8 *r*, moving, *l*, 11, *r*, his,

In Apothegms *p*, 40 *l*, 20 *r*, Lord Stanhop, *p*, 49 *l*, *penult*, *r*, the contrary, *p*, 50 *l*, 12 *r*, one, *p*, 55 *l*, 2 *r*, deadly, *p* 64 *l*, 17 *r*, neighbours with carriages.

In the Letters. *p*, 4 *l*, *last r*, lame, it may appear, *p*. 3 *l*, 9 *r*, to the *p*, 24 *r*, clew, *p*, 44 *l*, 15 *r*, your, *p*, 54 *l*, 17 *r* or, *l*, 23 *r*, grate, *p*, 55 *l*, 11 *r*, bene, *p*, 57 *l* 10 *r*, jucundum, *p*, 69 *l*, 21 *dele* thee, *p*, 82 *l*, 12 *dele* full, *p*. 90 *l*, 13 *r*, else, *p*, 94 *l*, 19 *dele* Negro, *p*, 102 *l*, 11 *r*, beast, *p*, 111 *l*, 18 *r*, live, *p*, 115 *l*, 31 *r*, *Terence*, *p*, 130 *l*, 12 *r*, perdidit, *p*, 130 *l*, 14 *r*, Comici Cogito, *p*, 154 *l*, 12 *r*, in his *p*, 155 *l*, 7 *r*, than to, *p*, 156 *l* 13 *r*, rather a, *p*, 156 *l*. 28 *r*, *curalau*.

In Loves Labyrinth, on the title, for festina *r*, festiva, *in the first coppy of verses, after out-let r*, there, *p*, 3 *l*, 4 *r*, ready in, *p*, 3 *l* 9 *r*, volleys *l*, 18 *r*, drops, *p*, 8 *l*, 30 *r*, thou now *p*, 10 *l*, 9 *r*, thou thus, *l* 15 *r*, wronged, *p*, 11, *l*, 1 *r*, rashness, *l*, *the last*, *r*, mine, *p*, 23 *l*, 12 *r*, be my, *p*, 26 *l*, 20 *r*, too much, *p*, 40 *l* 4 *r*, shine, *p*, 32 *l*, 27 *r*, grown, *p*, 33 *l*, 9 *r*, can a, *p*, 36 *l*, 9 *r*, her neck, *p*, 48 *l*, *last r*, *empty*, *p*, 54 *l*, 9 *r*, scornes, *p*, 55, *l*, 12 *r*, and, *p* 56 *l*, 16 *r*, King.

MUSEVM